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Cotton

The GENUINE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
CHARLES COTTON, *Esq;*

CONTAINING

- I. SCARRONIDES: Or, VIRGIL TRAVESTIE.
- II. LUCIAN Burlesqu'd: Or, The SCOFFER
SCOFF'D.
- III. The WONDERS of the PEAKE.

Illustrated with many curious Cuts, all New-design'd,
and Engraved by the best Artists.

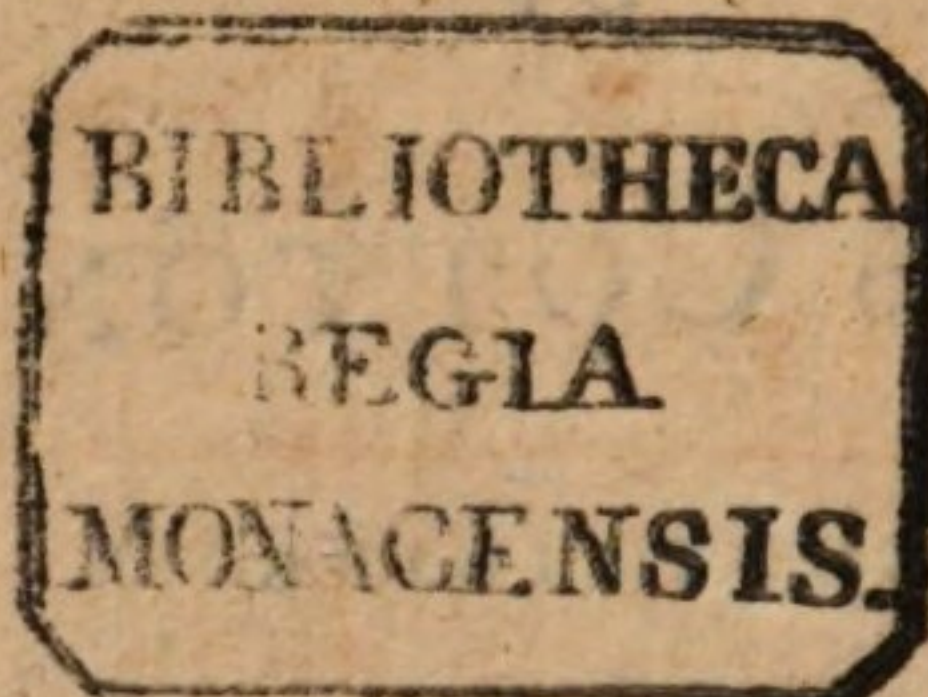
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M.DCC.LXXI.



SCARRONIDES:

OR,

VIRGIL Travestie.

A

MOCK-POEM,

ON THE

First and Fourth Books

OF

VIRGIL's Æneis,

In English BURLESQUE.

By CHARLES COTTON, Esq;

The FIFTEENTH EDITION.

J*GROSSER

TO THE

R E A D E R.

*T*HE Reader is desired, for the better comparing of the Latin and English together, to read on forward unto the ensuing Letter of Direction, before he compare the former with the Original.



VIRGIL

TRAVESTIE.



*Sing the Man, (read it who list,
A Trojan true as ever pist,)
Who from Troy-Town, by Wind
and Weather,
To Italy (and God knows whither)
Was pack'd, and rack'd, and lost,
and tost,
And bounc'd from Pillar unto Post.
Long wander'd he thro' thick and thin;
Half-roasted now, now wet to the Skin:
By Sea and Land, by Day and Night;
Forc'd, as 'tis said, by the Gods Spite:
Altho' the wiser Sort suppose,
'Twas by an old Grudge of Juno's;*

¹ *Arma virumque cano,* ² *Trojæ qui primus ab oris
Italiam, fato profugus, Lavinæque venit*

Litora: ³ *multum ille & terris jactatus, & alto,*

⁴ *Vi Superum,* ———

—— ⁵ *Sæva memorem Junonis ob iram.*

A Murrain curry all curst Wives !

He needs must go, the Devil drives.

¹ Much suffer'd he likewise in War,
Many dry Blows, and many a Scar :

Many a Rap, and much ado

At Quarter staff and Cudgels too ;

Before he could be quiet for 'em,

(Pox of all Knaves, for I abhor 'em :)

But this same Younker at the last,

(All Brawls and Squabbles over-past)

And all these Rake-hells overcome,

² Did build a pretty Grange call'd Rome.

³ But oh, my Muse ! put me in Mind,

To which o'th' Gods was he unkind :

⁴ Or, what the Plague did *Juno* mean,

(That cross-grain'd, peevish, scolding Quean,

That scratching, cater-wawling Puffs)

⁵ To use an honest Fellow thus ?

(To curry him like Pelts at Tanners)

⁶ Have Goddeses no better Manners ?

⁷ A little Town there was of old,

Thatch'd with good Straw to keep out Cold,

Hight *Carthage*, which, (if not bely'd)

Was by the *Tyrians* occupy'd :

¹ *Multa quoque & bello passus, dum conderet urbem*

— ² *Atque altæ mœnia Romæ.*

³ *Musa, mihi causas memora ; quo numine læso :*

⁴ *Quidve dolens Regina Deûm, 5 tot volvere casus*

Insignem pietate virum, tot adire labores

Impulerit. 6 Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ ?

⁷ *Urbs antiqua fuit, Tyrii tenuere Coloni,*

Carthago —



A. the Entrance into y^e Cave. B. the representation of Plants in Rocks of a black Bituminous Substance. C. the figure of a Lion. D. the Queen of Scots Pillar. E. the fig. of a Human Corps. F. the Sparry globe call'd y^e Font. G. a Sparry Substance call'd Cottons Haycock. H. the Plitch of Bacon. I. the Chair K. the Needles Eye. All these are form'd by dropping of Water from the Rock: of a Sparry matter call'd Stalactites.



J. Goupy del.

M. P. Gucht Sculp.

Aeolus at y request of Juno raises a Storm to wreck y Trojans

⁸ The lustiest Carles thereabouts,
Rich Cuffs and very sturdy Louts.

⁹ Now this same *Carthage*, you must know,
Juno did love out of all *Whoe*:

There are alive that yet will swear it,
No Village like it, no Place near it:

* Except a Place, forsooth, that's famous
For her own Birth, a Farm call'd *Samos*;
Here she her Trinkets kept and odd Things,
Her Needles, Poking-sticks, and Bodkins;
And here, in House, with her own Key-locks,
† She us'd to keep her Coach and Peacocks.

This Place then mainly pleas'd her Humour,
‡ But she had heard a scurvy Rumour,
That *Trojans*, arm'd in Coats of Camlet,
Should one Day overthrow her Hamlet;
Plunder her Chests, Joint-stools, and Tables,
And burn her Cow-houses and Stables.

|| She, fearful of this sad Prediction,
(Which prov'd a true one, and no Fiction)

¹ And mindful of her injur'd Honour,
When *Paris* gave the Apple from her;

———— ⁸ *Studiisque asperrima belli:*

⁹ *Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam*

* *Posthabitâ coluisse Samo; † hîc illius arma,*
Hic currus fuit: ———

‡ *Progeniem sed enim Trojano à sanguine duci*
Audierat, Tyrias olim quæ verteret arces.

|| *Id metuens, ———*

¹ *Necdum etiam causæ irarum sævique dolores*
Exciderant animo. Manet altâ mentâ mente repōstum
Judicium Paridis, ———

Did many Years bend her Devotion,
 To drown *Aeneas* in the Ocean ;
 And many a flipp'ry Trick she plaid him,
 Till *Jove* at last o'er Sea convey'd him ;
 2 So hard it is, where an old Grudge is,
 To get out of a Woman's Clutches.

Aeneas had not been o' th' Water
 Above an Hour, or such a Matter ;

Nor further row'd, than we may rate
 'Twixt *Parsons' Dock* and *Billingsgate*,
 Or say, betwixt *Dover* and *Calice*,

3 When *Juno* (full of her old Malice)
 Thus with herself began to mutter .

Cannot I drown these Crows i'th' Gutter ?

Must they go on fearing no Colours ?

And cannot I squander their Scullers ?

Must these same *Trojan* Rascals nose me,

4 Because the *Fates* (forsooth) oppose me ?

5 *Pallas* could Wherries burn and Gallies,

And clatter *Mortals* Bones like Tallies :

6 But I, *Jove's Sister* and his *Wife*,

Can do no Mischief for my Life.

2 *Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem.*

Vix è conspectu Siculæ telluris in altum

Vela dabant læti, & spumas salis ære ruebant ;

3 *Cum Juno, æternum servans sub pectore vulnus,*

Hæc s. cum : Méne incepto desistere victam ?

4 *Quippe vetor fatis !* 5 *Pallásne exurere classem*

Argivûm potuit ? ———

6 *Æst ego quæ Divûm incedo Regina, Jovisque*

Et Soror, & Conjux, una cum gente tot annos

Bella gero ———

7 *Juno* enrag'd, and fretting thus,
 8 Runs me unto one *Æolus* :
 This *Æolus*, as Stories tell us,
 Could backward blow like a Smith's Bellows,
 A Day, a Week, a Month together ;
 And, by his Farting, make foul Weather ;
 Blow Men, and Trees, and Houses down
 Great Ships and almost Fishes drown.
 He was, *in fine*, the loudest of Farters,
 Yet could command his hinder Quarters,
 Correct his Tail, and only blow,
 If there Occasion were, or so :

9 Whom *Jove* observing to be so stern,
 In the wise Conduct of his Postern,
 He made him King of all the Puffers,
 Which he (because he knew them Huffers)
 Durst no where venture, I must tell ye,
 But in the Caverns of his Belly :
 Which having but one Postern-Gate
 For these mad Boys to sally at,
 He might the faster peg them in,
 And by the plucking out a Pin,
 Then (at his Ease) *Arising* about
 To any Quarter, let them out.
 * To this same King Queen *Juno* posted,
 And thus in flatt'ring Terms accosted :

7 *Talia flammato secum Dea corde volutans,*

8 *Æoliam venit : hic vasto Rex Æolus antro*

Lucentes ventos tempestatésque sonoras

Imperio premit —————

9 *Sed Pater omnipotens* —————

————— *Regémque dedit, qui fœdere certo*

Et premere, & laxas sciret dare jussus habenas.

* *Ad quem tum Juno supplex his vocibus usq. est :*

¹ Thou mighty King, whose potent Sway
The lawless *Blust'ers* do obey;
Whose Nod the stubborn'st Winds do dread,
(Even altho' in *Scotland* bred.)
Thou, whose unruly Empire reaches
As far as the wide Compass stretches,
Hear a poor Queen's Request, and say,
Thou'lt do't: For I must have no Nay.

² There are a few Tatter-de-mallions,
That (with a Pox) would be *Italians*,
And into *Latium* now are going,
With Oar and Sculls tugging and rowing:
A Crew of drunken, roaring Ruff'ns,
Lewd, wand'ring, sturdy Raggamuffins:
Rascals I hate, as I do Garlick,
And yet the Rogues are stout and warlike:
³ If therefore thou wilt smoke these Roysters,
And fouse them all like pickl'd Oysters,
There is a pretty Maid of mine,
Call'd *Die*, shall be thy Concubine.

Æolus hearken'd to this Story,
With no small Pride, no little Glory;
To have a Queen, so gay and trim,
Come to request a Boon of him!

¹ *Æole (namque tibi Divum pater atque hominum Rex
Et mulcere dedit fluctus & tollere vento)*

² *Gens inimica mihi Tyrrhenum navigat æquor,
Ilium in Italiam portans, ———*

³ *Incute vim ventis, submersasque obrue puppes,
Aut age diversas, & disjice corpora ponto.
Sunt mihi bis septem præstanti corpore Nymphæ:
Quarum, quæ formâ pulcherrima, Dæiopeiam
Connubio jungam stabili, propriamque dicabo:*

But th' *Wench*, i'th' Tail of the Preamble,
 O that! That made his Bowels wamble,
 (And Wind, you know, under Correction,
 Is a main Caufer of Erection ;)
 He, list'ning stood, wriggling and scraping ;
 But durst not bow, for fear of 'scaping,
 Until at last, with Cap in Hand, Sir,
 4 He thus return'd with modest Answer :

O Queen (quoth he) my Thanks are real,
 That you will use your Servant *Æol* :
 And, should I not pay your Civility,
 To th' utmost of my poor Ability,
 Who art great *Jove's* Sister and Wife,
 It were e'en Pity of my Life :
 I'll play these Rake-hells such a Hunts-up,
 As, were they She's, would turn their — up.
 Say you no more, the Thing is done ;
 I'll drown 'em ev'ry Mother's Son.
 But, since your Grace is nice of smelling,
 I wish you were at your own Dwelling ;
 There's Reason for't (saving your Favour)
 For truly (Madam) I shall favour.
 But, I beseech your Grace, in no wise
 Forget the *Woman* that you promise.
Juno at that away does go,
 And, in less while than I am speaking,
 Was got as high as Top of * *Reking* :
 No bigger now than School-boy's Kite,
 And now clean vanish'd out of Sight.

* *Mons Sa-*
lopiensis.

4 *Æolus hæc contrà : Tuus, ô Regina, quid optes,
 Explorare labor, mihi jussa capeffere fas est.
 Tu mihi quodcunque hoc regni, tu sceptrâ, Jovémque,
 Concilias —*

Æol, who all the while stood gaping
 At her fine Peacocks' gawdy Trapping,
 Seeing her mount *Olympus'* Stair-case,
 Began t'untruss, to ease his Carcase :
 Twice belch'd he loud from Lungs of Leather,
 To call his roaring Troops together ;
 And twice (as who should say, we come)
 They roar'd i'th' Concave of his Womb :
 5 With that he turns his Buttocks Sea-ward,
 And with a gibing kind of Nay-word,
 Quoth he, Blind Harpers, have among ye ;
 'Tis ten to one but I bedung ye.
 At the same Word, lifting one Leg,
 And pulling out his trusty Peg,
 6 He let at once his gen'ral Muster
 Of all that e'er could blow or bluster ;
 And (like a Coxcomb) in his Tuel
 Left not one Puff to cool his Gruel.

Have you not seen below the Sphere
 A mortal Drink call'd Bottle-Beer,
 How, by the Tapster, when the Stopple
 Is ravish'd from the teeming Bottle,
 It bounces, foams, and froths, and flitters,
 As if 'twere troubl'd with the Squitters ?

*5 Hæc ubi dicta, cavum conversâ cuspide montem
 Impulit in latus : ac venti, velut agmine facto,
 Quà data porta ruunt, & terras turbine perflant.
 Incubuerè mari, totùmque à sedibus imis*

*6 Una Eurûsque Notûsque ruunt, crebèrque procellis
 Africus, & vastos volvunt ad litora fluctus.
 Insequitur clamorque virûm, stridorque rudentum ;
 Eripiunt subito nubes, cælumque, diemque
 Teucrorum ex oculis ; ponto nox incubat atra,
 Intonuere poli, & crebris micat ignibus æther ;
 Præsentemque viris intentant omnia mortem.*

Ev'n

Ev'n so, when *Æol* pluck'd the Plug
From th' Muzzle of his double Jug,
The Winds burst out with such a Rattle,
As he had broke the Strings that twattle.

Bounce, cries the Port-hole, out they fly
And make the World dance *Barnaby* ;
Throughout the Seas and Coasts they wander,
One *Boreas* was their chief Commander ;
A huffing *Jack*, a plund'ring Tearer,
A vap'ring Scab, and a great Swearer.

This Fellow, and his boist'rous Rout,
Finds me, o'th' Sea, the *Trojans* out.

Æneas, and his wand'ring Mates,
Were, at that Time, angling for *Sprats* ;
Thinking no Harm no more than we do,
(For all was fine and fair to see to)
When, all o'th' sudden ; oh, who would think it ?
(By this good Drink, I mean to drink it !).
It grew so dark, that, wanting Light,
They could not see the Fishes bite ;
And straight, e're one could say what's this ?
The Winds began to howl and hiss,
And in the Turning of a Hand, Sir,
They grew so big, one could not stand, Sir,
Then follow'd Rains, Lightning, and Thunder,
As the whole World would fly afunder.

Æneas hearing the Winds threatening,
And * seeing monstrous Billows beating,
Knowing they purpos'd to dispatch him ;
And that the *Haddocks* watch'd to catch him ;

* *By the
Lightning.*

7 Fell presently in a cold Sweat,
So sick he could not drink nor eat ;

'Twas all the World to twenty Pound,
 He had not fall'n into a Swoon;
 But, by *Jove's* Favour, being blest,
 With Guts in's Head above the rest;
 Like to a cunning Chapman, he
 Made Virtue of Necessity,
 And, in the Midst of all Despairs,
 Thought it his best to fall to Pray'rs.

⁸ With woeful Heart, and blubber'd Eyes,
 Lifting his *Mutton-fists* to th' Skies,
 He therefore pray'd, O *Jupiter*!
 Either hear now, or never hear;
 Now, now, thy trusty *Trojans* cherish.
 Help now, or never, else we perish.

⁹ Could not *Tydidès* at *Troy Town*,
 Should he be hang'd, once knock me down?
 Nor yet the merry *Greek, Achilles*,
 When he kill'd lusty *Heclor*, kill these?
 And must we now be sent, for Dishes,
 To *Sharks*, and such-like greedy Fishes?

* Thus went he on with his Orisons,
 Which, if you mark 'em well, *were wise ones*,
 Now praying, now expostulating;
 But he might e'en have held his Prating;
 For *Jove*, if he had been more near him,
 The Noise was such he could not hear him:

⁸ *Ingemit, &, duplices tendens ad sidera palmas,
 Talia voce refert:*

—— ⁹ *O Danaûm fortissime gentis
 Tydide, Méne Iliacis occumbere campis
 Non potuisse, tuâque animam hanc effundere dextrâ?
 Sævus ubi Æacidæ telo jacet Heclor,* ——

* *Talia jaclanti* ——

¹ The Winds grew louder still, and louder,
And play'd their Gambols with a Powder :
Then, then indeed, began the Pudder,
Here an Oar broke, and there a Rudder ;
Here a Boat kicking on the Surges,
And there one sinking in a Gorges.

² Three Boats a Wind call'd *Notus* rustles,
Upon a paltry Bed of Muscles,

³ And there did roaring *Eurus* dabble ye,
In quick Sands deep, most lamentably.

⁴ One Wherry that the *Lycians* carry'd,
And one *Orontes*, never marry'd,
Was, just about the Time of Dinner,
O'erwhelm'd, and all the Men within her.
Orontes, tho' he was confounded,
Yet very loth to be thus drowned,
Did all he could, with might and main,
To have swam back to Land again.
His Skill he to the Trial puts,
But could not do it for his Guts :
And therefore was sows'd up for *Cod fish* ;
I doubt he prov'd but very Odd-fish.

¹ ——— *Stridens Aquilone procella*
Velum ad-versa ferit, fluctusque ad sidera tollit.
Franguntur remi ; tum prora avertit, & undis
Dat latus ; ———

² *Tres Notus abreptas in saxa latentia torquet :*

——— ³ *Tres Euris ab alto*

In Brevia & Syrtes urget, (miserabile visu)

⁴ *Unam, quæ Lycios fidumque vehebat Orontem,*

Ipsius ante oculos ingens à vertice Pontus

In puppim ferit : Excutitur, pronusque Magister

Volvitur in caput. Ast illam ter fluctus ibidem

Torquet agens circum, & rapidus vorat æquore vortex.

⁵ Now

5 Now might you see the *Trojans* Trimming
 Upon the foaming Billows swimming :
 Sculls, Oars, and Stretchers, with their Benches ;
 Floating amongst the rolling Trenches ;
 Hats, Caps, and Cassocks, Bands and Ruffs,
 (Indeed, I think, they wore no Cuffs)
 Balk-staves and Cudgels, Pikes and Truncheons,
 Brown Bread and Cheese that swam by Luncheons ;
 With Treasure past all mortal Matching,
 That any Man may have for Fetching.

6 In the mean time, this Hurly-burly,
 That still increas'd more loud and furly,
 Rous'd *Neptune* with the strange Commotion,
 Who liv'd i'th' Bottom of the Ocean.

This *Neptune* was of old a Fisher,
 And to *Aeneas* a Well wisher :
 'Cause, on a Time, *Venus*, that bore him,
 Spoke a good Word t'her Father for him,
 And made him, for his good Conditions,
 King over all his Pools and Fish-ponds.

This Blade, when he first heard the Sea ring,
 Was pickling Pilchards, Sprats, and Herring :
 But at the Noise he throws his Tray,
 Fishes, and Salt, and all away ;
 And taking up his three-fork'd Trout-spear,
 7 Hey, hey, (quoth he) what a brave Rout's here ?

5 *Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto :*
Arma virum, tabulaeque, & Troia gaza per undas.

6 *Interea magno misceri murmure Pontum,*
Emissamque Hiemem sensit Neptunus, & imis
Stagna refusa vadis,

——— 7 *Graviter commotus, & alto*
Prospiciens, summâ placidum caput extulit undâ,
Disiectam Aeneæ toto videt æquore Classem,
Fluctibus oppressos Troas, cœlique ruinâ,
Nec latuere doli fratrem Junonis, & iræ :

Under his Arms he had two Bladders,
By which he mounted without Ladders;
And, thrusting's Head above the Water,
Says, What a Veng'ance, ho's the Matter?
Then seeing round how Things were vary'd,
And how the *Trojans* had miscarry'd;
He straight began to smell a Rat,
And soon perceiv'd what they'd be at:
For he knew all *Juno's* Contriving,
And Spite, as well as any living.

Have you not seen upon a River
A Water-Dog, that is a Diver,
Bring out his Mallard, and eft-soons
Be-shake his shaggy Pantaloons?
So *Neptune*, when he first appears,
Shakes the Salt Liquor from his Ears,
And made the Winds themselves to doubt him,
He threw the Water so about him;
Vex'd at the Plucks to see this Clutter,
He scarce could speak, but spurt and sputter:

^s Till, beck'ning *Zephyrus* and *Eurus*,
He thus began in Language furious:
How durst you, Rogues, take the Opinion
To vapour here in my Dominion,
Without my Leave; and make a Lurry,
That Men cannot be quiet for ye?

^s *Eurum ad se Zephyrúmque vocat; dehinc talia fatur:*
Tantáne vos generis tenuit fiducia vestri?
Nam Cælum, Terrámque, meo sine Numine, Venti,
Miscere, & tantas audetis tollere moles?
Quos ego! — Sed motos præstat componere Fluctus.
Post mihi non simili pœnâ commissa luetis.

Rascals, I shall ! — But well ! Go to,
 I now have something else to do ;
 If e'er again I catch you creaking,
 'Tis odds I spoil your Bagpipes squeaking.

9 And Sirrah, you there : Goodman * *Blaster*, * *Speaking*
 Go tell that farting Fool your Master, *to Boreas*
 That such a whistling Scab, as he, *himself.*

Was ne'er cut out to rule the Sea ;

* But that it to my Empire fell :

Bid him go vapour in his Cell ;

There let him puff and domineer,

But make no more such Foisting here :

And for what's past, (if my Aim miss not)

I'll teach him fizzle in his Piss-pot.

† Scarce had he bubbl'd out his Sentence,
 But that they fled to shew Repentance.

And he, that erst had made a Din most,

Now cry'd, The Devil take the hindmost.

Ev'n as a Flock of Geese do flutter,

When crafty *Reynard* comes to Supper ;

So nimbly flew away the Scoundrels,

Glad they had 'scap'd, and sav'd their Poundrels.

‡ Now all was fair again and frolick,
 The Sea no more troubled with Cholick ;

9 *Maturate fugam, Regique hæc dicite vestro :*

Non illi Imperium pelagi —

* *Sed mihi sorte datum. Tenet ille immania saxa,*

Vestras, Eure, domos ; illa se jactet in Aula

Æolus, & clauso ventorum carcere regnet.

† *Sic ait, & dicto citius tumida æquora placat.*

‡ *Collectasque fugat nubes, solémque reducit.*

Cymothoë simul, & Triton adnexus, acuto

Detrudunt na-ves scopulo ; levat ipse Tridenti,

Et vastas aperit Syrtes, & temperat æquor.

The Sun shone bright as on *May-Day* ;
Had there been Grass, one might made Hay :
But yet some Boats stuck on the Flats,
Their Men all dash'd like Water-Rats.
Neptune at this his Speed redoubles,
To ease them of their Peck of Troubles :
He thrust his *Muck-Fork* in two Faddom,
Betwixt the Boats and that that staid 'em,
And lifted them sheer off as clever,
As he had had a Crow or Lever :
Now, Sirs, (quoth he) you may go forward,
And row East, West, or South, or Northward.
If the Rogues come again, I'll swill 'em,
I love a Dog that comes from *Ilium*.
And you, *Aeneas*, and your Men,
If e'er you come this Way agen,
I hope you'll call, or I'd be sorry ;
I'll have a Dish of Lobsters for ye.
Aeneas, who was gentle-hearted,
Scrap'd him a Leg, and so they parted.

They take their Sculls again, and ply 'em,
Hanging their Jerkins out to dry 'em ;
Away they cut as swift as Swallows,
Ploughing the Sea as Men do Fallows :
'Till e're a Man could well tell Ten,
Or go to th'Door, and back agen,
' They all as plainly saw the other
Side, as we now see one another :
Then there old tugging was and pulling,
Never such plying and such sculling :

——— ¹ *Quæ proxima, litora cursu*
Contendunt petere, ———

They

They whoop'd and sung gladder and gladder,
I think, *March* Hares were never madder.

At last, all Dangers notwithstanding,

² They came unto a Place of Landing ;

A Pair of Stairs they found, not big Stairs,

Just such another Place as *Trigg-Stairs*.

Not made for Watermen, but Women,

That use to come and wash their Linnen :

There was old striving then and thrusting,

Which with their Sculler should get first in.

Sirs, (quoth *Æneas*) shew some Breeding,

Let's have no more Haste than good Speeding ;

Have Patience, Gentiles, I implore ye,

And let your Betters go before ye :

With that they all gave Place, and Reason ;

It else had been no less than Treason ;

³ Whilst our *Æneas*, at two Leapings,

Set the first Foot upon the Steppings ;

Then all the rest came in a Bundle,

As they would burst each other's Trundle :

Weary they were, the Wind had dous'd 'em,

And so they set 'em down and lous'd 'em.

⁴ After a while a Fellow knocks

Fire, with a Steel and Tinder-box.

² *Est in secessu longo locus ; Insula portum
Efficit objectu laterum ; quibus omnis ab alto
Frangitur, inque sinus seindit sese unda reductos.*

——— ³ *Æneas, collectis navibus omni
Ex numero, subit, ac magno telluris amore
Egressi optatâ Troës potiuntur arenâ,
Et sale tabentes artus in litore ponunt.*

⁴ *Ac primùm filici scintillam excudit Achates,
Suscepitque ignem foliis, atque arida circum
Nutrimenta dedit, rapuitque in fomite flammam.
Tum Cererem corruptam undis Cerealiâque arma
Expediunt fessi rerum, frugésque receptas
Et terrere parant flammis, & frangere saxo.*

For each Man had his Flint and Touch-wood,
 The World besides could shew no such Wood:
 Then Sticks they gather, Leaves and Briers,
 And fell to making them good Fires;
 Then Skellets, Pans, and Posnets put on,
 To make them Porridge without Mutton.

⁵ In the mean Time *Æneas* got him
 Up to a Hill to look about him,
 And, as he there a while stood gazing,
⁶ He saw some Sheep below him grazing.
⁷ O ho, quoth he, I'll soon be wi' ye,
 Besworn I'm glad at Heart to see ye.
 And fetches straight a good Yew-Bow;

This said, away my Youth does go,
 And Arrows under's Belt he sticks too,
 (For he could shoot at Buts and Pricks too)
 His Head he put a good Steel Cap on,
 Because he knew not what might happen:
 And thus, as if he went to Battle,
 He goes to murder poor Men's Cattle.

⁸ His Arrow in the String he nocks,
 And shoots among the harmless Flocks:
 These prov'd at Chance to be the fairest,
 But he still shot at that was nearest.

⁵ *Æneas scopulum interea conscendit, & omnem
 Prospectum latè pelago petit* —

— ⁶ *Tres litore cervos
 Prospicit errantes* —

⁷ *Constitit hîc, Arcumque manu celerésque sagittas,*

⁸ *Ductorésque ipsos primùm, capita alta ferentes
 Cornibus arboreis, sternit.*

9 Seven lordly Tups he wounded mortal,
 The other Shots he made were short all :
 These to his hungry Mates he luries,
 (Pray what's his Due that Mutton worries ?
 * Here, Lads, quoth he, here's Sides and Haunches,
 Fall to, and fill your empty Paunches.

Scarce had he made an End of Boasting,
 † But some to Boiling fell, some Roasting ;
 'Twas soon enough, and to't they fall,
 They eat up Mutton, Guts and all ;
 Yet scarce could satisfy their Hungers,
 These *Trojans* were such Mutton-mongers.
 ‡ There was by Chance a *Stoop* of *Liquor*,
 Cork'd up in Bottles made of *Wicker*,
 Giv'n by my Hostess, I conceive,
 When first *Aeneas* took his Leave :
 The Drink (to make the Feast the fuller)
Aeneas fetch'd out of his Sculler ;
 And, like a Man had something in him,
 Gave it as free as e'er was gi'n him :
 Himself a Dish he first pour'd out,
 For fear it would not go about :
 Then, stroking up his *Whiskers* greasy,
 He thus begins in Words most easy :

9 *Nec prius absistit quàm septem ingentia victor
 Corpora fundat humi, ———*

* ——— *Et socios partitur in omnes.*

† *Pars in frustra secant, verubusque trementia figunt :
 Litore abena locant alii, flammásque ministrant.*

‡ *Vina, bonus quæ deinde cadis onerârat Acestes
 Litore Trinacrio, dederátque abeuntibus Heros,
 Dividit, & dictis mærentia pectora mulcet.*

† Here,

¹ Here, Lads, have at ye, and be merry,
We're got at last safe o'er the Ferry ;
And, tho' we've had but angry Work, yet
Let's make the best of a bad Market :
To-day let's drink, and hang To-morrow,
A Grain of Mirth's worth Pounds of Sorrow.

² Be blithe and jolly then as may be,
Faint Heart, you know, ne'er wins fair Lady :
What tho' a while we fare but hardly,
Yet in the End does our Reward lie :
We shall win Houses, Lands, and Doxies,
With dainty Patches where no Pox is :
And then all this, that seems t'undo us,
Will be but Sport and Pastime to us.

³ Thus did the subtle Fornicator
Set a good Face on a bad Matter :
As who should make 'em understand
How pretty a Fellow he was on's Hand ;
When I (for all's brave alls) must tell ye,
His Heart then panted in his Belly.

⁴ Down glides his Ale over his Pallet,
As glib as't had been Oil of Sallet :
And all the rest, in their due Order,
Quaff'd till their Drink would go no further.

¹ *O socii (neque enim ignari sumus antè malorum)
O passi graviora ; dabit Deus his quoque finem.
Vos & Scyllæam rabiem, penitúsque sonantes
Accêstis scopulos ; vos & Cyclopea saxa
Experti ,* ² *Revocate animos, mæstúmque timorem
Mittite ; forsan & hæc olim meminisse juvabit.
Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,
Tendimus in Latium ; sedes ubi fata quietas
Ostendunt :*

³ *Talia voce refert, curísque ingentibus æger
Spem vultu simulat, premit altum corde dolorem.*

⁴ *Implentur veteris Bacchi, pinguisque ferinæ.*

⁵ Now

5 Now having spent their Drink and Vittles,
 They rise and wipe their greasy *Thwittles* ;
 And, stroking them, began to mind 'em :
 Of those were left at Sea behind 'em :
 With that, *Aeneas* made a Motion
 To climb the Hills, and look on th'Ocean,
 If, from the Cliffs and Promontories,
 They might espy their Fellow-Tories :
 At that they went, some this, some that Way ;
 Some went not far, and some a great Way ;
 Some whoop'd, some hollow'd, and some shouted,
 6 Some thought 'em safe, and others doubted ;
 Some laid their Ears to Ground in Cunning,
 To list if they could hear them coming :
 But all in vain ; for none could spy 'em ;
 They call'd their Friends, for none was nigh 'em.

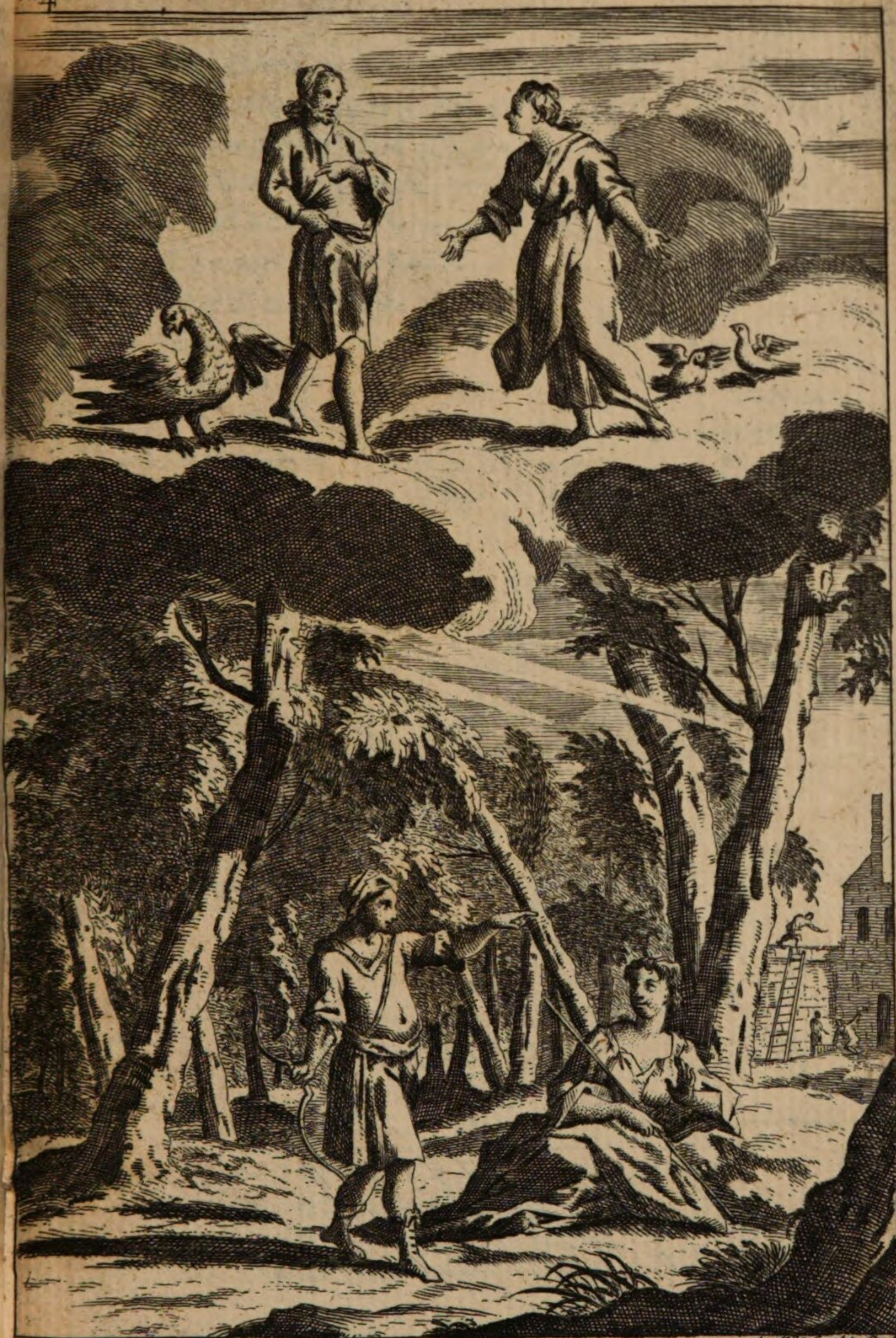
At last, by gen'ral Approbation,
 They laid 'em down, as was the Fashion,
 And slept, being tir'd with Pains and Feasting ;
 When Belly's full, Bones will be resting.

Asleep they lie snorting and snoring,
 With such a Noise they made the Shore ring,
 Or such a Din as Dogs do utter,
 When they by Night together clutter ;
 Snarling and swearing in lewd Fashion,
 For Bitch of evil Conversation :
 7 When *Jove*, who was, belike, at Leisure,
 Walking, or for his Health, or Pleasure,

5 *Postquam exempta fames epulis, mensæque remotæ,
 Amissos longo socios sermone requirunt ;*

6 *Spemque metumque inter dubii, seu vivere credant,
 Sive extrema pati, —————*

————— 7 *Cùm Jupiter æthere summo
 Despiciens mare velivolum, terrâsque jacentes,
 Litorâque —————*



J. Goupy del.

M. P. Gucht Scul.

Venus addresses Jupiter in behalf of her Son Aeneas
whom afterward She meets in a Wood.

Looking about on ev'ry side him,
 ' O' th' *Lybian* Coasts at last espy'd 'em,
 And said in merry kind of Japping,
 Indeed, Sirs, have I ta'en you napping?
 Scarce had he spoke, when all o' th' sudden,
 Whilst he was on the *Trojans* stud'ing,
 Who should come there to do her Duty,
 But *Venus* that was Queen of Beauty.

* This *Venus*, without counterfeiting,
 Was a fine Lads on's own begetting:
 Thou ne'er saw'st prettier in thy Life,
 Although he had her not by's Wife,
 But by a Fish-wench he was kind to,
 And so she came in at the Window:
 Now *Venus* was *Aeneas*' Mother,
 And him she had by such another
 Royster as *Jove* was, when on Groundsel
 He fir'd her Mother's Privy-counsel:
 In the Behalf then of her By-blow,
 Which had endured many a dry Blow,
² She weeping came, sighing and throbbing,
 And hardly could she speak for sobbing.
 Until at last, with a fine Linen,
 Wrought round with Blue, of her own spinning,
 Wiping her Face from Tears and Snivil,
 She thus begun in Words most civil:

* See *Servius* upon
Virgil.

¹ *Et Libyæ defixit lumina Regnis.*

² *Atque illum tales jactantem pectore curas,
 Tristior, & lacrymis oculos suffusa nitentes,
 Alloquitur Venus:* —————

3 O thou, of Gods and Men, the King,
That can'st do any kind of Thing;
That past their Wits doth Mortals frighten;
When thou or thunder dost, or lighten;
What could *Aeneas* do to thee?
Who car'st a Fart for no-body:

4 Or the poor *Trojans*, what have they done,
That thus they still must be made Foels on?
And that thou wilt for no Persuasions
Let them go follow their Occasions?

5 I'm sure you promis'd me, and swore to it,
(Ev'n let who can forgive you for it)
That you would make 'em This, and That,
Kings, Captains, and I know not what;
And that out of your bounteous Givings,
They should have all both Lands and Livings,
And all live well in *Italy*:
But I perceive 'twas all a Lye.

6 *Jove* stroking up his great Mustachoes,
Smil'd for to see her so courageous;
For had she broke a Pot or Platter,
He could not well be angry at her,

— 3 O, qui Res Hominumque Deumque
Aeternis regis imperiis, & fulmine terres;

4 Quid Troës potuere? quibus tot funera passis
Cunctus ob Italiam terrarum clauditur Orbis?

5 Cert èhinc Romanos olim, volventibus annis,
Hinc fore ductores revocato à sanguine Teucris,
Qui mare, qui terras omni ditione tenerent,
Pollicitus. Quæ te, Genitor, sententia vertit?

6 Olli subridens Hominum sator atque Deorum,

He lov'd her so, which 'tis too common,
 Either in Man, or else in Woman;
 Their Bastards they will clip and kiss ye,
 More dearly than their lawful Issue.

⁷ *Jove* looking then most sweetly at her
 (For she had made his Mouth to water)
 Took *Venus* by the Chin, and gave her
 A Kiss of a lascivious Flavour.

⁸ My pretty Wench (quoth he) I prithee,
 Let's have no more such puling with thee:
 All shall be well enough, ne'er fear it,
 And by my Beard once more I swear it,
 Thy Son *Æneas*, thou dost doubt so,
 Which makes thee whimper, cry, and pout so,
 Shall be a King, a Prince at least;
 I speak in earnest, not in jest.
 With that he whistled out most mainly,
 You might have heard his Fist as plainly.
 From one Side of the Sky to th' other,
 As you and I hear one another.
 Thrice whistled he, when by and by,
 Out came his Foot-Boy *Mercury*,
 And ask'd him without more ado,
 What 'twas he whistled for, and who?

This *Mer'cry*, you must understand, Sir,
 Had formerly been a Rope-Dancer:

⁷ *Vultu, quo Cælum Tempestatésque serenat,
 Oscula libavit Gnatæ; dehinc talia fatur:*

⁸ *Parce metu, Cytherea; maneni immota tuorum
 Fata tibi. Cernes urbem & promissa Lavini
 Mœnia, sublimémque feres ad sidera cæli
 Magnanimum Æneam,——*

A nimble Rascal, and a Dapper,
 Full deftly could he cut a Caper,
 * Dance, run, leap, frisk, and curvet, * See *Plaut.*
 Tumble, and do the *Somerſet*; in *Amphytr.*
 And fly with artificial Wings,
 Ty'd to his Head and Heels with Strings:
 'Twas he firſt taught to fly i' th' Air,
 As we have ſeen at *Bartle Fair*;
 A nimble witty Knave, I warrant,
 And one that well could ſay his Errant:
 An exc'lent Servant in plain Dealing,
 But that he was inclin'd to Stealing.

9 Sirrah, (quoth *Jove*) go take your Pumps,
 And haſte to *Carthage*, ſtir your Stumps,
 And as thou art a cunning Prater,
 Play me the fine Inſinuator:

Dido and all her *Carthaginians*
 Poſſeſs throughout with kind Opinions
 Of the poor *Trojans*, leſt Queen *Dido*,
 Not knowing Things ſo well as I do,
 Should ſhew 'em all a Trick of *Paſs paſs*,
 And chance t' indiſt 'em for a Treaſpaſs.
 Away he flies *ſans* further Speech,
 As he had had a Squib in's Breech;
 And ſuddenly, without diſcerning,
 * Set all the *Tyrians* Bowels yearning;

9 *Hæc ait, & Maiâ genitum demittit ab alto;*
Ut terræ, utque novæ pateant Carthaginis arces
Hospitio Teucris; ne fati nescia Dido
Finibus arceret Volat ille per aëra magnum
Remigio Alarum; & Libyæ citus aſtitit oris:
 ————— * *Ponuntque ferocia Pœni*
Corda, volente Deo; imprimis Regina quietum
Accipit in Teucros animum, mentemque benignam.

Dido,

Dido, for her Part, swore a *Trojan*
 Should do the Feat for her, or no Man.
 Mean while the *Trojans* slept at Ease,
 Unless sometimes bit by white Fleas,
 Their soft Repose in Quiet taking,
¹ Only *Aeneas* he was waking;
 Who whilst the Night was dark and o'ercast,
 Like one that had an exc'lent Fore-cast,
 Lay thinking how his Guts grew limber,
 How they might get more *Belly-Timber*:
 No sooner the Light first came creeping,
 But that he cry'd, Ah Fool, art peeping?
 And up he starts to go a stealing,
 Either a Mutt'ning or a Vealing;
 And yet he thought, being a Stranger,
 To go alone might be some Danger;
² Therefore he deem'd it not amiss
 To call a trusty Friend of his;
 And that he might go on the bolder,
 He laid a Two-hand Bat on's Shoulder.

Thus going then abroad for Food,
³ He meets his Mother in a Wood;
 So snug she was, and so array'd,
 He took his Mother for a Maid:
 A great Mistake in her whose Bum
 So oft had been God *Mars's* Drum,

¹ *At pius Aeneas, per noctem plurima volvens,
 Ut primum lux alma data est, ———*

———— ² *Ipse uno graditur comitatus Achate;
 Bina manu lato crispans hastilia ferro,*

³ *Cui mater mediâ sese tulit obviam sylvâ,
 Virginis os habitumque gerens, ———*

When oft, full oft, the lusty Drum-stick,
 Breaking quite through, would in her Bum stick.
 Full oft when *Smug* was blowing Bellows,
 Would she be trucking with good Fellows;
 And let herself be chuck'd as tamely,
 As if therein there did no Blame lie,
 By *Mars*, and many a one beside,
 Or else she foully is bely'd.

4 Well met, young Men, quoth *Venus* kindly,
 As you came through the Woods behind ye,
 Pray did you not, for all your Haste, note
 A Lass in Petticoat and Waistcoat;
 With such a Pelt as mine thrown o'er her,
 Driving a Sow and Pig before her?

5 No truly (quoth *Aeneas* mild)
 I saw nor Man, Woman or Child;
 Yet, though I say't, had I been nigh her,
 I could, as well as others, spy her:
 But who art thou that speak'st so shrill,
 As if thy Words came through a Quill?
 Thou art of gentle Kindred surely,
 Thou look'st and speakest so demurely:

6 Therefore Good Mistress, or Good Lady,
 I do beseech you, if it may be,

4 *Heus, inquit, juvenes, monstrate mearum!*
Vidistis si quam hic errantem forte sororum,
Succinctam pharetrâ, & maculosæ tegmine lyncis,
Aut spumantis apri, cursum clamore prementem?

5 *Veneris contra sic filius orsus:*
Nulla tuarum audita mihi, neque visa sororum.
O (quam te memorem!) virgo: namque haud tibi vultus
Mortalis, nec vox hominem sonat: O Dea, certe;

6 *An Phœbi soror, an Nympharum sanguinis una!*

To put us out of Fear or Dangers,
7 Tell's where we are, for we are Strangers ?

8 *Venus*, at that wriggling and mumping,
Cries, Pray young Man leave off your Frumping,
For until now I've met with no Man
E'er took me for a Gentlewoman ;
She that I ask for is my Sister,
I wonder how the Pox you miss'd her !

We were this Morning sent in haste
To fetch a Sow that lies at Mast.

9 Yon Town was built by one *Agenor*,
The Land's so good it needs no *Meaner* :

* One *Dido* now is Queen on't, who
Ran hither a good while ago :

She is a Queen of gentle bearing,
Whose Story will be worth the hearing :

† But should I tell it all out-right,
I think t'would last a Winter's Night.

‡ Therefore in short, this same Queen *Dido*,
Who now, alas ! is left a Widow !

Had one *Sichæus* to her Honey,
A wealthy Man in Land and Money ;

|| Whom one *Pygmalion*, unawares,
Kill'd, as he was saying on's Prayers ;

—— 7 *Quo sub cælo tandem, quibus orbis in oris
Factemur, doceas : ———*

8 *Tunc Venus : Haud equidem tali me dignor honore.*

9 *Punica regna vides, Tyrios, & Agenoris urbem :*

* *Imperium Dido Tyriâ regit urbe profecta,*

—— † *longa est injuria, longæ
Ambages ; sed summa sequar fastigia rerum.*

‡ *Huic conjux Sichæus erat, ditissimus agri*

—— || *Ille Sichæum,
Impius ante aras, atque auri cæcus amore,*

Clam ferro incautum superat, ———

Only for lucre of his Pelf,
 Which he had thought t'have had himself,
¹ And fob'd Queen *Dido* off some Season,
 (Who cry'd and blubber'd out of reason)
 By telling her a Flim-flam Prattle,
 That he was gone to buy some Cattle:
 But on a Time, as without doubt,
Murder at some odd Time will out:
 One Night as she did sleep and snore,
 As she had never slept before,
² Into her Chamber, Doors unlocking,
 Comes me her Husband without knocking.
 A Link he in his Hand did brandish,
 His Face was paler than your Band is;
 Nearer he came, and would have kiss'd her,
 At which she well nigh had bepiss'd her,
 But being a Ghost of civil fashion,
 He gave her *Words of Consolation.*

Quoth he, I murder'd am, my Jewel,
 By Ways most barbarous and cruel:
 And for to shew I tell no Fibs,
³ Look what a Hole here's in my Ribs.
 And if thou stay'st, that Rogue *Pygmalion*
 Intends to use thee like a Stallion:
⁴ Therefore be gone, thou and thy Meany,
 But leave the Rascal ne'er a Penny

———— ¹ *Œ ægram,*
 (*Multa malus simulans*) *vanâ spe lufit amantem.*

² *Ipsa sed in fomnis inhumati venit imago*
Conjugis, ora modis attollens pallida miris:

———— ³ *Trajectâque pectora ferro*
Nudavit, ———

⁴ *Tum celerare fugam, patriâque excedere suadet,*
Auxiliûmque vice, veteres tellure recludit
Thefauros, ignctum argenti pondus & auri.

To bleſs himſelf: it lies each Farthing,
In an old Butter-pot i'th' Garden.

⁵ *Dido* at this riſes up early,
And with her Servants very fairly,
Not caring for *Pygmalion's* Curſes,
Steals all his Money-bags and Purſes;
And in a Boat prepar'd o'th' nonce,
Ship'd all his Goods away at once,
And got off ſafe, whiſt all this Geer
Was order'd by a *Waſtcoateer*.

⁶ At laſt ſhe came with all her People,
To yonder Town with a Spire Steeple,
And bought as much good feeding Ground for
Five Marks, as ſome would give five Pound for;
Where now ſhe lives a Huſwife wary,
Has her Ground ſtock'd, and keeps a Dairy:
⁷ And now, young Men, I pray ye, ſhew me
Whence do ye come, or whither go ye?

⁸ This being ſaid, our luſty Swabber
Groan'd like a Woman in her Labour,

⁵ *His commota, fugam Dido ſocióſque parabat.*
Conveniunt, quibus aut odium crudele tyranni,
Aut metus acer erat: naves, quæ forte paratæ,
Corripiunt, onerantque auro; portantur avari
Pygmalionis opes pelago; Dux fœmina facti.

⁶ *Devenère locos, ubi nunc ingentia cernes*
Mœnia, ſurgentemque novæ Carthaginiſ arcem,
Mercatique ſolum, facti de nomine Byſſam,
Taurino quantum poſſent circumdare tergo.

⁷ *Sed vos qui tandem? quibus aut veniſtis ab oris?*
Quove tenetis iter? ⁸ *Quærenti talibus ille*
Suſpirans, imoque trahens b pectore vocem:
O Dea, ſi primâ repetens a origine pergam,
Et vacet annales noſtrorum audire laborem;
Antè diem claſſo componet veſper Olympo.

And looking ruefully upon her
 Oh ! Dame, quoth he, brim full of Houour,
 Should I begin my Story spinning
 From the first End to th' last Beginning,
 I doubt to finish we should miss time,
 For it woud last till t'morrow this time.

9 We *Trojans* are of *Troy-town* Race,
 (If e'er you heard of such a Place ;)

* And I *Æneas* fam'd in Fight ;
 Bnt much more for a Carpet-Knight :
 Who bring along our Country-Gods,
 A Company of smoaky Toads,
 Catch'd out o'th' Fire from the *Greek*,
 When all the Town was of a Reek ;
 And can derive my Pedigree,
 (Although I say't) with any He,
 'That is perhaps fuller of Pride,
 Especially by th' Mother's side.

Did my Fame never hither come ?
 I'm talk'd of far and near at home ;

To tell you truly as a Friend,
 † For *Italy* we do intend,

And put to Sea in paltry Weather,
 ‡ With twenty Pairs of Oars together :

9 *Nos Trojâ antiquâ (si vestras forte per aures
 Trojæ nomen iit)* ———

* *Sum pius Æneas, raptos qui ex hoste Penates
 Classe veho mecum,* ———

† *Italiam quæro patriam & genus ab Jove summo.*

‡ *Bis denis Phrygium conscendi navibus æquor,
 Matre Deâ monstans te viam, data fata secutus :
 Vix septem convulsæ undis Euróque supersunt.*

Of which there hardly are left seven,
Which put into the Shore last Even.

¹ *Venus* the while *Æneas* eying,
And seeing he could scarce hold crying ;
Thus cut him off in courteous Fashion,
I'th' midst on's pitiful Relation :

² Whoe'er thou art, take Heart I say,
Rome can't be built all on a Day ;
And tho' you've suffer'd some Disasters,
Yet let me tell you this, my Masters,
'Tis a good Sign that those Gods love ye,
For all your haste, that hither drove ye :
You might have walk'd your Pumps a pieces,
E'er light on such a Place as this is.

³ Go ye to th' *Queen* now out of Hand,
And show her how your Matters stand :
She'll make you welcome for her Part :
She loves tall Fellows in her Heart :

⁴ There, on my honest Word, you'll meet
Your lost Companions, I foresee't ;
And have all Things that you could wish,
⁵ Or surely I was taught amiss :
(And I a Father had could make,
In time of need, an Almanack)

———— ¹ *Nec plura querentem*

Passa Venus : medio sic interfata dolore est :

² *Quisquis es, haud (credo) invisus cœlestibus auras
Vitales carpis, Tyriam qui adveneris urbem.*

³ *Perge modo atque hinc te Reginæ ad limina perfer,*

⁴ *Namque tibi reduces socios classemque relatum
Nuntio, —————*

⁵ *Ni frustra augurium vani docuere parentes.*

Chear up your Hearts, your Spirits rally,
 And ne'er stand fooling shall I, shall I,
 But budge, jog on, bestir your Toes,
 6 There lies your Way, follow your Nose.

7 With that she turn'd to go away,
 And did her freckl'd Neck display;
 By which and by a certain Whiff
 Came from her Arm-pits, or her Cliff,
 And a fine Hobble in her Pace,
Aeneas knew his Mother's Grace:

8 Mother, quoth he, why dost thou run thus?
 And with thy *Mumming* cheat thy Son thus?
 Why may we not shake one another
 By th' Hand, and talk like Son and Mother?
 Oh think upon our woeful Cafes,
 Whilst thus we wander in strange Places.

9 But she was gone, for when she list,
 She foist away could in a Mist;
 Nor could she tarry, to say truly,
 For she had made a Promise newly,
 * To meet a Friend of her's to dally,
 In a blind Street they call *Ram-alley*.

6 *Perge modò, & quàm te ducit via, dirige gressum.*

7 *Dixit; & avertens rosâ cervicè refulsit;*

Ambrosiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem

Spiravere; pedes vestis defluxit ad imos;

Et vera incessu patuit Dea. Ille, ubi matrem

Agnovit, tali fugientem est voce secutus:

8 *Quid-natum toties crudelis tu quoque falsis*

Ludis imaginibus? cur dextræ jungere dextram

Non datur, ac veras audire & reddere voces?

9 *At Venus obscuro gradientes aëre sepsit,*

Et multo nebulæ circum Dea fudit amiētū,

Cernere ne quis eos, neu quis contingere posset,

Molirive moram, —————

* *Ipsa Paphum sublimis abit, —————*

Aeneas

Æneas then began to find,
That there was something in the Wind;
And said, my Mother's a mad Shaver,
No Man alive knows where to have her;
But I'd as live as half a Crown
We two could walk so into th' Town.

Venus heard what he said, for she
Could hear as far as we can see;
And in a Moment to befriend 'em,
Two Cloaks invifible did lend 'em.

Thus cloak'd, their Knavery to shelter,
¹ Away they trudge it helter-skelter,
Until *Æneas* and his Friend
Safely arriv'd at the Town's End.

² *Æneas* ftar'd about and wonder'd,
To fee of Houfes a whole Hundred;
But when he faw the Folks were there,
He thought it had been *Carthage*-Fair,

³ The Town was full all in a Pother,
Some doing one thing, fome another,
Some digging were, fome making Mortar,
Some hewing Stones in fuch a Quarter:
For they were all, as Story tells,
Building or doing fomething elfe:

⁴ And to be fhort, all that he fees,
Were working bufily as Bees.

¹ *Corripuere viam interea, quâ femita monſtrat.
Jamque aſcendebant collem, qui plurimûs urbi
Imminet, adverſâſque aſpectat deſuper arces.*

² *Miratur molem Æneas, magalia quondam:*

³ *Instant ardentes Tyrii; pars ducere muros,
Moliri que arcem, & manibus ſubvolvere ſaxa:
Pars aptare locum tecto, & concludere ſulco.*

⁴ *Qualis apes æſtate nova per florea rura
Exercet ſub ſole labor, ———*

⁵ I' th

5 I'th' middle of the Town there stood
 A goodly *Elm* o'ergrown with Wood:
 And under them were Stocks most duly,
 To lock them fast that were unruly:
 There sat they down to ease their Travel,
 Picking their sweaty Toes from Gravel,
 And look'd about as they lay lurking,

6 To see the busy *Tyrians* working:
 But none could see them for their Spell,
 They were so hid, they might as well,
 Tho' they had been never so nigh 'em,
 See through a double Door as spy 'em.
 Near stood the Church, a pretty Building,
 Plain as a Pike-staff without gilding;
 I cannot liken any to it,
 Unless't be *Pancras*, if you know it.

7 This Church Queen *Dido*, 'tis related,
 Built, and to *Juno* dedicated,
 And was beholden unto none,
 But built it all, both Stick and Stone,
 At her own proper Cost and Charges;
 No Church in the Country near so large is:
 It was well laid with Lime and Mortar;
 For so the Workmen did exhort her,
 Because it would be so much stronger,
 And so, you know, would last the longer:

5 *Lucus in urbe fuit media, lætissimus umbrâ:*

6 *Infert se septus nebulâ, mirabile dictu,
 Per medios, miscétque viris; neque cernitur ulli.*

7 *Hic Templum Junoni ingens Sidonia Dido
 Condebat,* —————

It had a Door peg'd with a Pin,
 To shut Folks out, or let Folks in,
 And in a pretty wooden Steeple,
 A low Bell hung to call the People.
Aeneas and his Friend went thither,
 Seeing a many Folks together,
 Whose misty Cloaks so well did hide 'em,
 That in they went, and no one spy'd 'em.

⁸ But when they wonder'd to behold
 The Images so manifold,
 That staring stood in sundry Places,
 As if they would fly in their Faces :
 Then quoth *Aeneas* to's Comrade,
 This Fellow Master was on's Trade,
 That pictur'd these : Look, look, as I am
 An honest Man, yonder's our *Priam*;
 See where he stands in Silk and Sattin,
 As he could speak both Greek and Latin :
 Whoop, yonder's *Hector* too, and *Troilus*.
 Look thee, how there the *Græcians* foil us ;
⁹ And there our trusty *Trojans* do
 Band them, and pay them *quid* for *quo*.
 Yonder *Achilles* gives a Rap,
 With his Cock-feather in his Cap,

⁸ *Artificumque manus inter se operumque laborem
 Miratur ; videt Iliacas ex oraine pugnās,
 Bellaque jam famā totum vulgata per orbem ;
 Atridas, Priamumque, & sævum ambobus Achillem.
 Constitit, & lacrymans, Quis jam locus (inquit) Achate,
 Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris ?
 — ⁹ videbat, uti bellantes Pergama circum
 Hac fugerent Graii, premeret Trojana juventus :
 Hac Phryges ; instaret curru cristatus Achilles.*

And

And yonder's one, for all's Bravado,
Knocks him with lusty Bastinado.

How came these here to be pictur'd thus?
Sure all the World has heard of us.

¹ Whilst thus *Æneas* sad and muddy
Stood musing in a dark brown Study,
In comes Queen *Dido*, that fair Lady,
In Apron white, as on a *May-day*:
A Crew of Roysters waited on her,
Which there were called her Men of Honour:
All clad in fair blue Coats and Badges,
To whom Queen *Dido* paid good Wages,

² Ev'en as a proper Woman shows.
When into Wake or Fair she goes,
Clad in her best Apparel, so
Queen *Dido* all this time did show,
And was so brave a buxom Lass,
That she did all the Town surpass.
Into the midst o'th' Church she marches,
And there betwixt a pair of Arches,
Upon a Stool set for the nonce,
She went to rest her Marrow-bones,
And on a Cushion stuff'd with Flocks
She clapp'd her dainty Pair of Docks.

¹ *Hæc dum Dardanio Æneæ miranda videntur,
Dum stupet, obtutuque hæret defixus in uno:
Regina ad templum formâ pulcherrima Dido
Incessit, magnâ juvenum stipante catervâ.*

² *Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi
Exercet Diana choros, quam mille secutæ
Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades; illa pharetram
Fert humero, gradiensque Deas supereminet omnes.*

³ There *Dido* sat in State each Day,
 To hear what any one could say;
 Some to rebuke, and for to smoothe some,
 And give out Laws wholesome or toothsome;
 To punish such as had Insolence,
 And make them good *Nolens* or *Volens*:
 And there likewise each Morning-tide,
 She did the young Men's Task divide;
 Wherein great Policy did lurk,
 Each knew his Job of Journey-work,
 And fell about it without jangling:
 But that which kept them most from wrangling,
 Was that they still drew Cuts to know,
 Whether they should work hard or no:
 And who had the longest Cut, and th'best,
 And still more Work than all the rest.

⁴ Here whilst *Æneas* squeez'd and thrust is,
 To see Queen *Dido* doing Justice:
 Who should he but his Fellows spy,
 Got into *Dido's* Company:
 There *Antheus* was (no Mortal fiercer)
 And one *Sergestus* too, a Mercer,
 With other *Trojans* that would vapour,
Cloanthus too, the Woollen-draper,
 All which, and forty *Trojans* more,
 Were wonderfully got on Shore,

³ *Tum foribus Divæ mediâ testudine templi,
 Septa armis, soliôque aliè subnixa resedit;
 Jura dabat, legesque viris, operumque laborem
 Partibus æquabat justis, aut sorte trahebat.*

⁴ *Cum subito Æneas concursu accedere magno
 Anthea, Sergestumque videt, fortemque Cloanthum,
 Teucrorumque alios; ater quos æquore turbo
 Dispuerat, penitusque alias advexerat oras.*

5 At this *Aeneas* and his Friend
 Were e'en almost at their Wits End ;
 Z'lid, *Jove* forgive me that I swear,
 Quoth he, how think'st, how came they here ?
 Nay, quoth the other presently,
Aeneas, what a Pox know I ?

6 *Aeneas* was so glad on's Kin,
 He ready was to leap out on's Skin ;
 And so was the other, for in Sadness,
 They were e'en mad 'twixt Fear and Gladness.
 But yet it seems they were so wise
 To keep 'em safe in their Disguise,
 Until their Friends had try'd the Opinions
 Of the kind-hearted *Carthaginians*.

7 At last they saw one *Ilioneus*,
 A Trojan very ceremonious :
 A Youth of very fine Condition.
 A very pretty Rhetorician ;
 One that could write and read, and had
 Been bred at Free-school from a Lad ;
 Thrust up to *Dido* in good Fashion,
 And thus begins his fine Oration :
 8 O *Queen*, who here hast built a Village,
 And keep'st thy Ground in hearty Tillage,

5 *Obstupuit simul ipse, simul perculsus Achates,*

6 *Lætitiâque, metûque, avidi conjungere dextras*
Ardebant ; sed res animos incognita turbat.

Diffimulant, & nube cavâ speculantur amicti,
Quæ fortuna viris ; —————

7 *Postquam introgressi, & coram data copia fandi,*
Maximus Ilioneus placido sic pectore cæpit :

8 O *Regina*, novam cui condere *Jupiter urbem*,
Iustitiâque dedit gentes frænare superbas ;

Troës te miseri, ventis maria omnia vecti,

Oramus ; prohibe infandos à navibus ignes :

Parce pio generi, & propius res aspice nostras.

O thou,

O thou who hast the Royal Science
 To govern Men as well as Lions,
 Behold us here, who look like Men
 New eaten and spew'd up agen :
 So spitefully has Fortune crost us,
 So woefully the Seas have tost us.
 A few poor *Trojans* here you see,
 Even as poor as poor may be ;
 Thrown on the Shore by Wind and Weather,
 Ill Luck, the Devil, and all together ;
 And humbly do beseech your Grace
 To pity our most woeful Case.
 Your Men are all in hurly-burly,
 And look upon us grim and furly ;
 So that, if you be not good to us,
 They'll burn our Boats, and quite undo us :
 Therefore we pray you send some one,
 To bid 'em let our Boats alone.

9 Alas, we come not to purloin
 Either your Cattle or your Coin,
 Neither to filch Linen or Woollen,
 Nor yet to steal away your Pullen ;
 W'have no such knavish Ends as these,
 But only to beg Bread and Cheese.

* We were hard rowing to a Place,
 A hardish Kind of Name it was,

9 *Non nos aut ferro Lybicos populare Penates
 Venimus, aut raptas ad litora vertere prædas :
 Non ea vis animo, nec tanta superbia victis.*

* *Est locus (Hesperiam Graii cognomine dicunt)
 Terra antiqua, potens armis, atque ubere glebæ ;
 Oenotrii coluere viri : nunc fama, minores
 Italiam dixisse, ducis de nomine, gentem.
 Huc cursus fuit :*

Where

Where once your what shall's call'ums (rot 'em,
It makes me mad I have forgot 'em)
Liv'd a great while; but now, d'yc see,
'Tis known by th' Name of *Italy*:

¹ When on a sudden one *Orion*,
Powder'd upon us like a Lion,
And squander'd us on Flats and Shelves,
Enough to make us drown ourselves:
So that of Sixscore-Men, and deft ones,
Even here, O Queen, are all that's left on's.

² Then what should ail your *Tyrians* thus
To scowl and look askew at us;
O where the Devil were they bred?
Sure ranker Clowns ne'er liv'd by Bread!
And for to tell your Grace my Thought,
I think they're better fed than taught;
For (as I am an honest Man,
Let 'em deny it if they can)

³ No sooner landed we to bait us,
But that the Rogues threw Cow turds at us:
But, *Queen*, I hope, thoul't teach the Wretches
Henceforth to meddle with their Matches.

¹ *Cum subito assurgens fluctu nimbosus Orion
In vada cæca tulit, penitusque procacibus Austris,
Pérque undas, superante salo, pérque invia saxa
Dispulit; huc pauci vestris adnavimus oris.*

² *Quod genus hoc hominum? quæve hunc tam barbara morem
Permittit patria? 3 Hospitio prohibemur arenæ:
Bella cient, primâque vetant consistere terrâ.*

4 *Aeneas* once did us command,
 A taller Fellow of his Hand,
 Nor honefter, ne'er did, or shall
 Draw up a Trapstick to a Wall.
 If he but live, and that already
 He be not drowned in some Eddy,
 You of your cost will ne'er repent you,
 For to a Penny he'll content you.

5 Look then o'th *Trojans* and befriend 'em,
 Let's draw our Boats ashore and mend 'em,
 We'll promise you that if we meet
 Our Captain with the rest o'th' Fleet,
 And if he be not turn'd t' a Gudgeon,
 We towards *Italy* will trudge on :

6 And if that he shall still be lacking,
 Then back again we'll straight be packing.

7 *Dido*, like Woman of good Fashion,
 Gave special Heed to his Relation,

4 *Rex erat Aeneas nobis ; quo justior alter
 Nec pietate fuit, nec bello major & armis ;
 Quem si fata virum servant, si vespitur aurâ
 Aetheriâ, neque adhuc crudelibus occubat umbris,
 Non metus, officio nec te certasse priorem
 Paeniteat.* —————

5 *Quassatam ventis liceat subducere classem,
 Et sylvis aptare trabes, & stringere remos ;
 Si datur Italiam, sociis & rege recepto,
 Tendere, ut Italiam læti Latiniique petamus :*

6 *Sin absumpta solus, & te, pater optime Teucrûm,
 Pontus habet Lybiæ, nec spes jam restat Iuli :*

*At freta Sicaniæ saltem, sedesque paratas,
 Unde huc advecti, regemque petamus Acesten.*

7 *Tum breviter Dido, vultum demissa, profatur :*

Solvite corde metum, Teucri, secludite curas.

*Res dura, & Regni novitas me talia cogunt
 Moliri,* —————

And all the while he did relate it,
 Mump'd like a Bride that would be at it.
 At last when he had told his Tale,
 Mantling like Mare in Martingale,
 She thus reply'd, *Trojans* be cheary,
 Pluck up your Hearts, and rest you merry;
 Our Town-folks here are something wary,
 Not that they any Ill-will bear ye;
 For they are very honest Fellows,
 But that of late a Chance besel us.
 To tell you true, the other Day,
 When all my Folks were gone to th' Hay,
 A lusty Rascal, such a one
 As one of you (Dispraise to none)
 Comes into th' Yard, and off the Hedge,
 Where all our Cloaths were hung to bleach,
 Whips me a Brand-new Flaxen Smock,
 The very best of all my Stock;
 And runs way wi't in a Trice:
 ('T had ne'er been on my Back past twice:
 But you, I know, such Baseness scorn,
 You all are Men well bred and born:
 * Who has not heard o'th *Trojan* People,
 And of *Æneas* and his Swipple?
 Nor shall you find us Dames of *Tyre*
 So far remov'd from *Phæbus'* Fire,
 But we can cherish lusty Yeomen,
 And carry Toys like other Women.

* *Quis genus Æneadum, quis Trojæ nesciat urbem?*
Virtutésque, virósque, & tanta incendia belli?
Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Pæni;
Nec tum aversus equos Tyria Sol jungit ab urbe.

9 Therefore you shall, whether you go
 Straight on to *Italy*, or no ;
 Or whether you row on the Main,
 To your own Parish back again ;
 Have what you want, nor will I dun ye,
 But pay me when you can get Money :

* But if you tarry here, this Town
 That now I build shall be your own ;
 And be as free you *Trojans* shall,
 As any *Tyrian* of 'em all.

A Man's a Man, as I have read,
 Though he have but a Nose on's Head :
 † And I could wish that the same Weather
 That blew your tatter'd Scullers hither,
 Would blow *Æneas* hither too,
 And then there were no more to do.

‡ But I'll send out my Men ; who knows,
 But he may now be picking Sloes
 In our Town-woods, or getting Nuts,
 For very Need to fill his Guts ?

|| *Æneas* in his misty Cloak,
 Heard every Word Queen *Dido* spoke.

9 *Seu vos Hesperiam magnam, Saturniâque arva,
 Sive Erycis fines, regemque optatis Acesten,
 Auxilio tutos dimittam, opibûsque juvabo.*

* *Vultis & his mecum pariter confidere regnis ?
 Urbem quam statuo, vestra est, subducite naves.
 Tros Tyriûsque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.*

† *Atque utinam Rex ipse Noto compulsus eodem
 Afforet Æneas !*—————

————— ‡ *Per litora certos
 Dimittam, & Libyæ lustrare extrema jubebo ;
 Si quibus ejectus sylvis aut urbibus errat.*

|| *His animum arreçti dictis, & fortis Achates,
 Et Pater Æneas, jamdudum erumpere nubem
 Ardebant* —————

Her Honey Words made his Mouth water,
 And he e'en twitter'd to be at her :
 But he was so o'erjoy'd, he stood
 Like a great Sloven made of Wood ;
 And could not speak (though he was willing)
 Would one have gave him forty Shilling.
¹ At last his Friend jog'd him with Hand,
 How like a Logger-head you stand !
 Quoth he, for certainly I think,
 Thou'rt either mad, or in thy Drink :
 Dost thou not see our Friends all round,
 Excepting one whom we saw drown'd ;
 And all as well as Heart can wish,
 And yet thou stand'st as mute as Fish !

² Scarce had he spoke, but off he threw
 His Mantle made of Mists so blue,
 And stood as plainly to be seen
 As any there, *God bless the Queen.*

³ For's Mother had so dizen'd him,
 That he should shew both neat and trim :
 Tho' (truly !) he was but an odd Man,
 Splay-mouth'd, crump-shoulder'd, like the God *Pan* :
 Yet could he not i'th' Nick invent
 Her Majesty a Compliment :

¹ ——— *Prior Æneam compellat Achates :
 Nate Deâ, quæ nunc animo sententia surgit ?
 Omnia tuta vides ; classem sociosque receptos.
 Unus abest, medio in fluctu quem vidimus ipsi
 Submersum : ———*

² *Vix ea fatus erat, cum circumfusa repentè
 Scindit se nubes, & in æthera purgat apertum :
 Restitit Æneas, claraque in luce refulsit,*

³ *Os humerósque Deo similis ; namque ipsa decoram
 Cæsariem nato genitrix, luménque juventæ
 Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflârat honores.*

But scratch'd his Head, and 'gan to sputter,
His Elbow rubb'd, and kept a Clutter,
Mopping and mowing, till at last,
All Difficulties over-past,

¹ In Courtly Phrase it thus came out :

Madam (quoth he) your humble Trout :
That same *Æneas* whom you prize thus,
Is here withou *Deceptio visus* :

I that same verv Man am here,
And come to taste of your good Cheer ;

² O *Dido*, Primrose of Perfection,
Who only grantest kind Protection
To wand'ring *Trojans*, how shall we
E'er pay thee for this Courtesy !
We never can, my dainty Friend,
Then let *Jove* do't, and there's an End.

³ Thus having ended this fine Speech,
Towards the Queen he turn'd his Breech ;
And spoke to's Men, says, Lads, how is't ?
Come, give me every one a Fist ;

¹ *Tum sic Reginam alloquitur, cunctisque repente
Improvisus ait ; Coram, quem quæritis, adsum
Troïus Æneas, ———*

² *O sola infandos Trojæ miserata labores,
Quæ nos, reliquias Danaüm, terræque marisque
Omnibus exhaustos jam casibus, omnium egenos,
Urbe domo socias. Grates persolvere dignas
Non opis est nostræ, Dido ; nec quicquid ubique est
Gentis Dardaniæ, magnum quæ sparsa per orbem.
Dî tibi (si qua pios respectant numina, siquid
Usquam justitiæ est, et mens sibi conscia recti)
Præmia digna ferant. ———*

³ *Sic fatus, amicum
Ilionea petit dextrâ, lævâque Serestum ;
Post, alios, fortémque Gyan, fortémque Cloanthum.*

How dost thou, Guy, and Sirs, how d'ye?
 Now by my Troth, I'am glad to see ye;
 'Tis better being here I trow,
 Than where we were a while ago,
 No longer since than Yesterday;
 Welcome to *Tyre*, as I may say:

With that to shaking Hands they fall,
 And he most friendly shak'd 'em all:
 Surely he was no Counterfeiter,
 No Bandoz could have shak'd 'em better.

4 Queen *Dido*, ravished to behold
 The Carriage sweet of this Springold,
 Star'd for a while as she'd look through him,
 And then thus broke her Mind unto him:

5 Oh thou who hast so finely been bred,
 And com'd art of such honest Kindred,
 By what strange Luck hast thou been hurry'd,
 As if the Fates would thee have worry'd:
 'Tis strange thou hast not burst thy Hoops,
 Thou'lt been so bang'd about the Stoops.

6 Art thou *Aeneas* with th'great Ware
 So famous for a Cudgel-player,
 Whom *Venus*, with her fine Devices,
 Bore that old Knocker, good *Anchises*?
 7 My Father *Belus* went with *Teucer*,
 (I think he had not many sprucer)

4 *Obstupuit primo aspectu Sidonia Dido,
 Casu deinde viri tanto, & sic ore locuta est:*

5 *Quis te, nate Deâ, per tanta pericula casus
 Insequitur? quæ vis immânis applicat oris?*

6 *Tunc ille Aeneas, quem Dardanio Anchisæ
 Alma Venus Phrygii genuit Simoentis ad undam?*

7 *Atque equidem Teucrum memini Sidona venire,
 Finibus expulsum patriis, nova regna petentem
 Auxilio Beli.* —————

To take Possession of an Island,
 That was some twenty Rood of Dry-land.
 8 And he still gave great Commendations
 Of *Trojans* 'bove all other Nations ;
 He could have nam'd you all by dozens,
 And told me you and he were Cousins.
 9 Therefore, young Men, to *Carthage*, you
 Are welcome without more ado :
 I have myself (I'd have you know)
 Been driven to my Shifts e'er now,
 And therefore, in my Jurisdiction,
 Pity a Beast that's in Affliction :
 1 With that she stretched forth a Hand
 So white, it made *Æneas* stand
 Amaz'd to see't (for know that she
 Still wash'd her Hands in Chamber-lee)
 And led *Æneas* in kind Fashion,
 Towards her Grace's Habitation ;
 And made a Curtzy at the Door,
 And pray'd him to go in before :
 But he most courteously cry'd, no,
 I hope I'm better bred than so ;
 But, let him say what he say could,
Dido swore *Faith and Troth* he should :

8 *Ipse hostis Teucros insigni laude ferebat ;
 Séque ortum antiqua Teucrorum à stirpe volebat.*
 9 *Quare agite, ô, tectis, juvenes, succedite nostris.*
Me quoque, per multos similis fortuna labores
Factatam, hâc demum voluit consistere terrâ.
Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco.
 1 *Sic memorat ; simul Ænean in regia ducit*
Tecta : —————

Well (quoth *Æneas*) I see still
 Women and Fools must have their Will;
 And thereupon, without more talking,
 Enters before her proudly stalking.
 Scarce were they got within the Doors,
 But *Dido* call'd her Maids all Whores,
 And a great Coil and Scolding kept,
 Because the House was not clean swept.

² Then all in Haste away she sends
 Victuals unto *Æneas'* Friends;
 Pease Porridge, Bacon, Pudding, Sowse,
 O'th' very best she had i'th' House:
 Butter and Curds, and Cheeses plenty,
 To fill their Guts that were full empty.
 Bidding them eat, and never save it,
 But call for more, and they should have it.
³ This being done, the dainty Queen
 Conducts the *Trojans* further in;
 Into a Parlour neat she takes 'em,
 And there most fairly welcome makes 'em:
 She serv'd 'em Drink and Victuals up,
 As long as they would eat or sup;
 Whilst each one there so play'd the Glutton,
 That he was forced to unbutton.
 No sooner had the *Trojans* bold
 Stuff'd their Guts full as they would hold;

² *Nec minus interea sociis ad litora mittit
 Viginti tauros, magnorum horrentia centum
 Terga suum, pingues centum cum matribus agnos:*
³ *At domus interior regali splendida luxu
 Instruitur; mediisque parant convivia tectis.*

But that *Æneas* straight begun

4 All to bethink him of his Son.

* Now you must know that he had had
A Wench, and by that Wench a Lad :
The Lads *Creusa* had to Name,
Whom (be it spoken to their Shame)
The *Greeks*, when first they took *Troy* City,
Did thrust to Death, without all Pity :
First of that Sex sure, in fair Justing,
That ever suffer'd Death by thrusting.

* See *Servius* upon
Virgil.

5 His Son *Ascanius* hight, a Page,
About some dozen Years of Age,
This Boy *Æneas* sent *Achates*
To fetch (quoth he) since we feed *gratis*,
Why should not now my little Bastard,
(That I dare swear would prove no Dastard)
Come to Queen *Dido's* House, and feast,
As we have done, o'th' very best ?
Go fetch him then, 6 and let him bring
Out of my Coffer those gay Things
I sav'd at *Troy*; which for their Fineness
He shall present unto her Highness.
There is a Riding-hood and Safe-guard
Of yellow Lace, bound with a Brave-guard,

4 *Omnis in Ascanio chari stat cura parentis.*

5 *Æneas—rapidum ad naves præmittit Achatem :
Ascanio ferat hæc, ipsumque ad mœnia ducat.*

6 *Munera præterea, Iliacis erepta ruinis,
Ferre jubet; pallam signis auroque rigentem,
Et circumtextum croceo velamen acantho;
Ornatus Argivæ Helenæ; quos illa Mycenis,
Pergama cùm peteret, inconcessosque Hymenæos,
Extulerat : —*

Which *Helen* wore the very Day
 That *Paris* stole her quite away.
 7 Then there's a Distaff neatly wrought,
 That *Paris* too for *Helen* bought,
 For carved Works fit to be seen,
 Betwixt the Legs of any Queen.
 And then there is a fair great Ruff,
 Made of a pure and costly Stuff,
 To wear about her Highness' Neck,
 Like Miss *Cocaneys* in the Peak:
 And last a Quoif, wrought gorgeously
 With Tinsel and *Blue Coventry*:
 Then go as fast as th' canst, I prithee,
 And bring him and these Presents with thee.

8 Away goes he, as he was bidden,
 Running as fast as if h'had ridden;
 But *Venus*, that same cunning Dame,
 Had yet another Trick to play 'em.
 9 She had no very good Opinion
 Of your so smooth-tongu'd *Carthaginian*:
 Nor knew she but the Queen might be
 As full of Craft as Courtesy;
 1 And she was sure that *Juno* would
 Do all the Mischief that she could;

7 *Præterea sceptrum, Ilione quod gesserat olim,
 Maxima natarum Priami, colloque monile
 Baccatum, & duplicem gemmis aurorque coronam.*

8 *Hæc celerans, iter ad naves tendebat Achates.
 At Cytherea novas artes, nova pectore versat
 Consilia: —————*

9 *Quippe domum timet ambiguam Tyriósque bilingues.*

1 *Urit atrox Juno, —————*

Therefore

Therefore she in all Haste did run
T' a Boy call'd *Cupid* was her Son.
This *Cupid* was a little tiny,
Cogging, lying, peevish Ninny;
No bigger than a good Point Tag,
But yet a vile unhappy Wag:
He ne'er would go to School, but play
The Truant ev'ry other Day:
Run Men into the Breech with Pins,
Throw Stones at Folks, and break their Shins;
Kill People's Hens, and steal their Chicks,
And do a Thousand Roguish Tricks:
But with a Bow the Shit-breech Elf
Would shoot like *Robin Hood* himself;
And had, I warrant, ev'ry Dart
Poison'd with such a subtle Art,
That, where they hit, their Pow'r was so,
It made Folks love, would they or no;
And for this Trick the hopeful Youth
Was call'd, *The God of Love*, forsooth.

To this young 'Squire Dame *Venus* trotted,
As I (if you have not forgot it)
Told you before, and thus begun
To flatter up her graceless Son:
² My Goldy Locks (quoth she) my Joy,
My pretty little tiny Boy:
Thy Mother *Venus* comes to thee
T'implore thy little Deity.

² *Nate, meæ vires, mea magna potentia solus,
Nate, patris summi, qui tela Typhoëa temnis;
Ad te confugio, & supplex tua numina posco.*

3 Thou know'st as well as any other,
 How *Juno* vile has us'd thy Brother,
 Our poor *Aeneas*; what a Clatter
 She made to drown him on the Water:
 Nay, she would do more Mischief still,
 If the curst Queen might have her Will.

4 *Aeneas* now is at a Place,
 Call'd *Carthage*, with a handsome Lads,
 Queen *Dido* nam'd, where now he is
 Made on as much as Heart can wish;
 5 But lest the Queen should change her Mind,
 As Weather-cocks do with the Wind,
 And thorough *Juno's* Wiles, at last,
 Shew him a Woman's slipp'ry Cast:
 My pretty Archer, let us two
 Shew the proud Slut what we can do.
 My Son *Aeneas* does dispatch
Achates to the Wharf, to fetch
 My little Grand-child, who must come
 To sup in *Dido's* Dining-Room.
 Now since that thus in short the Case is,
 And that thou canst so well cut Faces;

3 *Frater ut Aeneas pelago tuus omnia circum
 Litora jactetur, odiis Junonis iniquae,
 Nota tibi: ———*

4 *Hunc Phœnissæ tenet Dido, blandisque moratur
 Vocibus: Et vereor, quo se Junonia vertant
 Hospitia; haud tanto cessabit cardine rerum.*

5 *Quocirca capere antè dolis, Et cingere flammâ
 Reginam meditor, ne quo se numine mutet;*

I would

6 7 I would have thee set thy *Phys-*
Nomy in such a Shape as his :
 And go along as meek and mild
 As any little sucking Child :
 When thou com'st there, I know the Queen
 Will clip and kiss thee Cheek and Chin ;
 Dandle, and give thee Figs and Raifins,
 Then must thou play thy petty Treasons,
 Lick her Lips, flatter her, and cog,
 And set her Highness so o'th' Gog,
 That Fame and Honour she may go by,
 And let *Æneas* firk her Toby.
 8 This is my Plot, and, that nought cross it,
 I'll make the Child a sleeping Posset ;
 And, when he's fast, I will him hide,
 I'th' Top o'th' Garret upon *Ide*.

9 *Cupid*, who Mischief lov'd, I think,
 Better by half than Meat or Drink,
 Without all Manner of Reply,
 Prepares him for this Roguery.

6 ——— *Faciem mutatus & ora Cupido*
Pro dulci Ascanio veniat,
 7 *Tu faciem illius, noctem non amplius unam,*
Falle dolo ; & notos pueri puer indue vultus :
Ut, cum te gremio accipiet lætissima Dido,
Regales inter mensas, laticemque Lyæum,
Cum dabit amplexus, atque oscula dulcia figet,
Occultum inspires ignem, fallasque veneno.
 8 *Hunc ego sopitum somno, super alta Cythera*
Aut super Idalium sacratâ sede recondam.
 9 *Paret Amor dictis chara genitricis, & alas*
Exuit, & gressu gaudens incedit Iuli.

His Wings he from his Shoulders throws,
Because they'd not go into's Clothes;
And dress'd himself to such a Wonder,
That none could know the Lads afunder.

¹ But *Venus* gave th' other a Sop,
That made him sleep like any Top;
And whilst he taking was a Nap,
She laid him neatly in her Lap,
And carry'd him t' a House that stood
Upon a Hill near to a Wood:
And when she had the Urchin there,
She laid him up in *Lavender*.

² In the mean time, Sir *Cupid* goes
To th' Court in young *Iulus'* Clothes;
³ Who should he see, when he came there,
But *Dido* sitting in a Chair,
I' th' midst of all the *Trojan* Blades,
Vap'ring and swearing at her Maids!
Under her Feet a Cricket stood,
Whereupon she stamp'd as she were Wood;
And likewise there was finely put
A Cushion underneath her Scut.

¹ *At Venus Ascanio placidam per membra quietem
Irrigat; & fotum gremio Dea tollit in altos
Idaliæ lucos: ubi mollis amaracus illum
Floribus & dulci aspirans complectitur umbrâ.*

² *Jamque ibat dicto parens, —————*

³ *Cùm venit, aulæis jam se regina superbis
Aurêâ composuit spondâ, mediamque locavit.
Jam pater Æneas, & jam Trojana juventus
Conveniunt, stratôque super discumbitur ostro.*

There as she sat upon her Crupper,
 4 She bad her Folks to bring in Supper,
 And in they brought a thund'ring Meal,
 Great Joints of Mutton, Pork, and Veal,
 Hens, Geese, and Turkeys, Ducks, and Custards,
 And at the last, Fowls, Fawns, and Bustards:
 The *Trojans* eat and make good Cheer,
 Tunning themselves with Ale and Beer;
 There was old Drinking then and Singing,
 And all the while the Bell was ringing:
 One would have thought, by the great Feast,
 'T had been a Wedding at the least.
 Whilst thus they eat, and drink, and chat,
 5 *Cupid*, that little cogging Brat,
 So cunning was in counterfeiting,
Æneas thought him on's own getting.
 At last, Queen *Dido* in her Lap,
 Sets me the Mountebanking Ape,
 And kifs'd his Lips all on a Lather,
 And thus bespeaks the new-made Father:
 By th'Mack (quoth she) thou *Trojan* trusty,
 Thou got'st this Boy when thou wert lusty;
 And any one that does but note him,
 May soon know who it was begot him;

4 *Quinquaginta intus famulæ, quibus ordine longo
 Cura penum struere, & flammis adolere Penates.
 Centum aliæ totidémque pares ætate ministri,
 Qui dapibus mensas onerent, & pocula ponant.*
 5 *Ille, ubi complexu Æneæ, colloque pependit,
 Et magnum falsi implevit genitoris amorem,
 Reginam petit; hæc oculis, hæc pectore toto
 Hæret: & interdum gremio fervet inscia Dido,
 Infideat quantus miseræ Deus.*

I dare be sworn 'twas thou did'st get him,
He's e'en as like thee as th' hadst spit him.

6 Whilst thus the Youth she kifs'd and dandl'd,
Cupid had so the Matter handl'd,
That she began, upon a sudden,
To feel a longing for White Pudden.

7 When they had supp'd, and that the Waiters
Had Trenchers ta'en away, and Platters ;

8 Up from her Chair *Queen Dido* starts,
And takes a Mug that held two Quarts
Of Drink, that she, with much forbearing,
Had sav'd long since for her Sheep-shearing :
And thus begins, Here, Sirs, here's to you,
And, from my Heart, much good may do you :

9 *Aeneas*, here's a Health to thee,
To ——— and to good Company ;
And he that will not pledge me fairly,
And name the Words as I do barely ;
I do pronounce him to be no Man,
And may he never tickle Woman.

1 With that she set it to her Nose,
And off at once the *Rumkin* goes ;

6 ——— *At memor ille*

Matris Acidaliæ, paulatim abolere Sichæum

Incipit, & vivo tentat prævertere amore

Jampridem resides animos ———

7 *Postquam prima quies epulis, mensæque remotæ ;*

Crateras magnos statuunt, & vina coronant.

8 *Hic Regina gravem gemmis auróque poposcit,*

Implevitque mero, pateram : quam Belus, & omnes

A Belo soliti ———

9 *Adsit lætitiæ Bacchus dator, & bona Juno :*

Et vos, ô cætum, Tyrii, celebrate faventes.

1 *Dixit, & in mensa laticum libavit honorem,*

Primæque libato summo tenuis attigit ore.

No Drops beside her Muzzle falling,
 Until that she had supp'd it all in :
 Then turning't * Topsey on her Thumb,
 Says, Look, here's *Supernaculum*.

* *Alias*
Kelty.

Aeneas, as the Story tells,
 And all the rest did blest themselves,
 To see her troll off such a Pitcher,
 And yet to have her Face no richer.
 By *Jove* (quoth he) knocking his Knuckles)
 I'd not drink with her for Shoe-buckles :
 But, Madam, (says he) sweetly bowing,
 I hope your Grace does not make * Plowing :
 For if you do at this large rate,
 There will be many an aking Pate :
 2 With that he took a lusty Swimmer.
 Here, Sirs, (quoth he) I drink this Brimmer,
 In kind Return for our Protections,
 Unto Queen *Dido's* best Affections.

* *Ending*
one, and
beginning
another.

3 Down went their Cups, and to't they fell,
 Roaring and swaggering pell mell,
 4 Whilst a blind Harper did advance,
 That wore Queen *Dido's* Cognizance,
 A Minstrel that *Iopas* hight,
 Who play'd and sung to them all Night :
 He sung them Songs, Ballads, and Catches,
 Of Men's Devices, Women's Patches ;

2 ——— *Ille impiger hausit*
Spumantem pateram, & pleno se proluit auro.

3 *Post alii proceres, ———*

4 ——— *Citharâ crinitus Iopas*
Personat auratâ, docuit quæ maximus Atlas.
Hic canit errantem Lunam, ———

With ancient Songs of high Renown,
 And even one they call *Troy-Town* :
 At that *Æneas* shook his Noddle,
 As one would do an empty Bottle :
 (Quoth he) if he that wrote this Ditty
 Had been with us i'th' midst o'th' City,
 When Faggot-sticks flew in Folks Chops,
 And knock'd Men down as thick as Hops,
 I do believe, for all's fine *Chiming*,
 He would have had small Mind of Rhiming :
 Yet, for to give the Devil's Due,
 Whoe'er it was, the Ballad's true.

⁵ From *Dido* then a Belch did fly,
 'Tis thought she meant it for a Sigh,
 And Tears ran down her fair long Nose ;
 The Queen was *maudlin*, I suppose,

⁶ (Quoth she) *Æneas*, out of Jestings,
 Thou needs must tell, at my Requestings,
 All the whole Tale of *Troy's* Condition,
 Since first you troubled was with *Grecian* ;
Hector's great Frights, and *Priam's* Speeches,
 And eke describe *Achilles' Breeches*,
 How strong he was when he did grapple,
 And if *Tydides' Horse* were dapple :
 Tell me, I say, of *Paris' Lech'ry*,
 The *Grecians* Quarrel, and their Treach'ry,

⁵ *Infelix Dido, longúmque bibebat amorem ;*

⁶ *Multa super Priamo rogitans, super Hectore multa ;*
Nunc, quibus Auroræ venisset filius armis ;
Nunc, quales Diomedis equi ; nunc, quantus Achilles :
Imo age, & à prima dic, hospes, origine nobis
Insidias, inquit, Danaúm, casusque tuorum,
Errorésque tuos : —————

Your Challenges, your Fights, and Battles,
And how you lost your Goods and Chattles,
And to what Places you have wander'd,
E'er since you were so basely squander'd :
All these Things would I know most duly,
Then tell me speedily and truly.

The End of the First BOOK.



SCARRONIDES:

OR,

VIRGIL Travestie.

A

MOCK-POEM,

In Imitation of the

FOURTH BOOK

OF

VIRGIL's Æneis,

In English BURLESQUE.

By CHARLES COTTON, Esq;

The FIFTEENTH EDITION.

22 NOV 1882

Virgil's Tragedies

M O C K - P O E M

FOURTH BOOK

Virgil's Tragedies

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

BY CHARLES COTTON

The First Edition



VIRGIL

TRAVESTIE.

The FOURTH BOOK.

¹ **I**N this Fourth Book we find it written,
 That *Dido* Queen was deeply smitten;
 Much taken with the *Trojan's* Person,
 Than which a properer was scarce one:
 Much of his Breeding did she reckon:
 But that which stab'd her was his Weapon;
 For which she did so scald and burn,
 That none but he could serve her Turn.

² The Sun, that spruce light-headed Fellow,
 With frizzle Locks of sandy Yellow,

¹ *At regina, gravi jamdudum saucia curâ
 Vulnus alit venis, & cæco carpitur igni.
 Multa viri virtus animo, multûsque recarsat
 Gentis bonos, hærent infixi pectore vultus,
 Verbaque; nec placidam membris dat cura quietem.*

² *Postera Phœbeâ lustrabat lampade terras,
 Humentemque Aurora polo dimoverat umbram;
 Cùm sic unanimem alloquitur malè sana sororem.*

The Windows crept by Radiation,
 Like Son begot in Fornication,
 When *Dido*, mad to go to Man,
 Just thus bespoke her Sister *Nan* :
 3 I've been all Night (quoth she) my *Nancy*,
 So strangely troubl'd in my Fancy,
 I could not rest till Morning-peep,
 Odd Dreams have so disturb'd my Sleep :
 4 What a stout Stripling's this *Æneas*,
 That thus has cross'd the Seas to us :
 I do believe, nay, dare swear for him,
 No mortal Woman ever bore him ;
 5 But some Great Lady in the Sky,
 That nurs'd him up with Furmity,
 I hate a base cowardly Drone,
 Worse than a Rigit with one Stone :
 But this bold *Trojan* I delight in,
 6 How bravely does he talk of Fighting !
 I tell thee, *Nancy*, were't not that
 Folks would be apt to talk and prate,
 Should I so soon new Suitors have,
 7 My Husband yet scarce cold in's Grave ;

3 *Anna soror, quæ me suspensam insomnia terrent !*
 4 *Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes !*
Quem sese ore ferens ! quam forti pectore, & armis !
 5 *Credo equidem (nec vana fides) genus esse Deorum.*
Degeneres animos timor arguit. 6 *Heu quibus ille*
factatus fatis ! Quæ bella exhausta canebat !
 7 *Ne cui me vinc'lo vellem sociare jugali,*
Postquam primus amor deceptam morte fefellit ;
Si non pertæsum thalami tædæque fuisset,
Huic uni forsân potui succumbere culpæ.

And

And were I not with my first Honey
Half tir'd as 'twere with Matrimony ;
I could, with this same Youngster tall,
Find in my Heart to try a Fall.

⁸ I must confess, since that sad Season
Pygmalion cut my Husband's Weason :
This only (not to mince the Matter)
Has made my Jiggambob to water :

⁹ But may I first, I *Jove* implore,
Sink through this my Chamber-floor,
Down quick into the Cellar's Bottom,
E're I commit the Thing you wot on ;
Or any thing by Lust's Suggestion,

¹ That my good Name may bring in question.

² Which said, she wept in manner ampler,
Than Girl new whipt for losing Sampler.

Nan in her Answer was not long,
For nimble Baggage of her Tongue
She was, (as some would say that knew her)
As was in that and next Town to her.

³ O Sister dearer to me far
Than Sun-shine Days in Harvest are :

⁸ *Anna (fatebor enim) miseri post fata Sichæi
Conjugis, & sparsos fraterna cæde Penates,
Solut hic inflexit sensus, animûmque labantem
Impulit ; agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ.*

⁹ *Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiscat,
Vel pater omnipotens adigat me ———*

¹ *Ante pudor quam te violem, aut tua jura resolvam :*

² *Sic effata, sinum lachrymis implevit obortis.*

³ *Anna refert ; ô luce magis dilecta sorori,*

4 Wilt thou (quoth she) O Woman wood,
 Still stop the Current of thy Blood,
 And lose the Time, by vain Pretences,
 Of making pretty Boys and Wenches?
 Wilt thou cut Faces evermore,
 For Husband dead as Nail and Door?
 Dost thou believe, thou puling Thing,
 5 That dead Folks care for whimpering?
 6 'Yield, and be nought at last, y'have plaid
 The Fool too long, here be it said,
 And stood too much in your own Light,
 Or long enough ago you might
 7 Have match'd yourself, and that well too,
 To rich and proper Men enow.
 What though you have said many nay,
 Yea, and burnt Day-light, as we say,
 Goodman *Iarbas* here hard by,
 And others of good Yeomanry,
 That might have pass'd; because, forsooth,
 They could not please your dainty Tooth;
 8 Must you still mince it at this rate,
 With one you twitter to be at?

4 *Solane perpetuâ mœrens carpere juventâ ?*
Nec dulces natos, Veneris nec præmia nôris ?
 5 *Id cinerem, aut manes credis curare sepultos ?*
 6 *Esto ; ægram nulli quondam flexere mariti ;*
 7 *Non Libyæ, non antè Tyro ; despectus Iarbas,*
Ductoresque alii, quos Africa terra triumphis
Dives alit : 8 Placitone etiam pugnabis amorî ?
Nec venit in mentem, quorum confederis arvis ?
Hinc Getulæ urbes, genus insuperabile bello,
Et Numidæ infræni cingunt, & inhospita Syrtis :
Hinc —————
Barcæi. —————

You

You ne'er consider'd what a Throng
 Of saucy Knaves you live among,
 Base, ill-bred, cheating, sorry Curs,
 Rascals as false as Moorlanders,
 Such Fellows, as I greatly doubt me,
 If you no better look about ye,
 And leave this foolish twittle twattle,
 To match with one will tend your Cattle,
 Will in short Space not leave a Goose,
 Turkey, or Hen about the House:
 9 Your Brother too, he swears and curses
 About his Money-bags and Purfes.
 1 I do believe that *Jove* and *Juno*,
 (Whom all the World, and I, and you know)
 Have ever been your faithful Friends,
 For some most secret courteous Ends,
 Over blue *Neptune's* bouncing Ferries,
 Have hither sent these *Trojan* Wherries.
 Oh, were these *Trojans* marry'd to us,
 How oft and ably would they do us!
 2 What a fine Town would ours be then,
 How bravely stor'd with lusty Men!
 Then, without any more ado,
 Sister, say Grace, and so fall to:
 They in good Manners, Ten to one,
 Will make an Offer to be gone:
 And rather trust their rotten Barges,
 That stay to put you to more Charges;

9 *Germanique minas?* ———

1 *Diis equidem auspiciis reor, & Junone secundâ
 Huc cursum Iliacas vento tenuisse carinas.*

2 *Quam tu urbem soror hanc cernes! quæ surgere regna
 Conjugio tali! Teucrûm comitantibus armis,
 Punica se quantis attollet gloria rebus!*

1 But you may make 'em at Command,
 As eas'ly stay as kifs your Hand.
 4 Can you not tell 'em that the Weather
 'S too cold or hot, (no Matter whether)
 Their Scullers torn and shatter'd so,
 That they must mend 'em e're they go ;
 And, in Conclusion, with good Reason,
 Wish 'em to expect a better Season ?
 5 With such-like Documents as these are,
 Which the young Slut knew best would please her,
 Nancy so tickl'd up her Grace,
 That *Dido* scarce knew where she was.
 Nay, some affirm a dangerous Matter,
 She'd much ado to hold her Water ;
 And, counsel'd in that tempting Strain,
 I wonder how she could contain ;
 But certain 'tis, that this Advice
 So wrought upon this Widow nice,
 That she, who Maid, Widow, and Wife,
 Had priz'd her Honour 'bove her Life,
 6 Now car'd no more for her good Name,
 Than any common Trading Dame.
 7 But to the Church (forsooth) anon,
 That Matters might go better on,

1 *Tu modo* ———
Indulge hospitio, causasque innecte morandi :
 4 *Dum pelago desævit hyems, et aquosus Orion,*
Quassatæque rates, et non tractabile cælum.
 5 *His dictis incensum animum inflammavit amore,*
Spémque dedit dubiæ 6 menti, solvitque pudorem.
 7 *Principio Delubra adeunt, pacémque per aras*
Exquirunt. ———

(Like

(Like People o'th Fanatic fry,
 Whose Sanctity's Hypocrisy)
 They must, and, flipping on their Pattens,
 They went, as who should say, to Mattens.
 Thither now come, fair *Dido* squats
 Her Bum on Hassock made of Mats :
 For you must know, as Story says,
 Queens, like the Godly in these Days,
 In Manner insolent and slightly,
 Disdain'd to kneel to God Almighty.
 But *Anna*, who was but a Spinster,
 Kneel'd low on Stones as hard as Flints are !
 Their Eyes they roll'd, and bow'd their Bodies
 To this and th' other God and Goddeffs,

⁸ To *Ceres*, *Phæbus*, and *Lyæus*,

And twenty harder Names than * *The'as*.

⁹ But *Juno* had most Veneration,

As she was Queen of Copulation.

Prayers being done, up *Dido* rose,

And to the Priest demurely goes ;

She gently pulls him by the Garment,

The rev'rend Type of his Preferment,

And, with most gracious Looks and Speeches,

To borrow a Word or two beseeches.

The Priest bow'd low, in awkward Wise,

As 'tis, you know, Sir *Roger's* Guise,

And, in obsequious Manner, told her,

Her Grace with him might make much bolder.

This Priest was held a mighty Clerk,

In Mysteries profound and dark ;

* *A Figure*

so new, that

modern Au-

thors have

yet no Name

for it.

⁸ *Legiferæ Cereri, Phœbóque, patrique Lyæo,*

⁹ *Junoni ante omnes, cui vinc'la jugalia curæ.*

Ipsa tenens acextrâ pateram pulcherrima Dido, &c.

¹ Had Skill in Phyfic, and was able
To tell Folks Fortunes by their Table.
Him she conjures, intreats, and prays,
With all the Cunning that she has,
Greases his Fist; nay more, engages
Thenceforth to mend his Quarter's-Wages,
If he would but resolve the Doubt
That she then came to him about.
But't had been vain, had he been wiser,
Or to instruct, or to advise her.

² Alas, poor Priest! how fruitless is't
To judge by *Phys'nomy* or *Fist*?
Or what do Prophecies avail,
When Women have a Whisk i'th' Tail?

³ *Dido*, for Love, in woeful wise,
Bubbles, and boils, and broils, and fries,
And in her am'rous Moods and Tenses,
Ev'n like one out of all her Senses;
About the Town she runs and reels,
With all the School-boys at her Heels:

So I have seen in Pastures fair,
Where Cattle educated are,
⁴ An Heifer young, when she doth itch,
With *Gad-bees* sticking in her Breech,
From shady Brake on sudden rise,
And with her Tail erect to th' Skies,

¹ ——— *Spirantia consulit exta.*

² *Heu, vatum ignaræ mentes! quid vota furentem,
Quid delubra juvant? est mollis flamma medullas
Interea, & tacitum vivit sub pectore vulnus.*

³ *Uritur infelix Dido, totâque vagatur
Urbe furens.* ⁴ *Qualis conjectâ curva sagittâ,
Quam procul ———.*



Copy del. M. For Guché Paul.
 Dido discovers her liking for Aeneas to her sister Nancy.
 Cupid discourses Venus about uniting Dido and Aeneas, and
 contriveth an opportunity for them to make trial &c.

⁵ Run through the Fields with Frisks and Kicks,

In various Capreols and Tricks,

Some Ease, poor Thing, alas! to find:

⁶ When, lo! the Sting sticks fast behind:

One while she takes her ⁷ lusty Lover,

Meaning her Passion to discover;

She leads him out from Place to Place,

And shews him all that e'er she has;

Discloses all her secret Wealth,

And says, if *Jove* send Life and Health,

That she (though simply there she stand)

Will make that Living as good Land,

If she continue but a while on't,

As any lies within five Miles on't.

Then she ⁸ begins to mump and smatter,

Willing to break into the Matter,

And ask the Question, when (alas!)

To see how Things will come to pass,

When she most fain would break her Mind,

She sooner could by half break Wind,

Than speak a Word: Virtue forsooth,

And Modesty so stopp'd her Mouth;

⁹ Over and over then she treats

Him and his Mates, with sundry Meats,

Whilst *Trojans* round besiege her Boards,

Merry as *Greeks*, and drunk as Lords,

— ⁵ *Ille fuga sylvas saltusque peragrat.*

— ⁶ *Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.*

⁷ *Nunc media Ænean secum per mania ducit,
Sidoniâsque ostentat opes urbemque paratam.*

⁸ *Incipit effari, mediâque in voce resistit.*

⁹ *Nunc eadem, labente die, convivium quærit;*

When, sure as e'er they sit at th' Table,
 1 She calls again to hear *Troy's Fable* :
 Nay, lov'd it so, that she, 'tis said,
 The Ballad then of *Troy-Town* made.
 We owe her for't, and let us pay't her ;
 Who English'd it, was her Translator.
 2 Now when, with raking up the Fire,
 Each one departs to *Bedfordshire* ;
 And Pillows all securely snort on,
 Like Organists of fam'd *Hog's-norton* :
 3 *Dido*, poor Queen, alone doth lie,
 Dreaming on true Love's *Phys-nomy* ;
 And in that Humour she the small
 4 *Ascanius* takes, *Troy's Juvenal* ;
 And in her Lap, on Tuft of Sorrel,
 Laying the little wanton Gorrel,
 Oft would she sighing say, *This Lad*,
O that he were but like his Dad !

This Life the woeful *Dido* led,
 Eke at her Board and eke at Bed ;
 5 Her Housewifery no more regarding,
 Neither her Spinning nor her Carding :

1 *Iliacósque iterùm demens audire labores
 Exposcit, pendétque iterùm narrantis ab ore.*

2 *Post, urbem digressi, luménque obscura vicissim
 Luna premit, suadéntque cadentia sidera somnos :*

3 *Sola domo mæret vacua, stratisque relictis
 Incubat — — —*

4 *Aut gremio Ascanium genitoris imagine capta
 Detinet, infandum si fallere possit amorem.*

5 *Non cæptæ assurgunt turres ; non arma juventus
 Exercet, portúsve, aut propugnacula bello
 Tuta parant ; Pendent opera interrupta, minæque
 Murorum ingentes, æquatáque machina cælo.*

Quam simul ac tali persensit peste teneri

But,

But, like a Dame of Wits bereaven,
 Let all Things go at fix and seven.
 Which when Queen *Juno* (for these two
 Were Clove and Orange you must know)
 Perceiv'd, and that, than blind Cheeks blinder,
 She threw all Care and Shame behind her:
 She *Venus* in these Words accosts,
 6 You and your Son may make your Boasts,
 With Shame enough, that God and Goddess,
 Like sublunary Busy-bodies,
 To make a Woman light as Feather,
 Do lay your learned Heads together.
 7 'Twas not for nought that I was ever
 Afraid of you two coming hither;
 You and your little blinking Urchin
 Against this Town have still been lurching.
 8 But when shall we give o'er this Pother,
 And leave off vexing one another?
 Be thou but mine, I'll be thy Friend,
 9 Let's marry 'em, and there's an End;
 Thou hast thy Wish, thy little Archer
 Has made our *Dido* mad as March-hare.

*Chara Jovis conjux, nec famam obstare furori;
 Talibus aggreditur Venerem Saturnia dictis:*
 6 *Tuque, puerque tuus: magnum & memorabile nomen,
 Una dolo divum, si fœmina victa duorum est.*
 7 *Nec me adeo fallit, veritam te mœnia nostra,
 Suspectas habuisse domos Carthaginiis altæ.*
 8 *Sed quis erit modus? aut quo nunc certamine tanto?*
 9 *Quin potius pacem æternam pactosque Hymenæos
 Exercemus? habes tota quod mente petisti.*
Ardet amans Dido, traxitque per ossa furorem.
Communem hunc ergo populum paribusque regamus
Auspiciis—————

Then let us all old Quarrels quit,
Leave being such a peevish Tit:

¹ *Troy* Lads shall marry *Tyrian* Lasses,
And we will be as merry as passes.

² *Venus*, who knew she did but glaver,
For all the fine, smooth Words she gave her,
And proffer'd Love's not worth a Cow-turd,
(You know) if spoke but from Teeth outward,

³ Like cunning Quean in Smiles array'd her,
And in her own Coin thus she paid her:

O *Juno*, Queen, *Jove's* Bedfellow,
Who here above, or who below,

⁴ With thee would quarrel or contend,
And not still rest thy loving Friend?

I like the Motion well, but that

⁵ There's one main Thing I stumble at;

And that in downright Truth is this,

(*Jove* pardon if I think amiss)

I am afraid (this Doubt I put ye,

Indeed, I'aw now, is something smutty)

But I the Scruple must not smother;

Women, you know, to one another

May freely speak (and here be't said,

'Twixt you and me) I'm fore afraid,

My Son's so big, which rarely falls)

About his ——— and Genitals,

¹ ——— *Liceat Phrygio servire marito,*

Dotalisque tuæ Tyrios permittere dextræ.

² *Olli (sensit enim simulata mente locutam)*

³ *Sic contra est ingressa Venus* ———

⁴ ——— *Quis talia demens*

Abnuat? aut tecum malit contendere bello?

⁵ *Si modo, quod memoras, factum fortuna sequatur:*

Sed fatis incerta feror, si Jupiter unam

Esse velit ———

That I am half afraid lest he
Should chance to spoil her Majesty.

⁶ At that Queen *Juno* smil'd and said,
Of that (Wench) never be afraid,
For if they once do come together,
He'll find that *Dido's* Reaching-Leather :
If then that *Dido* and his Son,
To do as other Folks have done,

⁷ Thou give Consent (mark) and in few Words,
Which shall be friendly Words and true Words ;
I'll tell thee how I've cast about,

And laid a Plot to bring 'em to't ;
⁸ To-morrow e're the Sun (Heav'n blefs him)
Can see to rise, at least to dress him,
Æneas and the Queen have made,
(The Queen and he, I should have said)

A Match to go, aftrer her Wonting,
Into the Woods a Squirrel-hunting :
Now I, whilst all on ev'ry Side

The Thickets round are occupy'd,
And eagerly their Game are following,
As Hunters use, whooping and hollowing,
⁹ Will cause big-bellied Clouds to pour
Upon their Coxcombs such a Shower,

———— ⁶ *Tum sic excepit Regia Juno,
Mecum erit iste labor ;*

———— ⁷ *Nunc qua ratione, quod instat,
Consieri possit, paucis (adverte) docebo.*

⁸ *Venatum Æneas, unàque miserrima Dido,
In nemus ire parant, ubi primos crastinus ortus
Extulerit Titan, radiisque retexerit orbem.*

⁹ *His ego nigrantem commista grandine nimbum,
Dum trepidant alæ, saltusque indagine cingunt,
Desuper infundam* —————

And will with Hail and Rain so clout 'em,
They'll not have one dry Thread about 'em.

⁹ Besides, such Thunder-claps shall burst out,
As some of them shall smell the worse for't.

¹ *Trojans* and *Tyrians*, helter-skelter,
Will then all run to seek for Shelter.

Then each one there will shift for one,
And leave the Queen and him alone.

² *Dido* and *Dildo*, in this Case,
Shall find a Cave as fit a Place

For such an Use, so fine and dark,
That, if *Æneas* be a Spark,

They there, in spite of all foul Weather,
May take a gentle Touch together :

So each of other may have Proof,
³ And marry after Time enough.

Venus, who very well could fathom
The Bottom of this subtle Madam,

Soon smelt her Practice, and her Art,
As strong as she had let a Fart :

Yet, that she might her Malice blind,
And fit the Lady in her kind,

⁴ She seems her free Consent to give,
And trips it laughing in her Sleeve.

————— ⁹ *Et tonitru cælum omne ciebo.*

¹ *Diffugient comites, & nocte tegentur opacâ,*

² *Speluncam Dido, dux & Trojanus eandem
Devenient : adero, &, tua si mihi certa voluntas,
Connubio jungam stabili, ———*

————— ³ *propriamque dicabo :*

Hic Hymenæus erit ———

————— ⁴ *Non ad-versata petenti
Annuit atque dolis risit Cytherea repertis.*

⁵ Mean while the Sun, as it his Course is,
Got up to dress and water's Horses ;

When out the merry Hunters come,
With them a Fellow with a Drum, *

Your *Tyrian* Squirrels will not budge else,

Well arm'd they were ⁶ with Staves and
Cudgels ;

* *A very necessary Instrument in Squirrel-hunting.*

Tykes too they had of all Sorts, ⁷ Bandogs,
Curs, Spaniels, Water-dogs, and Land-dogs.

⁸ These, for the Queen expecting, tarry,
Who longer lay than ordinary ;

For she at Night could take no Ease,
She had been bit so sore with Fleas.

⁹ Her Mare well trapp'd, of her own spinning,
Ty'd to the Pails, stood likewise whinnying ;

For why (as Poets sing the Fable)

Her Foal was bolted up i'th' Stable.

¹ At last she sallies from the House,
As fine and brisk as Body-louse.

² She Hood and Safeguard had bran new,
The Lace was yellow, Cloth was blue ;

⁵ *Oceanum interea surgens aurora reliquit :*

It portis, jubare exorto, delecta juventus.

Retia, rara, plagæ ———

———— ⁶ *Lato venabula ferro,*

———— ⁷ *odora canum vis.*

⁸ *Reginam Thalamo cunctantem, ad limina primi*
Pœnorum expectant, ———

———— ⁹ *Ostróque insignis & auro*

Stat sonipes, ac fræna ferox spumantia mandit,

¹ *Tandem progreditur ———*

² *Sidoniam picto chlamydem circumdata limbo :*

Fast to her Girdle ty'd her Thong,
 3 A Bunch of Keys compleatly hung :
 For why, well knew the thrifty Queen,
 That Servants still have slipp'ry been :
 Which made her careful of her Pelf,
 Evermore keep the Keys herself.
 4 With her *Iulus* came, that Strippling,
 A Youth e'en spoil'd for want of Whipping ;
 For's Father and his foolish Grannam
 Had ever made a Wanton on him :
 5 But when his Sire appear'd in play,
 Mounted upon his Galloway,
 'Tis said by some that better knew him,
 The rest look'd like Tooth-drawers to him :
 6 No sprightly Groom so trim and trick is,
 That just upon Preferment's Prick is,
 7 As was *Æneas*, Stories say,
 When clad in Clothes of Holy-day ;
 His Breeches, sav'd from *Troy's* Combustion,
 Were Kendal, and his Doublet Fustian ;

3 *Cui pharetra ex auro ———*
Aurea purpuream subnectit fibula vestem.
 ——— 4 *Et lætus Iulus,*
 ——— 5 *ipse ante alios pulcherrimus omnes*
Infert se socium Æneas ———
 6 *Qualis, ubi hybernâ Lyciam, Xanthique fluenta*
Deserit, ac Delum maternam invisit Apollo,
Instaurâtque choros ;
 ——— 7 *Mollique fluentem*
Fronde premit crinem fingens, atque implicat auro :
 ——— *Haud illo segnior ibat*
Æneas : tantum egregio decus enitet ore.

Pink'd with most admirable Grace,
 And richly laid with green Silk-lace.
⁸ Athwart his brawny Shoulders came
 A Buldric made, and trimm'd with th' same;
 Where Twibil hung, with Basket-hilt,
 Grown rusty now, but had been gilt;
 Or guilty else of many a Thwack,
 With Dudgeon Dagger at his Back.
 Upon his Head he wore a Hat,
 Instead of Sattin, fac'd with Fat,
 Which, being limber grown, we find
 Most swashingly pinn'd up behind;
 With Brooch as gaudy and as tall
 As ev'ry foremost Horse of all.

In best Apparel thus array'd,
 They now begin their Cavalcade
 Towards the Woods, ⁹ where be'ng e're long
 Arriv'd (for 'twas not past a Furlong
 From *Carthage*, as the Learn'd compute it,
 And let who has been there confute it)
 They ev'ry Way disperse themselves,
 To watch the little nimble Elves;
 As who should say, Come this, or that Way,
 T'other, or any Way, have at ye.

The Drummer now 'gan lay about him,
 And all the People fell a shouting,
 Such Peals they gave of Men and Boys,
 A Man could hardly hear for Noise;
 Nay *Dido* Queen, they swore that heard it,
 Shouted as loud as any there did.

⁸ *Tela sonant humeris* ———

⁹ *Postquam altos ventum in montes, atque invia saxa,
 Ecce feræ saxi dejectæ vertice* ———

¹ The frightened Squirrels Stumps belabor,
As they had danc'd to Pipe and Tabor;
Skipping and leaping in their Dances
From Tree to Tree o'er Boughs and Branches,
Now on the utmost Top, and then
At one Leap at the Root agen.

² But young *Ascanius*, Hopes o'th' House,
Car'd not for Squirreling a Louse;
For he's, whilst they are at their Chase,
Playing at *Hide and seek*, or *Base*,
Among his Mates, and wishes rather
(And so the Stripling told his Father)
For naughty Vermin that would bite him,
Or Throttle Nest, though't did ———

³ Mean while the Clouds began to clatter,
And to pour down whole Pails of Water;
The Thunder quite out-roar'd the Drum,

⁴ And Hail-stones, bigger than one's Thumb,
Came pelting down. Then all, to save 'em,
Ran as if twenty Devils drave 'em;

¹ *Decurrere jugis; alia de parte patentes
Transmittunt cursu campos, atque agmina cervi
Pulverulenta fuga glomerant, montesque relinquunt.*

² *At puer Ascanius mediis in vallibus acri
Gaudet æquo; jamque hos cursu, jam præterit illos:
Spumantemque dari (pecora inter inertia) votis
Optat aprum aut fulvum descendere monte leonem.*

³ *Interea magno misceri murmure cælum
Incipit: ———*

————— ⁴ *Insequitur commista grandine nimbus
Et Tyrii comites passim, & Trojana juvenus,
Dardaniusque nepos Veneris, diversa per agros
Tæta metu petiere; ruunt de montibus amnes
————— fulsere ignes ———*

Whilst

Whilst young *Ascanius* and his Mates
 Were wash'd and dash'd like Water-rats,
 Fair *Dido* then, for all her Hoops,
 Bang'd her old Mare about the Stoops,
 And jogg'd her Buttocks, though a Queen,
 For fear of being wet to th' Skin;
 Nay, e'en *Aeneas*' self, forgetting
 His Reputation, shrunk i'th wetting,
 And ran, or would have done at least,
 But that his Horse, a sober Beast,
 Proceeded slow, with Motion grave,
 And crav'd the Spur, in Care to save
 His Master's Neck, as some suppose,
 Though his Care was to save his Cloaths;
 He spurr'd, nor yet was *Dido* idle,
 For gingle gingle went her Bridle,
 5 Till Fortune, or Dame *Juno* rather,
 Clapp'd 'em into a Cave together.
 The Cave so darksome was, that I do
 Think *Joan* had been as good as *Dido*:
 But so it was, in that Hole, they
 Grew intimate, as one may say:
 The Queen was blithe as Bird in Tree,
 And bill'd as wantonly, whilst he,
 6 By Hindlock seizing fast Occasion,
 Slipp'd into *Dido*'s Conversation:
 And, in that very Place and Season,
 'Tis thought *Aeneas* did her Reason.

5 *Speluncam Dido dux & Trojanus eandem
 Deveniunt; prima & Tellus & pronuba Juno
 Dant signum* ———

6 ——— *Conscius æther
 Connubii*

7 This Sport of Mischief much was Cause,
 For sweet Meat will have sowre Sauce ;
 And they their Time in Cave so spending,
 Beginning was of *Dido's* Ending.
 Her Majesty now no more nice is ;
 8 Nor seeks she now, by fine Devices,
 To hide her Shame ; but leads a Life,
 As if they had been 9 Man and Wife.
 1 At this a Wench, call'd *Fame*, flew out
 To all the good Towns round about.
 This *Fame* was Daughter to a Cryer,
 That whilom liv'd in *Carthage-shire*,
 2 A little prating Slut, no higher,
 When *Dido* first arriv'd at *Tyre*,
 Than this ——— But, in a few Years Space
 Grown up a lusty strapping Lads.
 A long and lazy Quean I ween,
 She was brought up to sow nor spin,
 Nor any Kind of Housewifery,
 To get an honest Living by ;
 3 But saunter'd idly up and down,
 From House to House, and Town to Town,

7 *Ille dies primus lethi, primusque malorum
 Causa fuit ———*

——— 8 *Neque enim specie famæve movetur,
 Nec jam furtivum Dido meditatur amorem.*

9 *Conjugium vocat : hoc prætexit nomine culpam.*

1 *Extemplo Libyæ magnas it Fama per urbes,
 Fama ———*

2 *Parva metu primo ; mox sese attollit in auras,
 Ingrediturque solo, & caput inter nubila condit.
 Mobilitate viget, virésque acquirit eundo.*

——— 3 *Pedibus celarum, & pern. cibus alis ;*

——— *Cui ——— tot vigiles oculi ———*

To

To spy and listen after News,
 Which she so mischievously brews,
 That still whate'er she sees or hears,
 Set Folks together by the Ears.
 4 This Baggage that still took a Pride to
 Slander and backbite poor Queen *Dido*;
 Because the Queen once, on Detection,
 Sent her to th' Mansion of Correction.
 5 Glad she had got this Tale by th' End,
 Runs me about to Foe and Friend;
 6 And tells them that a Fellow came
 From *Troy*, or such a Kind of Name,
 To *Tyre*, about a Fortnight since,
 Whom *Dido* feasted like a Prince;
 Was with her always, Day and Night,
 Nor could endure him from her Sight,
 And that 'twas thought she meant to marry him.
 7 At this rate talk'd the foul-mouth'd Carrion!
 8 At last she does t' *Iarbas* go,
 9 She never in such Things was slow;

4 *Monstrum horrendum ingens;*
 5 *Hæc cum multiplici populos sermone replebat*
Gaudens, ———
 6 *Venisse Æneam Trojano à sanguine cretum;*
Cui se pulchra viro dignetur jungere Dido.
Nunc hyemem inter se luxu, quam longa fovere,
Regnorum immemores, turpique cupidine captos.
 7 *Hæc passim dea fœda virum diffundit in ora.*
 8 *Protinus ad regem cursus detorquet Iarbam:*
 9 *Fama malum quo non aliud velocius ullum.*
Hic Ammone satus ———
Centum aras posuit ———
——— Pecudumque cruore
Pingue solum, & variis florentia limina sertis.

And

And tells him all. Now this *Iarbas*,
For *Dido's* Love, was in a hard Case,
And had been long. Oft did he wooe her,
And did the best he could do to her:
But still in vain he broke his Mind,
'Twas throwing Stones against the Wind;
For though she wise and healthy knew him,
Dido had nothing to say to him.
'Tis true, the Field he had great Flocks on,
Sheep, Goats and Cows, Horses and Oxen;
With Money Store, and other Riches:
But one foul Flaw he had in's Breeches
Spoil'd all; for she had heard the Thing,
One Time as she was gossiping.
As in such Matters, while you live,
Women will be inquisitive:
Which was that he (as Story tells)
A Rupture had in's Testicles.
Which was enough to make her hate him,
Nay, e'en as it were abominate him.
When *Fame* had told him of the *Trojan*,
¹ *Iarbas* took it in such Dudgeon,
Such high Abuse and evil Part,
He almost could have found in's Heart
T'ave ta'en his Knife, and in that Passion
Whipp'd off his Tools of Generation,
And thought to have don't; but did not yet,
Like one that had in's Anger Wit:
But since to curse it was no boot,
Would try if Praying would not do't.

¹ *Isque amens animi, & rumore accensus amaro,*

² And

² And therefore thus, in heavy Ghear,
Made his Case known to *Jupiter*:

³ O *Jupiter*, most great and able,
Whose Health I ev'ry Day at Table
Drink once or twice! Dost thou (O where is
Thy Sight!) not see, what Doings here is;

⁴ Shall we, when thou thunder'st, dost think,
So as to sowre all our Drink;

And when the Clouds in Storms do burst,
Not care, but bid thee do thy worst?

⁵ A wand'ring Woman that had scarce
A Rag to hang upon her ———

When she came hither first, and wou'd
Have then been glad to ——— for Food;
Is now, forsooth, so proud (what else!

And stands so on her Pantables,

⁶ That she has said me Nay most slightly,
And (on the very nonce to spite me)

Has marry'd a spruce Youth, they say,
(Whom some ill Wind blew that away)

One 'Squire *Æneas*, a great Kelf,

Some wand'ring Hangman like herself:

² *Dicitur ante aras ———*

Multa Jovem manibus supplex orâsse supinis;

³ *Jupiter omnipotens, cui nunc Maurusia pictis*

Gens epulata toris, Lenæum libat honorem,

Adspicis hæc? an te, genitor, cum fulmina torques,

Nequicquam horremus?

———— ⁴ *Cæcique in nubibus ignes*

Terrificant animos, & inania murmura miscent:

⁵ *Fæmina, quæ nostris errans in finibus ———*

———— ⁶ *Connubia nostra*

Reppulit, ac dominum Ænean in regna recepit.

7 And now this Swabber, by the Maskins,
Thunders up *Dido's* Gally-Gaskins,
Whilst I (for still thou deafish art to't)
May pray, and pray, and pray my Heart out.

⁸ Thus woefully *Iarbas* pray'd,
Whilst *Jove* heard every Word he said;
And turning straight his Eyes to *Tyre*,
To look for *Dido* and her Squire,
All in a Chamber finely matted,
He very fairly spy'd 'em at it.
At which, as't were, somewhat in Fury,
He calls his nimble Youth *Mercury*,
9 And thus bespoke him: Sirrah, hear ye,
Put on the Wings that use to bear ye,
And cut away to *Carthage* quickly,
Where th'*Trojan* does with the great — lie.
1 Tell him from me that his smug Mother
Did pass her Word that he another
Manner of Life and Conversation
Should lead, and leave this Occupation.

7 *Et nunc ille Paris* —————

————— *Rapto potitur; nos munera templis
Quippe tuis ferimus, famamque fovemus inanem.*

⁸ *Talibus orantem diâlis, arâsque tenentem
Audiit omnipotens, oculosque ad mœnia torfit
Regia, & oblitos famæ melioris amantes.*

9 *Tunc sic Mercurium alloquitur, ac talia mandat:
Vade, age, nate, voca Zephyros, & labere pennis,
Dardaniûmque ducem, Tyria Carthagine qui nunc
Expectat, —————*

Alloquere, & celeres defer mea dicta per auras.

1 *Non illum nobis genitrix pulcherrima talem
Promisit —————*

² Or twice the *Græcian* Cavaliers
 Had beaten's Brains about his Ears,
 E're this : And tell him more, ³ that he
 Who means to conquer *Italy*,
 Must with his Work go thorough Stitches,
 And not run hunting after Bitches ;
⁴ But if he will not venture's Pate,
 A Rap or two for an Estate,
 As by his Pranks it doth appear,
⁵ Methinks tho' he might do't for's Heir ;
⁶ Ask what the Devil 'tis he means,
 To spend his Time thus among Queans ;
 Not minding Mischiefs, or Mishaps,
 Nor fearing *Dido's* After-claps.
⁷ Bid him be trudging, he were best :
 If I come to him, I protest,
 I'll send him packing else, such New-ways,
 He shall remember me these two Days.

⁸ This said, *Jove* need not bid him twice,
 Away he trips it in a Trice,

——— ² *Graiumque ideo bis vindicat armis.*

³ *Sed fore, qui gravidam imperiis, belloque frementem,
 Italiam regeret, genus alto à sanguine Teucris
 Proderet, & totum sub leges mitteret orbem.*

⁴ *Si nulla accendit tantarum gloria rerum,
 Nec super ipse suâ molitur laude laborem,*

⁵ *Ascanio-ne pater Romanas invidet arces ?
 Nec prolem Ausoniam, & Lavinia respicit arva ?*

⁶ *Quid struit ; aut qua spe inimica in gente moratur ?*

⁷ *Naviget : hæc summa est, hic nostri nuncius esto.*

⁸ *Dixerat. Ille patris magni parere parabat
 Imperio ———*

9 To make them ready to be gone :
 And first his Pumps he fasten'd on ;
 Which being neatly pink'd and cut,
 And finely fitted on his Foot :
 Had Wings ty'd on with Thongs of Leather,
 Or tacking Ends, I know not whether,
 Which he could fly withal as well,
 As he'd been brought up to't from the Shell.
 1 Then in his Hand he takes a thick Bat,
 With which he us'd to play at Kit-Cat,
 To beat Men's Apples from their Trees,
 With twenty other Rogueries ;
 Besides (as Rake-hells will abuse Days)
 To throw at Cocks upon *Shrove-Tuesdays*.

2 Thus dight, he like a Partridge springs,
 Cutting the Air with nimble Wings :
 'Twas well his Care had ty'd 'em fast,
 Else ten to one he'd flown his last :
 No Swallow could have overgone him,
 He flew as if a Hawk had flown him,
 Until he saw a very high Hill,
 A higher Hill by far than my Hill ;
 3 *Atlas* 'twas call'd, so high a one
 That *Pen-men-maure's* a Cherry-stone

9 ——— *Et primum pedibus talaria nectit
 Aurea : quæ sublimem alis, sive æquora supra,
 Seu terram, rapido pariter cum flamine portant.*
 1 *Tum virgam capit ; hac animas ille evocat Orco
 Pallentes, alias sub tristia Tartara mittit,
 Dat somnos, adimittque, & lumina morte resignat.*
 2 *Illa fretus agit ventos, & turbida tranat
 Nubila ———*
 3 *Famque volans apicem, & latera ardua cernit
 Atlantis duri ———*

Compar'd: You could not thrust a Knife
 'Twixt Heav'n and it, to save your Life;
 4 It props the Sky, as *Virgil* marks,
 Or else 'tis thought we should have Larks:
 5 Here first did *Mercury* alight,
 To bait and rest him after's Flight;
 Where having prun'd his Heels a little,
 And smooth'd his Plumes with * fasting Spittle,
 6 From thence he took another Freak, * 'Tis con-
 As if he meant to break his Neck. ceived he did
 7 Even as a Hawk herself doth carry that before he
 From Kill-ducks Place to stop her Quarry: baited.
 So *Mercury*, to mortal View,
 Himself from *Atlas* headlong threw.
 Stones cast by fam'd *Parisian* Slinger,
 Compar'd to him, would seem to linger;
 And Arrows loos'd from *Grub-street* Bow
 In *Finsbury*, to him are slow:
 Nay, Lightning darted from above,
 With flaming Tail from angry *Jove*,
 Would in Comparison appear
 To creep like lazy Loiterer.
 8 The first Place, after this Vagary,
 He lighted on, was *Dido's* Dairy:

4 *Cælum qui vertice fulcit.*
 5 *Hic primum paribus nitens Cyllenius alis*
Constitit; 6 *Hinc toto præceps se corpore ad undas*
Misit; 7 *Avi similis, quæ circum litora, circum*
Pisces scopulos, humilis volat æquora juxta:
Haud aliter terras inter cælumque volabat,
Litus arenosum Libyæ, ventosque secabat.
 8 *Ut primum alatis tetigit Magalia plantis;*
Æneam fundantem arces, ac tecta novantem
Conspicit

Whence he *Æneas* soon did spy,
 Ord'ring her Highness' Husbandry :
 He took upon him as her Spouse,
 And vapour'd like the Man o'th' House ;
 For all that Time, as't came to pass,
 In Quarrel high engag'd he was,
 And ready in his Fumigation,
 (As Histories do make Relation)
 To fall to Logger-heads, as't appears,
 With a few saucy Carpenters,
 Who building were an House of Ease,
 For *Dido* in Necessities :
 They would not follow his Advice,
 * As Workmen still are otherwise)
 Which made him foam and flirt out Spittle,
 Because they made the Holes too little.
 † Down hanging by his Side he had
 A dangerous bright-brown flashing Blade ;
 'T had been new furbish'd up at *Tyre*,
 A better never pass'd the Fire.
 ‡ Upon his Back he had a Jerkin
 Lin'd through and through with sable Merkin,
 Giv'n as a Present by the Queen :
 It had indeed her Husband's been ;
 But neither by the Nap, nor Tearing,
 Was it a Pin the worse for Wearing,
 This (as of either Queen or King,
 Vile People will be censuring)

— 9 *Illi stellatus iaspide fulva*
Ensis erat —

— — † *Tyriôque ardebat murice læna*
Demissa ex humeris : Dives quæ munera Dido
Fecerat, & tenui telas discreverat auro.

Was

Was given *Aeneas* for a Charm,
 And though the Queen might think no Harm,
 Yet some have given a parlous Hint
 Of a strange hidden Virtue in't.
 Equipp'd thus fine, *Mercury* found him,
² And roundly in his Ears thus round him:
 Thou here thyself most busy makes,
 In building for the Queen a Jakes,
 But never think'st, such is thy Wiseness,
 What will become of thine own Business;
 The Thunder-thumper, who, by Threaves,
 Makes Men to quake like Aspen Leaves:
³ He whom the rest o'th' Gods do honour,
 Has sent me from *Olympus'* Manor,
 To ask thee what thou dost intend,
 Thy Time thus wickedly to spend;
 And loiter here like a Hum-drum,
 Not caring what thou dost, nor whom:
⁴ He says, though fearful as a Stranger,
 Thy Coxcomb thoul't not bring in Danger,
 To mend thy 'State, nor get thy Living
 By any honest Way of thriving:

² *Continuo invadit: Tu nunc Carthaginis altæ
 Fundamenta locas, pulchrâmq; uxorius urbem
 Extruis, (heu) regni rerûmq; oblite tuarum.
 Ipse Deum tibi me claro demittit Olympo
 Regnator, cælum & terras qui numine torquet.*

³ *Ipse hæc ferre jubet celeres mandata per auras:
 Quid struis? aut qua spe Libycis teris otia terris?*

⁴ *Si te nulla movet tantarum gloria rerum,
 Nec super ipse tua — &c. —*

5 He thinks, though, thou might'st take some Care
Of him that is thy Son and Heir,
And not thrash here like Boor unworthy,
When he has made Provision for thee.

6 *Mercury* vanish'd, having spoke as
Y'have heard ; like any *Hocus-pocus* ;
And homeward did forthwith aspire,
Nor ever stay'd to drink at *Tyre*.

7 But Don *Aeneas*, at the Vision,
Was in a very sad Condition ;
He could not speak to Foe or Friend,
And eke his Hair did stand an End,
So stiff, it thrust his Hat so far
Above his Head into the Air,
That a great Turkey might have flown
Betwixt his Bonnet and his Crown.
Half-frighted out on's little Wit,
8 He now had Eggs (i'faith) o'th' Spit,
Till he was gone : 9 But how (alas)
To break the Matter to her Grace,
He knew no more, the bashful Groom,
Than did the furthest Man of *Rome*,

5 *Ascanium surgentem, & spes hæredis Iuli,
Respice cui regnum Italiae Romanæque tellus
Debentur* ———

——— 6 *Tali Cyllenius ore locutus,
Mortales visus medio sermone reliquit,
Et procul in tenuem ex oculis evanuit auram.*

7 *At verò Æneas aspectu obmutuit amens,
Arrectæque horrore comæ, & vox faucibus hæsit.*

8 *Ardet abire fuga* ———

9 *Heu ! quid agat ?*

* Nor

¹ Nor could he frame him to begin,
 T'appease that loving Soul the Queen,
 For naught more vexes Womens Bloods,
 Than to be left so in the Suds.
 In this Quandary, scratching's Pate
 After a pensive long Debate,
 He calls, at last, his Fellow Rake-hells,
² And bids 'em get their Tools and Tackles
 Aboard their Wherries, and be heedful
 To lay in all Things that were needful,
 Especially good Meat; ³ but stow it
 So secretly, that none might know it;
 That, on Occasion, in a Trice, Sir,
 They might be gone, and none the wiser:
 And since he humbly did conceive,
 To steal away, and take no Leave,
 Would be uncivil, and enough
 To tear a Heart though made of Buff;
 He was resolv'd to take the Queen,
⁴ When set upon some merry Pin,
 And tell her plain, with Vows most fervent,
 He was her Grace's humble Servant.

¹ *Quo nunc Reginam ambire furentem
 Audeat affatu? quæ prima exordia sumat?
 Atque animum nunc huc celerem, nunc dividit illuc,
 In partésque rapit varias*

² *Classem aptent taciti, socios ad littora cogant,
 Arma parent,*

³ *Et quæ sit rebus causa novandis,
 Dissimulent; sese interea, quando optima Dido
 Nesciat,*

⁴ *Et quæ mollissima fandi
 Tempora; quis rebus dexter modus*

⁵ But *Dido*, *Carthage* Queen, (for who
 Can think to cheat a Woman so ?)
 Was soon, I warrant you, aware
 O'th'flippery Trick he meant to play her.
 'Tis true, she never had been jealous
 Of all such vagrant Kind of Fellows,
 And kept her Things safe under Lock,
 E'er since the stealing of her Smock ;
 But now, to add unto her Fear,
 She had it buzz'd into her Ear,
⁶ By that mischievous prating Whore,
Fame, that I told you of before ;
⁷ Not, as they say, out of good Will,
 But to be brewing Mischief still ;
 That he, for all his fair Pretences,
⁸ Had greas'd his Boots, and wash'd his Benches ;
 And now was ready set on Wheels,
 To shew a nimble Pair of Heels.
⁹ This sudden News, I do assure ye,
 Put *Dido* in a desp'rate Fury,
 And made her frisk about and gad,
 That all her People thought her mad ;
 Whilst she from House to House did fly,
 As she had run with *Hue* and *Cry*.

⁵ *At regina dolos (quis fallere possit amantem ?)*

⁶ *Præsensit, motusque excepit prima futuros,*
Omnia tuta timens ———

—— ⁷ *Eadem impia fama furenti*
Detulit ———

—— ⁸ *Armari classẽ, cursumque parari.*

⁹ *Sævit inops animi, totamque incensa incensa per urbem*
Bacchatur ———

¹ Ev'n as a Filly never ridden,
 When by the Jockey first bestridden,
 If naughty Boy do thrust a Nettle
 Under her Dock, to try her Mettle,
 Does rise and plunge, curvet and kick,
 Enough to break her Rider's Neck :
 Ev'n so Queen *Dido*, at that Tide,
 Laying all Majesty aside,
 Play'd such mad Freaks, that well were they
 Could farthest get out of her Way.
 Thus flinging round from Place to Place,
 At last, to make it short, her Grace
 Finds me amongst a Crew of Mad-caps,
Æneas, at one Mother *Red-Cap's*.

Well overta'n (quoth she) half weeping,
² *Æneas*, thou'rt a precious Pippin,
 To think to steal so sily from me,
 When thou hast had thy foul Will o'me,
³ Could not my Love (thou Knave) have staid thee,
 Nor yet the Promise thou hast made me :
 Nor that thou know'st, if thou wert gone,
 My Work would all be left undone ?
 But that thou thoul't sink away, thou Varlet,
 And leave me like forsaken Harlot ?

————— ¹ *Qualis commotis excita sacris*
Thyas, ubi audito simulant Trieterica Baccho
Orgia, nocturnusque vocat clamore Cythæron.

² *Tandem his Ænean compellat vocibus ultro ;*

³ *Dissimulare etiam sperasti, perfide, tantum*
Posse nefas, taciúsque meâ decedere terrâ ?

Nec te noster amor, nec te data dextera quondam

————— *Tenet ?*

4 In Winter too, o'er blust'ring Seas,
 When it 'twixt two a Bed doth freeze.
 5 What though thou hadst, as thou hast none,
 A House to go to, of thine own,
 Coud'st find yet in thy Heart to 'reave me
 Of thy dear Company, and leave me ?
 6 By this salt Rheum thou see'st, that wets
 My Cheeks, and by thy Hand that sweats,
 That bawdy Filt, that has been laid
 So oft, where now shall not be said ;
 I'm brief, by the whole Matter's Carriage,
 And by the Earnest of our Marriage ;
 And by those sweet Delights we stole,
 When the Rain drove me into th'Hole ;
 7 If that Bout pleas'd thee, or since any,
 Which (*Jove* forgive us) have been many,
 I do beseech thee, *Trojan* fine,
 Not to undo both me and mine.
 8 For thy sweet Sake the knavish *Lybians*,
 The *Tyrrians*, and the vile *Numidians*,

4 *Quin etiam hiberno moliris fidere classẽ,*
Et mediis properas Aquilonibus ire per altum,
Crudelis ? 5 *Quid, si non arva aliena domosque*
Ignotas peteres ? ———
Mene fugis ? 6 *Per ego has lacrymas, dextramque tuam, te,*
Per Connubia nostra, per inceptos Hymenæos.
 7 *Si bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quicquam*
Dulce meum ; miserere domũs labentis ; ———
Oro, si quis adhuc precibus locus, ———
 8 *Te propter Libycæ gentes Nomadumque Tyranni*
Odere, infensi Tyrii ; te propter eundem
Extinctus pudor, ———

In the Midst of which is my Abode,
 Hate me, as one would hate a Toad.
 For thee I first forewent all Shame,
 9 And that I liv'd by my good Name;
 And wilt thou, having spent t' y Ardor,
 And eat me out of House and Harbor,
 * So basely to my Foes betray me,
 And neither stay with me, nor pay me?
 † No sooner shall thy Back be turn'd,
 But all my Buildings shall be burn'd,
 That Rogue *Pygmalion* will ha' me,
 Or else *Iarbas* here will ta' me;
 If (as we oft have ventur'd it,
 I had but a big Belly yet)
 A little *Trojan* coming on,
 To play withal when thou art gone,
 Then let the Rogues do what they durst do,
 I should have something yet to trust to.
Æneas, ta'en thus basely tardy,
 † Turn'd pale, and like a stuck Pig star'd ye;
 He could not stand upright, but lean,
 One might have fell'd him with a Bean;

—— 9 *Et, quâ solâ sidera adibam,
 Fama prior :*

—— * *Cui me moribundam deseris, hospes ?*

† *Quid moror ? an mea Pygmalion dum mœnia frater
 Destruat ? aut captam ducat Getulus Iarbas ?
 Saltem, siqua mihi de te suscepta fuisset
 Ante fugam soboles, siquis mihi parvulus aulâ
 Luderet Æneas, ——*

Non equidem omnino capta aut deserta viderer.

—— † *Ille Jovis monitis immota tenebat
 Lumina, & obnixus curam sub corde premebat.*

Nay, he was struck so at her Speeches,
 Some say he did defile his Breeches,
 His Bowels did so yearn upon her;
 But, being that may wound his Honour,
 I'll not affirm it, but proceed,
 To tell you what he said and did;
 Much was he mov'd at *Dido's* Words,
 Which stabb'd him through and through like Swords:
 Much griev'd to see her weep and sob so,
 To throw about her Snot, and throb so:
 But, *Merc'ry's* Message more prevailing
 Than her Colloguing or her Railing,
 After a many fine Good-morrows,
¹ He thus began to salve her Sorrows;

Should I (quoth he) O Queen, deny,
 That thou'rt the Flow'r of Courtesy;
 Or any Slanders vile contrive,
 I were the basest Knave alive.
 I must confess, that thou, O Queen,
 To me, and to us all, have been
 More like a Mother than a Friend,
 So much I'll say, and there's an End;
² And if I ever do forget ye,
 Or fail to drink a Health to *Betty*,
 Let me be hang'd as high, or higher
 Than Top of *Carthage* Steeple-Spire:

¹ *Tandem pauca refert: Ego te, quæ plurima fando
 Enumerare vales, nunquam, Regina, negabo
 Promeritam:* —

— ² *Nec me meminisse pigebit Elifæ,
 Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos reget artus.*

3 Few Words are best ; if you'll be civil,
I'll tell the Truth, and shame the Devil.

4 I ne'er had Thought, much less Desire,
Basely to build a Sconce at *Tyre* ;
And steal away from thee, my Honey.

5 But for the Thing call'd Matrimony,
Although I did the Thing you wot,
Jove be my Judge, I meant it not ;

Indeed I took it for a Kindness,
To be familiar with your Highness :

But if I ever thought of other,
Than one good Turn requires another ;

Or on such Terms e'er gave my Fist,
I'm th' arrantest Rogue that ever pist.

6 I must confess, that if it lay
In my own Power, as one may say,

That I had some good Bargain made,
And bound my Son here to a Trade,

Plac'd all my Followers, and therefore
Had no one but myself to care for ;

I would as willing match with you,
As any Woman that I know :

7 But, as Things stand, I needs must follow
The Counsel of my Friend *Apollo*,

3. *Pro re pauca loquar* ———

———— 4 *Nec ego hanc abscondere furto*

Speravi (ne finge) fugam ———

———— 5 *nec conjugis unquam*

Prætendi tædas, aut hæc in fœdera veni.

6 *Me si fata meis paterentur ducere vitam*

Auspiciis, & sponte meâ componere curas :

7 *Sed nunc Italiam magnam Grynæus Apollo,*

Italiam Lyciæ jussere capeffere sortes :

Hic amor, hæc patria est ———

Who sends me Word I must convey me
 To *Lycia* with all Speed that may be,
 Where, by a dainty River's Side,
 A Farm lies ready cut and dry'd,
 Will hold both me and all my Meany,
 And cheap as forty Eggs a Penny,
 There then, in downright Truth, do I
 Intend to live and occupy.

⁸ And if so be that you, who are sage,
 Delight so in your Town of *Carthage*;
 Why should it be in us so great Sin,
 Who have no House to thrust our Pates in,
 To travel to a Foreign Nation,
 For some convenient Habitation?

⁹ I can no sooner go o'Nights
 To Bed (*Jove* bless us all from Sprights)
 But that, e're I can frame to snore,
 My Father's Ghost comes through the Door,
 Though shut as sure as Hands can make it,
 And leads me such a fearful Racket;
 I stew all night in my own Grease,
 So that your Maids may, if they please,
 Wring from my Shirt wherein I wallow,
 Each Morning-tide as much good Tallow,
 As well would liquor all their Sandals,
 And make beside six Pound of Candles.

——— ⁸ *si te Carthaginis arces
 Phœnissam, Lybycæque aspectus detinet urbis;
 Quæ tandem, Ausoniâ Teucros considerare terrâ,
 Invidia est? & nos fas extera quærere Regna.*
⁹ *Me Patris Anchisæ, quoties humentibus umbris
 Nox operit terras, quoties astra ignea surgunt,
 Admonet in semnis; & turbida terret Imago;
 Me puer Ascanius, —————*

And

And all this is to have me gone,
 And not stay here t' undo my Son :
¹ Besides, not past an Hour ago,
 Jove sent his Lacquey to me too ;
 I saw him fly, I'll ² take my Oath,
 (And Man has but his Faith and Troth)
 As plainly o'er your Dairy-Top,
 As e'er I saw him on the Rope ;
 And heard him speak as plain but e'en now,
 As I hear you, or you hear me now :
³ Then let me be so much beholding
 Unto your Grace to leave your Scolding ;
 For I this Voyage undertake,
 Even like a Bear that's drawn to th' Stake.

⁴ This said, the Queen in wrathful wise,
 Rolling about her goggle Eyes,
 As she would throw 'um in his Face,
 Unto her Fury thus gave Place :

Stinkard (quoth she) now thy false Heart
 Shews what a cheating Knave thou art,
 The Symptoms of a Rogue thou hast all,
 Thou a true Trojan, thou a Rascal !

¹ *Nunc etiam interpres di-vum, Jove missus ab ipso,*
 ——— *Celeres mandata per auras*

Detulit : ———

² *Testor utrumque caput. ———*
 ——— *Ipse deum manifesto in lumine vidi*
Intrantem muros, vocemque his auribus hausi.

³ *Desine meque tuis incendere teque querelis ;*
Italiam non sponte sequor. ———

⁴ *Talia dicentem jamdudum a-versa tuetur,*
Huc illuc volvens oculos, totumque pererrat
Luminibus tacitis, & sic accensa profatur :

5 No Man or Woman of good Fashion,
 E'er coupled for thy Procreation;
 But whelp'd thou wert of Tinker's Bitch,
 Under some Hedge, or in some Ditch:
 Nay, I'll not balk you, Sir; nor care,
 For all you look so big, and flare:
 Let thy foul Hide with Malice burst,
 I do defy thee, do thy worst,
 6 Instead of fighting, in this Case,
 Full sowre thou belchest in my Face;
 And thou so stubborn art and canker'd,
 Thou shed'st no Tears, but Tears o' th' Tankard.
 Had'st thou but counterfeited Passion,
 To signify Commiseration,
 Or offer'd but a sowre Face, it
 Had been a Sign of some small Grace yet:
 But, like a Logger-headed Lubber,
 Thou grinning stand'st, and see'st me blubber;
 7 And *Jove* nor *Juno*, for aught I see,
 Will neither of 'em both chastise thee.
 8 There's no Truth in this Age we live in:
 A wand'ring Beggar hither driven;
 Who had, when weak as he could crawl,
 No Cross to bless himself withal;

5 *Nec tibi diva parens, generis nec Dardanus auctor,
 Perfide: sed duris genuit te cautibus horres
 Caucasus, Hyrcanæque admórun't ubera Tigres.
 Nam quid dissimulo? ———*

6 *Nam fletu ingemuit nostro? num lumina flexit?
 Num lachrymas victus dedit; aut miseratus amantem est?*

——— 7 *Jamjam nec maxime Juno,
 Nec Saturnius hæc oculis pater aspicit æquis.*

8 *Nusquam tuta fides. Ejectum litore, egentem
 Excepi, ———*

I have

I have receiv'd to Bed and Board,
 Feasted and clad him like a Lord,
 9 And like a simple hair-brain'd Jade)
 This Youth hail Fellow with me made;
 And now, forsooth, he cannot stay,
Apollo bids him run away;
 * Nay, though I have, in friendly wise,
 Cur'd his Men's Scabs, and kill'd their Lice;;
 † Yet having now fallen to his Lot,
 A good rich Farm lies piping hot,
 Should he stay here, it would undo him,
 And *Jove* has sent his Footman to him:
 As if the Deities were so
 Concern'd, they'd nothing else to do,
 But send their Lacqueys, and their Pages,
 To him on How-d'ye's and Messages.

But I'll waste on thee no more Breath,
 For whom the Wind that fumes beneath,
 Is far too sweet: Avaunt! thou Slave!
 Thou lying, Coney-catching Knave,
 Be moving, do as thou hast told me!
 ‡ No-body here intends to hold thee!
 || Go, seek thy Farm, I hope 'twill be
 I'th' very Bottom of the Sea:

———— 9 *Et regni demens in parte locavi:*

———— *Nunc augur Apollo.*

* *Amissem classem, socios à morte reduxi.*

† *Nunc Lyciæ sortei, nunc & Jove missus ab ipso*

Interpres Divûm fert horrida jussa per auras,

Scilscet in superis labor est; ea cura quietos

Sollicitat ———

‡ *I sequere Italiam ventis,* ———

———— *Neque te teneo* ———

———— || *Pete regna per undas:*

Spero equid in mediis, ———

Supplicia hausurum scopulis ———

Butt

But should'st thou 'scape, and not in Dike lie,
 Drown'd like a Puppy, as 'tis likely,
 Since in the Proverb old 'tis found,
Who's born to hang, will ne'er be drown'd :
 Yet should'st thou not be much the nigher ;
¹ I'll haunt thee like a going Fire,
 As soon as I can turn t' a Ghost,
 Which will be in a Week at most :
 Then in the midnight Sleep I'll wake thee,
 And ride thee worse than any Hackney.
 I'll terrify thee Day and Night ;
 Nay, if thou dost but go to ———
 There will I stand with flaming Taper,
 To fizzle thy Tail instead of Paper.
² I'll make thee rue the Time that e'er
 Thou cam'st to play thy Knave's Tricks here.
³ In Middle of this wrathful Speech,
 Down drops Queen *Dido* on her Breech :
 Her Mouth was stopp'd, and on the Ground
 She silent lay in doleful Swound.
 Shut were her Eyes ; nor had she Hearing
 For what *Æneas* was ⁴ preparing,
 Upon this pitiful Occasion,
 To say in's own Justification.

——— ¹ *Sequar atris ignibus absens :*
Et, cum frigida mors animâ seduxerit artus,
Omnibus umbra locis adero, ———

——— ² *Dabis, improbe, pœnas,*

³ *His medium dictis sermonem abrumpit, & auras*
Ægra fugit. ———

⁴ *Linquens multa metu cunctantem, & multa parantem*
Dicere. ———

In haste the *Tyrians* all advance
 To 'wake her Grace out of a Trance;
 They try'd to raise her in such sort
 As when Men cry *Le Corps est mort*:
 But here the Charm would not prevail,
 They could not raise her from her Tail:
 For though full light when her own Woman,
 Yet, in this heavy Dump was no Man
 Could raise her up, though ne'er so mighty,
 Sorrow had made her Bum so weighty.

⁵ At last a Crew of strapping Jades,
 That were, or should have been, her Maids,
 Gath'ring her up, away convey'd her,
 And, having in her own Bed laid her,
 With Rugs they bolster'd her about,
 To try if she could sweat it out.

⁶ *Aeneas*, though 'twas his Desire
 Something t'have said might pacify her,
 And though his Heart did bleed within him,
 To think of what had pass'd between 'um,
⁷ Yet, because *Jove* so loud did threaten,
 He sooner durst his Nails have eaten,
 Having so terribly been chidden,
 Than not t'have done as he was bidden:
 Therefore in haste his Hostess beck'ning,
 To come and bring 'um in a Reck'ning,

— ⁵ *Suscipiunt famulae, collapsaque membra
 Marmoreo referunt thalamo, stratisque reponunt.*

⁶ *At pius Aeneas, quanquam lenire dolentem
 Solando cupit, & dictis avertere curas;
 Multa gemens, magnoque animum labefactus amore:*

⁷ *Iussa tamen divum exsequitur, —*

Straight to the Wharf repairs the Hot-shot,
 8 Without once calling for his Shot-pot.

The *Trojans* now, by this Commission,
 Launch all their Boats with Expedition;
 You now upon the Ocean might see
 9 The new-greas'd Wherries swim most tightly.
 They had new made 'em fine long Poles,
 New pitch'd their Oars, and made new Thoules:
 Though many Things were left undone,
 * They were so eager to be gone.

† Then might you see 'em make their Sallies
 From *Carthage-Town*, thro' Lanes and Allies
 Stealing away, with lewd Intentions,
 To cheat the *Tyrians* of their Pensions,
 Fearing their Landladies would brabble,
 And dun 'em for their Quarter's Table.
 ‡ As Hedge-hogs when they go to th' Wood,
 To fetch a Hoard of Winter-food,
 Return well laden with their Vict'les,
 Fine yellow Crabs, stuck round their Prickles,
 Ev'n so the *Trojans*, without doubt,
 Were at this Season hung about

8 *Classenque revisit.*
¶ Cum vero Teucris, incumbunt & litore celsas
Deducunt toto naves:

9 *Natat uncta carina:*
Frondentesque ferunt remos, & robora sylvis
Infabricata.

* *Fugæ studio.*
 † *Migrantes cernas, totaque ex urbe ruentes.*
 ‡ *Ac veluti ingentem formicæ farris acervum*
Cum populant, hyemis memores, teloque reponunt:
It nigrum campis agmen, prædâque per herbas
Convectans calle angusto, pars grandia trudunt
Obnixæ frumenta humeris; pars —————

With

With Fardles, Bundles, Bags, and Wallets,
To cloath their Backs and feed their Palates.

¹ But what thought *Dido* in this Case,
When thus she saw them flink their Ways?
From Garret-window saw 'em row,
And heard them crying *Eastward Hoe!*

² To see how Love makes Folks do Things,
Against the Hair, against the Shins!
For she, though full of Indignation,
To be forsaken in this Fashion;

And had she known but how to get him,
Could doubtless without Salt have eat him:

Yet, ne'ertheless, Love over-ruling,
³ She fell again to her own Puling;
And once more meant to try if Pity
Would not recall him to the City.

⁴ Look thee (quoth she) where he (my *Nancy*)
Whose able Parts I do much fancy,
Has truss'd up all his Tools together,
To carry 'em the Lord knows whither.

⁵ Hark how his Rabble Gang do shout,
And shove a-stern to hasten out;
A rout of base unthankful Peasants!

The Devil cut their yelping Weazens:

¹ *Quis tibi nunc, Dido, cernenti talia sensus?*

——— *Cum litora fervere latè*

Prospiceres arce ex summa, totùmque videres

Misceri ante oculos tantis clamoribus æquor.

² *Improbe A M O R, quid non mortalia pectora cogis?*

³ *Ire iterum in lachrymas, iterum tentare precando*

Cogitur, ———

Nequid inexpertum, frustra moritura, relinquat.

⁴ *Anna, vides toto properari litore circum.*

——— ⁵ *Vocat jam carbasus auras,*

Puppibus & læti nautæ imposuere coronas.

The brawling Rascals egg him on,
 And make him madder to be gone.
 Had I once dreamt the *Tearing Devil*
 Could ever have been so uncivil,
 Thus, like a Jade, to break his Tether,
 I should have kept my Legs together;
 Or have made bold t'have ty'd him faster,
 To the due Limits of his Pasture:
 6 But since he holds me at a Distance,
 I beg thy sisterly Assistance:
 Thou know'st the Temper of the Block-head,
 And to a Hair canst fit his Pocket:
 Therefore (dear *Nancy*) I implore thee,
 If e'er thou'lt do any Thing for me,
 7 Run to the Wharf with Might and Main,
 And try to bring him back again:
 I promise thee, and if I break
 My Word, pray *Jove* I break my Neck,
 8 If thou canst bring him to my Bow,
 I'll give thee for thy Pains a Cow.
 9 Tell him, I e'er had more Discretion,
 Than to join Issues with the *Grecian*:

— 6 *Soror* — — *miseræ hoc tamen unum*
Exequere, Anna, mihi; solam nam perfidus ille
Te colere, arcanos etiam tibi credere sensus.
Sola viri molles aditus & tempora nôras.
 7 *I, soror, atque hostem supplex affare superbum.*
 8 *Extremam banc oro veniam (miserere sororis)*
Quam mihi cum dederis, cumulata morte relinquam.
 9 *Non egi cum Danais Trojanam exscindere gentem*
Aulide juravi, classem-ve ad Pergama misi:
Nec patris Anchisæ cineres manes-ve revelli.
Cur mea dicta negat auras demittere in aures?

I nei-

I neither did meddle nor make,
 But *as they brew'd, so let them bake* :
 Nor did I e'er make Skittle Pin-bones,
 Or Bobbins, of *Anchises'* Shin-bones :
 Why should he then, without all Sense,
 Thus use me like a Kitchen-Wench ?

¹ I would but beg one Kindness from him :

² I will no more claim Promise on him :

But only that he'll tarry here,

Half, or a Quarter of a Year ;

Whereby I may, before he go,

³ Wean myself from a Bed-fellow :

Or (if my Constitution can

Not well subsist without a Man)

Until I can myself supply,

With one to do my Drudgery :

I'll ask no further Obligation,

⁴ But let him to his Navigation ;

He may to *Latium* then address,

And swim or sink, all's one to *Bess*.

⁵ Scarce had the woeful *Dido* done,

When *Nan* prepar'd her to be gone ;

She tucks her Coats about her Haunches,

And to the Water-side advances ;

She tripp'd so neatly to the Pier,

It would have done one good to see her :

One would have thought she'd gone in haste

Midwife to fetch, she went so fast.

— ¹ *Extremum hoc miseræ det munus amanti.*

² *Non jam conjugium antiquum, quod prodidit, oro ;
 Tempus inane peto, requiem spatiumque* —

³ *Dum mea me victam doceat fortuna dolere.*

⁴ *Nec pulchro ut Latio careat, regnumque relinquat.*

⁵ *Talibus orabat, talisque miserrima fectus
 Fertque refertque soror* —

At last she came unto the Place
 Where *Dido's* dear *Æneas* was ;
 She found him set among his Mates,
 The rest o'th' *Trojan* Runagates,
 Puff'd like a Foot-ball with Vain-glory,
 Roaring and drinking tory-rory ;
 Like one that knew a Pot i'th' Pate
 Would be a Mile or two o'th' Gate ;

The *Trojan* had no sooner spy'd her,
 But though he could not well abide her,
 Yet, 'cause he would part fairly with her,
 He ask'd what Wind had blown her thither.

She, putting Finger in the Eye,
 (As Women when they list can cry)
 Told him in what a sad Condition

Her Sister was ; her last Petition ;
 And pray'd him, as he was a true Man,
 Not to undo a proper Woman.

⁶ But she might e'en have fav'd her Juice,
 And kept her Tears for better Use.

⁷ His Resolution still opposes,
 He would go, 'spite of all their Noses ;

⁸ And like to Hemp, which, as I take it,
 The more you twist, you strongest make it :

— ⁶ *Sed nullis ille movetur
 Fletibus, aut voces ullas tractabilis audit.*

— *Lachrymæ volvuntur inones,*

⁷ *Fata obstant, &c.*

⁸ *Ac veluti annosam valido cum robore quer cum
 Alpini Boreæ nunc hinc, nunc flatibus Illinc,
 Eruere inter se certant, &c.* —

Ipsa hæret scopulis, &c.

*Haud secus assiduis hinc atque hinc vocibus heros
 Tunditur,* —

Mens immota manet, —

Ev'n so, the more she try'd to twine him,
She still more obstinate did find him.

9 Then *Dido* madder grew and madder,
No Friends she had could now persuade her;
She stamp'd and star'd, as she were Wood,
And in her melancholy Mood,
Calling to Mind, in woeful wise,
Aeneas and his Treacheries,
How often he had stabb'd her Honour,
That Men would now make Ballads on her;
She was resolv'd, without Delay,
* Fairly to make herself away,
And meant to put her Resolution
Into most tragick Execution.

She had, alas! too just Incitement
Thus to prefer her own Indictment;
And Reason good, by all Relation,
Thus to proceed to Condemnation:
For such Portents, and dire Presages,
As still have been Disaster's Pages,
Foretold her Overthrow so plainly,
She saw t'oppose it would in vain be.

† She call'd to wash, and do you think?
The Water turn'd as black as Ink;
And that by Chance, being Churning-day,
Her Cream most strangely turn'd to Whey!

9 *Tum vero infelix fatis exterrita Dido*
* *Mortem orat: tædet cæli convexa tueri.*
Quo magis inceptum perogat, lucemque relinquat,
† *Vidit, thuricremis cum dona imponeret aris,*
Horrendum dictu! latices nigrescere sacros;
Fusæque in obscænum se vertere vina cruorem.
Hoc visum nulli, non ipsi effata sorori.

This

This *Dido* saw, but would by no Means
 Tell her own Sister of the Omens ;
 But that which gave the most Persuasion,
 Unto her full Determination,
 Was this : She kept *Sichæus'* Bones
 In a great Coffer made o'th'Nonce,
 As fundry others have done the like
 By way of superstitious Relick,
 In a dark Cellar under-ground ;
¹ From whence each Night a dismal Sound
 Pierc'd *Dido's* tender Ear, and wish'd her,
 Nay, like a Husband admonish'd her
 To fit her for her latter End,
 For why, he told her as a Friend,
 That, in a very short Space, she
 Should of this World no Woman be.
² The Screech-Owls too were her Molesters,
 Who still were chanting out their Vespers ;
³ Besides, she had her Fortune told her,
 When 'bout some Doz'en or so, no older ;
 That she should but one Husband have,
 And, after that, a scurvy Knave
 Should steal her Honour, like a Thief,
 And make her hang herself for Grief :
 These sad Portents falling so thick,
 And pat on one another's Neck,

¹ *Hinc exaudiri voces, & verba vocantis
 Visa viri ; nox cum terras obscura teneret :*

² *Solâque culminibus ferali carmine bubo
 Sæpe queri, ———*

³ *Multaque prætereà vatum prædicta priorum
 Terribili monitu horrificant. ———*

Put the poor Queen beside her Senses,
 As a just Plague for her Offences.
 4 She dreams *Æneas* now is going,
 Like a false Friend, to her Undoing,
 And that she must, when *Trojan* goes,
 For ever lose her Play-fellows,
 Which to the Woman's Cause sufficient,
 Let her be ne'er so well condition'd.
 To raise her to Extravagancies,
 When she must part with what she fancies :
 5 E'en as a Bitch's Fury up is.
 When People come to steal her Puppies :
 So far'd the wrathful Queen that Day,
 When *Dido* must be ta'en away :
 She was so much concern'd about him,
 She could not, would not, live without him ;
 But, in her desp'rate Resolutions,
 6 Would hang herself to try Conclusions.
 The Time and Manner she projected,
 And, that she might not be suspected,
 She smugg'd her Visage up with Smiles,
 And thus her Sister *Nan* beguiles :

——— 4 *agit ipse furem*
In somnis ferus Æneas, semperque relinqui
Sola sibi, semper longam incommitata videtur
Ire viam, ———

5 *Eumenidum veluti demens videt agmina Pentheus,*
Aut Agamemnonius scenis agitatus Orestes,
Ergo ubi concepit furias, ———

6 *Decrevitque mori, tempus secum ipsa, modumque*
Exigit, & mæstum dictis aggressa sororem,
Consilium vultu tegit, ac spem fronte serenat :

7 Nancy, (quoth she) I've found at last,
 A Way, for all *Æneas'* Haste,
 If thou in the Exploit wilt join,
 Shall pay him back in his own Coin,
 And bring him back by our Contriving,
 Since he's so goodly, dead or living.
 Seeing the Rogue my Love disgraces,
 I'll spoil his Sport in other Places.

8 A Mile from hence, or such a Space,
 Down in a Bottom of a Place,
 Far out of all Highways and Roads,
 Where nothing breeds but Frogs and Toads,
 Snakes, Adders, and such wicked Vermin,
 That (can they catch 'em) will not spare Men :
 There, in a Cave, lies an old 9 Wretch,
 An ugly, rotten, toothless Witch,
 So old, that one would think she were
 The eldest Devil's Grandmother.

* Now this old Beldam can do Wonders ;
 If she but say the Word, it Thunders,

7 *Inveni, germana, viam (gratare sorori)*
Quæ mihi reddat eum, vel eo me solvat amantem.

8 *Oceani finem juxta, solémque cadentem,*
Ultimus Æthiopum locus est ubi maximus Atlas
Axem humero torquet, ———

9 *Hinc mihi Massylæ gentis monstrata sacerdos,*
Hesperidum templi custos, epulâsque draconi
Quæ dabat, ———

Spargens humida mella, soporiferumque papaver.

* *Hæc se carminibus promittit solvere mentes*
Quas velit ; ast aliis duras immittere curas :
Sistere aquam fluviis, & vertere sidera retrò ;
Nocturnosque ciet manes. Mugire videbis
Sub pedibus terram, & descendere montibus ornos.

Lightens,

Lightens, or Rains, or Hails, or Snows,
Or any Weather you'll suppose;
She'll make a Cowl staff, by her Spelling,
Amble like any double Gelding;
And, in the deep o'th Night, the base Hag
Can of a Cudgel make a Race-Rag;
A Walnut she to Sea can rig out,
And of an Egg she'll make a Frigot;
Nay, in a Thimble stem the Flood,
Provide the Thimble be of Wood.
She can, where she does owe a Spight,
Spoil any Bridegroom's Wedding-night,
And the Bride's Longing disappoint,
By virtue of a Cod-piece point.
She can make People love or hate,
Ev'n whom she please, or at what Rate;
And by her Magick and her Spells,
Make Folks, or hang or drown themselves.
In short, there's nothing that has Ill in't,
But she has admirable Skill in't,
And does her Mischiefs too as quick
As any Juggler does a Trick.

¶ I take the Gods to Witness, Sister,
I'm led into this Course finifter:
Out of no End Men wicked call,
But only for Revenge, that's all;
And, since I am so basely cross'd,
I'll have this Hag, or it shall cost
More than I'll speak of; she perchance
My lead my *Trojan* such a Dance,

¶ *Testor, chara, Deos, & te, germana, tuumque
Dulce caput, magicas invitam accingier artes.*

Shall make him glad; as fast as may be,
 To come again, and cry *Peccavi*;
 Or make him hang himself at least,
 For an Example to the rest
 O'th'Tribe of false dissembling Yeomen,
 That take a Pride to ruin Women:
 And now, by good Luck, she's now hard by here,
 Come not an Hour ago to *Tyre*,
 Sent for, it seems, about no ill Deed,
 To bless a Sow that lies in Childbed;
 And I'll go fetch her, by her Favour,
 With a *Subpœna*, but I'll have her.
² In the mean time go thou and tie
 Fast to the great Beam, where I lie,
 The best new Halter thou canst choose,
 And make a dainty running Noose;
 Like that fell to the Fellow's Share,
 That made a Woman of a Mare.
³ Then take me out *Æneas'* Raiment,
 All I have left in Part of Payment:
 His greasy Doublet, and his Trousers,
 Where many a wand'ring *Trojan* Louse is:
 The Treasure he has left behind him;
 In the great standing Press you'll find 'um;
 Stuff me 'um up with Straw or Litter,
 The worse the Stuffing is, the fitter;
 And ram the Tatters with a Vengeance,
 As People use to ram their Engines:
 Make haste and do as I have bid ye;
 I'll hang the Rascal in Effigie:

² *Tu secreta Pyram tecto interiore sub auras
 Erige.* ³ *Et arma viri, thalamo quæ fixa reliquit
 Impius, exuviâsque omnes, lectûmque jugalem,
 Quo perii, superimponas:*

So I'm advis'd to do, and so
 1 I mean to serve him, if I blow;
 Which, though I cannot wreak my Teen, it
 Will stay the Stomach of my Spleen yet.
 2 Thus having said, the Queen chang'd Colour,
 No Ghost could e'er look pitifuller:
 One would have thought, by her Dejection,
 And by her woeful wan Complexion,
 She had been going, just o'th' sudden,
 To drop, and give the Crow a Pudden.
 3 Nancy (although she saw the Queen
 Ready to burst her Hoops for Teen)
 And well enough mark'd how she look'd too,
 Yet, by her fine Pretence, was rook'd so,
 She did no further on't consider,
 4 But went about what she had bid her;
 Dreaming no more than her last Even,
Dido had been so leudly given.
 Away therefore my Lads does trot,
 And presently an Halter got,
 Made of the best strong hempen Seer,
 And, e're a Cat could lick her Ear,
 Had tied it up with so much Art,
 As *Dun* himself could do for's Heart:
 The Rope, and say 'twas got o'th' sudden,
 Did prove so special prime a good one,
 That, with fair Usage, it might come
 To hang up *Carthage*, all and some.

1 *Abolere nefandi*

Cuncta viri monumenta jubet monstratque sacerdos.

2 *Hæc effata silet; pallor simul occupat ora.*

3 *Non tamen Anna novis pretextere funera sacris
 Germanam credit: nec tantos mente furores
 Concipit, aut graviora timet*

4 *Ergo jussa parat:*

F

The

The *Trojan* Doublet she had fill'd so,
 'Twas very strange the Buttons held so;
 And that the Cramming of his Breeches
 Had not quite broken out the Stitches,
 His very Stockings, though they were,
 About the Feet, out of Repair;
 Yet she made shift to stuff each Start-up,
 And tie 'em to the rest on's Wardrobe:
 5 Having thus brac'd him like a Drum,
 She laid him out in *Dido's* Room;
 "Display'd upon a fair long Board,
 Ready, when *Dido* gave the Word,
 To be advanc'd into the Halter,
 Without the Benefit on's Psalter.

Scarce had he thus dispos'd her Trinkums,
 When up the Stairs behold the Queen comes,
 6 Leading along the old rotten Gammer,
 Into her Highness' matted Chamber.

When she was come, and saw the portly
 Trophy in that most noble Sort lie,
 As she oft-times had seen the Sinner
 Lie gorg'd on Benches after Dinner;
 She fell again into a Passion,
 Caus'd by a sweet Commemoration
 Of past Delights, seeing those Breeches,
 And humbly the old Gib beseeches
 To shew her utmost Skill and Cunning
 To keep her *Trojan* Dear from running.
 The mumbling Witch bid her not fear.
 But rest content, and of good Chear,

5 *Exuvias, ensēque relictum,
 Effigiemque toro locat.*

6 *Stant aræ circum, & crines effusa sacerdos,*

And she should see she'd make him stay,
Or foul the Art should say her Nay.
7 With that the Hag began her Charm,
You would have thought she'd had a Swarm
Of Wasps and Hornets in her Throat,
There came so strange a Humming out :
And, as she spoke, her hollow Chap,
Bound up in two thin shrivell'd Flaps
Of old abominable Leather,
Like Bellows heav'd and clapp'd together.
Her little Eyes, being fiery red,
Were sunk so far into her Head,
They look'd, when most she star'd at full,
Like Farthing-Candles in a Skull.
Her Nose hung like an Arch, between
Her wrinkled Forehead and her Chin :
A craggy Passage, and uncouth,
Over the dreadful Gulph her Mouth ;
And Elf-locks hung so on each Shoulder,
'Twould make one tremble to behold her.

This Witch a Ribble-row rehearses
Of scurvy Names in scurvy Verses ;
Which, by the Manner of her Mouthing,
Was certainly *Burlesque*, or nothing ;
And in these Rhymes, as round she limps,
Calls her Familiars and her Imps,
8 Sprinkling the Chamber, in her Motion,
With a rapid brackish Lotion,

7 *Tercentum tonat ore Deos, Erebumque, Chaosque,
Tergeminamque Hecaten, tria virginis ora Dianæ.*

8 *Sparserat, & latices simulatos fentis Averni :*

For aught I know, of her own making,
By her much Stirring and Pains-taking.

9 A red Heart-breaker next she mow'd off,
A Wart that *Dido* was full proud of,
And burnt it for a strong Perfume,
And pow'rful Spell to make him come.
Then Hand in Hand to dance they fall,
And grave and solemn Magick brawl,
In such hard Figures none could tread 'em,
But the old hobbling Hag that led 'em;
Poor *Dido* too, alas! made one,
Although her Dancing Days were done;
And, though oppress'd with Woe and Care, cut
Capers, and Tricotee'd it * barefoot;
† Imploring all the Deities,
At every Step, both he's and she's,
To turn *Aeneas* back, and make him
Follow the Work he'd undertaken;
Or, if he would not turn, t'afford
The Grace to turn him over-board.
Thus to her Footing the poor Jade,
Out of all Measure curs'd and pray'd,
Against her Love had so offended,
Till Dance and Charm together ended.

9 *Quæritur & nascentis equi de fronte revulsus,
Et matri præreptus amor.*

* *Unum exuta pedem vinclis,* ———
Testatur moritura Deos, ———

——— † *Tum, si quod non æquo fœdere amantes
Curæ numen habet, justumque memorque precatur.*

¹ Twas now the Time when Candles are
 Repriev'd by the Extinguisher ;
 And ev'ry Thing to sleep down lies,
 Dogs in their Kennels, Hogs in Sties ;
 And Men and Women rest their Heads
 And Heels, on Flocks or Feather-beds.
 Now Men and Fishes, Birds and Beast,
 And every thing was laid to rest ;
² All but the woeful Queen (alas !)
 Who now was brought unto that Pass,
 What with her Love, and what with Spight,
 She could not sleep one Wink all Night.
 Her Stomach now was piping hot,
³ It boil'd and bubbled like a Pot,
 And did so strong a Wambling keep,
 She fitter was to spew than sleep.

Have not you seen an Animal
 Yclep'd an Horse, when in his Stall,
 The Botts, that terrible Disease,
 Doth on his tender Bowels seize,
 What Groans he fetches, and what Pranks
 He rolling plays upon the Planks ?
 So *Dido*, cross'd in her Amours,
 Tumbled away her sleeping Hours,

¹ *Nox erat, & placidum carpebant fessa soporem
 Corpora per terras ; silvæque & sæva quierant
 Æquora : ———*

*Cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes, piæque volucres,
 Quæque lacus late liquidos, quæque aspera dumis
 Rura tenent, somno positæ sub nocte silenti
 Lenibant curas, ———*

² *At non infelix animi Phœnissa, nec unquam
 Solvitur in somnis, oculisve aut pectore noctem
 Accipit : ———*

³ *Magnoque irarum fluctuat æstu.*

Now on her Back, and in such Fashion,
 As if she lay for Consolation;
 Now on her Belly, now her Side,
 All Postures and all Ways she try'd;
 But all in vain, nothing would do,
 4 Her Heart was so oppress'd with Woe,
 And Love within her did so rumble,
 She could do nought but toss and tumble:
 At last, in Midst of Agitation,
 5 She thus broke out into a Passion;
 Which Way, poor *Dido*, should'st thou turn thee,
 Whilst cruel Love does thus Heart-burn thee?
 Thou now of Hope hast not one Spark left,
 Th' hast brought thy Hogs to a fair Market,
 Not one poor Dram of Consolation,
 O Woman vile in Desperation!
 What shall I do in this Condition,
 To keep me from the World's Derision?
 6 Shall I invite to be my Spouse,
 Some one I have forbid my House?
 Some faucy, proud *Numidian* Jack,
 And humbly beg of him to take
 7 *Aeneas'* Leavings, or, like Trull here,
 Run away basely with this Sculler?

——— 4 *Ingeminant curæ, rursusque resurgens*
Sævit amor, ———

5 *Sic adeò insistit, secumque ita corde volutat!*
En quid agam? ———

——— 6 *Rursusque procos irrisa priores*
Experiar? Nomadumque petam connubia supplex,
Quos ego sum toties jam dedignata maritos?

7 *Iliacas igitur classes, atque ultima Teuerum*
Iussa sequar? ———

——— *Sola fugâ nautas comitabor ovantes?*

8 Or shall I raise the Town in Swarms,
And bring him back by Force of Arms?
Alas, I fear it is no Boot!

Foul Means would never bring him to't.

9 No, no, I'll die; this Halter yet,
When all Trades fail, shall do the Feat.

* Ah! Sister, Sister, had'st not thou
Play'd Mistress *Quickly's* Office so,
And sooth'd me up till I grew jolly,
I never had committed Folly:

No, had I made the least Resistance,
And kept the saucy Knave at Distance,
I might have us'd him as my list,
And ne'er been brought to this I wist.

** Thus lay the wretched Queen debating,
Nan, Fortune, and her Lover rating;

† Whilst he Dram-full with his Potation,
Ne'er dreaming of the doleful Passion
He had most vilely left his Drab in,
Lay drunk, and snoring in his Cabbin.

‡ But *Merc'ry*, though he slept profoundly,
|| Made bold to beat up's Quarters roundly.

8 *An Tyriis, omnique manu stipata meorum
Insequar?* —————

9 *Quin morere, ut merita es, ferroque averte dolorem.*
————— * *Tu prima furentem*

His, germana, malis oneras, —————

** *Tantos illa suo rumpebat pectore questus.*

† *Æneas celsâ in puppi,* —————
Carpebat somnos —————

‡ *Huic se forma Dei* —————
Obtulit in somnis —————

Omnia Mercurio similis,

————— || *Rursusque ita visa monere est;*

○ *Nate Deâ* —————

And thus 'gan rattle him : Thou lousy,
 Mangy, careless, drunken, drowsy
 Coxcomb ! how oft must I be sent
 Hither from *Jove* to compliment
 Your Worship to a rev'rent Care
 Of the young Bastard here, your Heir ?
 Whilst thou ly'st tippled, or tippling ;
 Nor car'st what Danger the poor Stripling
 Lies open to. ' Y'ad best snore on,
 Some-body will be here anon :
 Take t'other Nap, do, till the Queen come,
 She'll reckon with you for your In-come :
 She'll rouse ye, faith ! and (Goodman Letcher)
 'Tis ten to one with a good Stretcher
 About your Ears : therefore, my loving
 Acquaintance, you were best be moving ;
 Upon my Word th' Advice is wholesome,
 Stay not until the angry Soul come ;
 For if thou dost, mark what I say,
 And be'st not gone before't be Day,
 If *Carthage* ben't about your Ears,
 As soon as ever Day appears,
 And do not thrash your Back and Side,
 Far worse than *Agamemnon* did

—— ¹ *Potes hoc sub casu ducere somnos ?
 Nec, quæ circumstent te deinde pericula, cernis ;
 Demens !* ———

Ille dolos ——— *in pectore versat.*

² *Non fugis hinc præceps, dum præcipitare potestas ?
 Eia age, rumpe moras :* ———

³ *Jam mare turbare trabibus, sævâsque videbis
 Collucere faces, &c.* ———

Si te his attigerit terris Aurora morantem.

Those

Those of your Women-stealing Rabble,
 Give me but Six-pence, if thou'rt able,
 And here's my Hand, I do not sport,
 I'll give thee twenty Shillings for't.
 4 Thus having said, away he flies,
 E're Tofs-pot could unglue his Eyes,
 Which were so cemented in that Case,
 The *Page* was got as far as *Atlas*
 Back on his Way, e're he could free 'em
 From Gowl and Matter fit to see him :
 But having streak'd and yawn'd a while,
 Snorted, and kept the usual Coil,
 That Drunkards use in such-like Cases,
 And made some Dozen Devil's Faces ;
 At last he got his Eyes unglew'd
 Into a pretty Magnitude,
 He star'd about to see the Vision
 Had giv'n that courteous Admonition ;
 But 'was so dark, as well it might,
 Being 'twixt Twelve and One at Night ;
 That had the nimble Courier
 In Kindness staid his Leisure there,
 Tho' clad in *Falstaff's Kendal Green*,
 He could not possibly be seen.
 5 *Aeneas* troubled herewithal,
 Seeing he could not see at all,
 Starts from the Tilt where he had lain,
 And calls upon his Mates amain.

4 *Sic fatus, nostri se immiscuit atræ.*

5 *Tum vero Aeneas, subitis exterritus umbris,
 Corripit è somno corpus, sociosque fatigat.*

6 Rise, Sirs, quoth he, and look about ye,
 7 I've had from *Jove* another How d'ye.
 His Man was here, and calls to go still.
 His sweaty Pumps are in my Nose still,
 He swears, and offers to lay odds on't,
 And, if he say't, I'll lay my — on't,
 That if we do not leave the Dock,
 And get us hence by Four o'Clock,
 We shall be murder'd, if we were
 Ten Times as many as we are :
 Therefore I think it not amiss for's
 To launch, for there are Rods in Piss for's.
 Let us but ply our Oars like tall Men,
 Till we be got clear out of all Ken ;
 Then, if they have a Mind to lace us,
 Let *Carthage*, if they can, come trace us.
 8 And thou, O *Jove*, (Top of my Kin !)
 Who hitherto so kind hast been,
 9 If now thou stick, and do not fail's,
 Let *Dido* whistle in our Tails.

Thus having spoken, and thus pray'd,
 * Forthwith he drew his doubty Blade,
 And at one Slash, to all Men's Wonder,
 Cut the Boat's triple Cord afunder,

6 *Præcipites vigilate, viri, —*
 ——— 7 *Deus æthere missus ab alto,*
Festinare fugam, tortosque incidere funes
Ecce iterum stimulat. —

——— 8 *Soquimur te, sancte Deorum,*
Quisquis es, —

9 *Adsis, O, placidusque juves. Et sidera cælo*
Dextra feras !

——— * *Dixit ; vaginâque eripit ensem*
Fulmineum, strictoque ferit retinacula ferro.

¹ At which the Gang, spurr'd by so ample,
 So mighty and renown'd Example,
 Cut all the rest, not staying Brooks,
 But let the Devil take the Hooks,
 And, shipping Oars, to work they fell,
 Like Men that row'd for good and all.
 Had it been Day, no Doubt one might
 Have then beheld a gallant Sight.

Neptune's great Whiskers had not been
 So neatly ² brush'd as they were then
 Of many Year: Crabs, that did nest
 Full deep therein, could take no Rest.

³ They lather'd him in the great Bason,
 So admirably well, that *Jason*,
 Although he shav'd the Golden Fleece,
 Ne'er wash'd him half so well as these.

⁴ *Aurora* now, who, I must tell ye,
 Was grip'd with Dolors in her Belly,
 Starts from her Couch, and o'er her Head,
 Slipping on Petticoat of Red,
 Forth of her Morning-Doors she goes,
 In hasty wise to pluck a Rose;
 When *Dido*, who was broad awake,
 Hearing the rusty Hinges creak,
 Ran to her ⁵ Peeping-hole, to spy
 What was become o'th' *Trojan*'ry.

¹ *Idem omnes simul ardor habet :*

—— *Rapiuntque, ruuntque :*

Litora deseruere :

—— ² *Et cœrula verrunt.*

³ *Adnixi torquent spumas,*

⁴ *Et jam prima nova spargebat lumine terras*

Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile ;

⁵ *Régina è speculis, ut primum albescere lucem*

But out, alas ! 7 The Devil a Sail
 Was left i' th' Port ; bare as my Nail
 The Dock was stripp'd ; while far from Shore
 They row'd as they ne'er row'd before.
 At which sad Sight, in Wrath (God bless us !)
 8 Tearing her dainty yellow Tresses,
 She sighing, said, Was ever seen
 So pitiful an undone Queen !
 And shall this filthy *Trojan* Royster,
 Undo, as one would do an Oyster,
 Poor *Dido* thus, and run away,
 Maugre what I can do or say !
 Hey, how the treach'rous wenching Knave
 Bounces and vaults from Wave to Wave,
 As he were making Ducks and Drakes,
 With Wherries upon *Neptune's* Lakes !
 The Devil sure farts in his Poop,
 And puffs his kicking Sculler up ;
 Or else some dirty Suburb Drab
 Has help'd the Rascal to a Clap,
 And sent a running Nag to Sea,
 He could not else make so much Way.
 9 Cannot I burn, or sink their Floats,
 A lousy Fleet of rotten Boats !
 Yes, I'm a Queen : To Sea, my People
 Let none remember he's a Cripple :

7 *Vidit, & æquatis classem procedere velis,
 Litoraque, & vacuos sensit sine remige portus.*

8 *Flaventesque abscissa comas, Proh ! Jupiter ! ibi
 Hic, ait, & nostris illuserit advena regnis ?*

9 *Non arma expedient ? totaque ex urbe sequentur ?*
 ————— *ite ;*

Ferte citi flammæ, date vela, impellite remos.

But

But run and row, sound and unsound,
And those you kill not, bring Home bound.

¹ But tarry here, good Magistrate,
Your big Commands come now too late :
Poor *Dido*, Sorrow makes thee giddy,
They're got to Sea five Leagues already.

² Queen, thou art mortal, and must die
A Sacrifice to Lechery.

Time was thou might'st have something done,
But now farewell Dominion.

³ This was our huffing *Trojan* Captain,
That his fair Mother's Smock was lapp'd in.

Of twenty *Greeks* this was the *Cob*,
And brought his Gods away in's Phob,

And through the Fire, a-pick-a-pack,
Bore the old Sinner on his Back,

Bed-rid *Anchises* ; this was he
Made the brave Voyage o'er the Sea.

This was your trusty *Trojan*, this :
Now he shews what a Man he is !

⁴ Whilst he was here, why did I not
Cut the false Rogue's devouring Throat ?

⁵ Or of his Bastard make a Pye,
And, being bak'd in Paste of Rye,

¹ *Quid loquor ? aut ubi sum ? Quæ mentem insania mutat ?*
Infelix Dido ! ———

———— ² *Nunc te facta impia tangunt ?*
Tum decuit, cum sceptrâ dabas. ³ *En dextra fidêsque !*

Quem secum patrios aiunt portare Penates :
Quem subiisse humeris confectum ætate parentem.

⁴ *Non potui abreptum divellere corpus, & undis*
Spargere ? ———

———— ⁵ *Non ipsum absumere ferro*
Ascanium ———

6 Make the good Trencherman, his nasty
 Sire, eat his Brat for Mutton-Pasty !
 Why did I not, e're this Disgrace,
 Kill him, and all his treach'rous 7 Race ?
 I then had dy'd reveng'd, where I
 Shall now depart most sneakingly.
 8 Thou, *Sol*, who didst in pimping Sort,
 Because thou would'st not spoil our Sport,
 Creep into Clouds, that rainy Weather ;
 And you that brought young Folks together,
 9 Procurefs *Juno*, *Jove* and all
 Ye Members of *Olympus*' Hall ;
 I charge ye, as y're Folks of Fashion,
 Grant this my latest * Supplication.
 If nothing can the Rogue withstand,
 But that he must get safe to † Land,
 Let it be such a Land as he
 Had better far, upon the Sea,
 With all his Comroques have been drown'd,
 Than such a wretched Place have found.
 May he, where he expects his Leases,
 Never know what such a Thing as Peace is :

——— 6 *Patriisque epulandum apponere mensis ?*

——— 7 *Natumque patrémque,*

Cum genere extinxem ; memet super ipsa dedissem.

8 *Sol, qui terrarum flammis opera omnia lustras :*

9 *Tuque harum interpres curarum, & conscia Juno,*
Nocturnisque Hecate ———

Et diræ ultrices, &c. ———

——— * *Nostras audite preces* ———

——— † *Si tangere portus*

Infandum caput, ac terris adnare necesse est.

But



J. Goupy del.

M. P. Guche Sculp.

Dido after weeping over Aeneas in Effigie hangs herself

¹ But be drubb'd daily Back and Side,
Till his Bones rattle in his Hide.
May he ne'er sleep an Hour in Quiet,
But be disturb'd with Rout and Riot;
Black be his Days, and may his Nights
Swarm with Hobgoblins, Ghosts, and Sprights;
May Strangers daunt him with Bravado's;
² And spirit's Son to the *Barbado's*;
May he at last fall worse than Sea-sick,
And find no Quack to give him Physick:
³ No Help for Money, or for Love found,
But let him die and rot above Ground;
May none give House-room to the Mungril;
But let him perish on some ⁴ Dunghil.
And, when his treach'rous Soul's departed,
Let his foul Carcass be deserted,
As Traytors Quarters Men expose
To Hogs, and Dogs, and Kites, and Crows:
⁵ This my last Pray'r is, hear it then,
I shall ne'er trouble you again.
And be't your Care, ye *Tyrian* ⁶ Nation,
To plague this wicked Generation.

¹ *Bello audacis populi vexatus & armis,
Finibus extorris* ———

² *Complexu avulsus Iuli,*

³ *Auxilium imploret,* ———

⁴ *Videátque indigna suorum
Funera :* ———

— *Mediâque inhumatus arenâ.*

⁵ *Hæc præcor, hanc vocem extremam — fundo.*

⁶ *Tum vos, O Tyrii, stirpem & genus omne futurum
Exercete odiis, cinerique hæc mittite nostro
Munera :*

Kill 'em like Rats, that I may have
Heaps of the Rogues pil'd o'er my Grave.

7 And may those Children that are yet
To bear, and those that are to get,
Torment them still by Land and Water,
And still may those that follow after,
Hate worse and worse, that so it fall,
The last may hate them worst of all.

8 This said, she let a Groan, and sigh'd
A doleful Sigh, that prophesy'd
The Thread was spun, and that the *Parcæ*
Would shortly cut it without Mercy.

9 In Mind she weigh'd, as she sat crying,
What Kind of Death was best to die in.
Poison she thought would not be quick,
And, which was worse, would make her sick :
That being therefore wav'd, she thought,
That neatly cutting her own Throat
Might serve to do her Business for her :
But that she thought upon with Horror,
Because 'twould hurt her ; neither cou'd
She well endure to see her Blood.

The next came in her Thoughts was Drowning,
That Way she thought 'twould be a done Thing
Soon, and with some Delight ; for why
Sorrow had made her Grace a-dry.

————— 7 *Pugnent ipsique nepotes.*

Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.

————— *Nullus amor populis, nec fœdera sunt.*

8 *Hæc ait* —————

————— 9 *Et partes animum versabat in omnes,
Invisam quærens quamprimùm abrumpere lucem.*

But

But then again she fell a thinking,
 She should be somewhat long a sinking,
 Having been ever light of Members;
 And, to dissuade her more, remembers,
 'Twould spoil the Cloaths might do some one
 Credit, when she was dead and gone.

On these mature Deliberations,
 She lik'd none of these dying Fashions:
 But looking up, and seeing the Rope
 Ty'd to the Beam i'th' Chamber-Top,
 With neat alluring Noose, her sick Grace
 E'en long'd to wear it for a Necklace:
 And, in that Circle, in Conclusion,
 She prick'd the Point of Resolution.

¹ But an old Woman being by her,
 One of her Chattles brought from Tyre,
 An ancient Heir-loom to the Queen,
 'Cause she her Husband's Nurse had been;
 She meant to send her first away,
 On sleeveless Errand (as we say)
 That she might have her Swing alone,
 To do her Execution.

² *Cicely* (quoth she) go to my Sister,
 Bid her tie up her Head and wish her
 To wash her Hands in Bran or Flour,
 And do you, in like Manner, scour
 Your dirty Golls; for I intend to
 Make a good Cheese, and for a Friend too,

¹ *Tum breviter Barcen nutricem affata Sichæi;*

² *Annam, chara mihi nutrix, huc siste sororem:*

Dic corpus properet fluviali spargere lymphâ,

——— Tūque ipsa piâ tege tempora vittâ.

O'th' Morning's Milk, let it be her Care
 To take the great brass Pan i'th' Larder,
 And fill the Milk into't : And, hear ye?
 Take you the large Cheese-Fat i'th' Dairy,
 And scour it clean with Sand ; bid *Joan* too
 Get on the Pot, that she may come to ;
 And, when the Cheese is come, but, break it,
 And call ; for I'll come help to make it.
 The hobbling Trot limps down the Stairs,
 And now the desp'rate Queen prepares,
 4 Although her woeful Heart did pantle,
 To make herself a sad Example.
 5 Towards the fatal String she moves
 With tardy Pace, as it behoves
 Those, who, by *Nich'las* led astray,
 Wilfully make themselves away.
 When she came underneath the Halter,
 The Colour in her Face did alter ;
 Whilst down her Cheeks round Liquor rolls,
 As if her Eyes had been at Bowls.
 First she beholds, with trickling Eyes,
 6 *Aeneas's* most dear Disguise ;
 And, as the Trowles she survey'd,
 Reflecting how she'd been betray'd :
 Sighing, cry'd out, 7 O thou who wert
 The Joy and Comfort of my Heart,

3 *Illa gradum studio celerabat anili.*

4 *At trepida ——— & pallida morte futura*

5 *Interiora domûs irrumpit limina, & altos*

Conscendit furibunda rogos,

—— *paulum lachrymis, & mente morata,*

6 *Hic, postquam Iliacas vestes notumque cubile*

Conspexit, ———

7 *Dulces exuviae, dum fata Deusque sinebant ;*

—— *Dixitque novissima verba.*

Whilst

Whilst Casket to my dearest Jewel;
 But, since the Fates have been so cruel,
 My Grief and Shame, farewell for ever;
 And here I prophesy, that never,
 Whoever may hereafter wear thee,
 Shall mortal *Bilbo* e'er come near thee.
 Farewell, my latest Leave I take,
 And kiss the Case for Ho-Boy's sake.

Thus having said, she mounts the Table,
 Because, though tall, she was not able
 To reach the Halter that must tye
 Her fast to doleful Destiny;
 And, having, like too apt a Scholar,
 Thrust her plump Neck into a Collar,
 As 'tis, you know, the hanging Fashion,
 She thus began her last Oration:

* That I have liv'd, quoth she, and how,
 I doubt, alas! too many know;
 But that I now will die, is known
 To no one, but myself alone;
 And, if I Nature's Debt do pay,
 And hang myself before my Day,
 The censuring World can say but this,
 That I'm the better Pay-mistress;
 And, though I die a Death, they say,
 Makes Sufferers themselves bewray,
 And die uncleanly Corpse; yet I
 Shall leave, although I purging die,
 And go out strong as Candle-snuff,
 A Fame shall favour sweet enough.

* *VIXI, &c, quem dederat cursum fortuna, peregi.*

8 For murther'd Spouse I've made amends yet,
 As far as Stealing could revenge it,
 And made *Pygmalion*, that undid us,
 Pay Sauce for making People Widows.
 And, at my proper Costs and Charges,
 A Village built, which, for its Largeness,
 9 In a few Years might well have grown
 To be a pretty Market-Town,
 Had not this *Trojan* Varlet come
 T' undo what all my Care had done.

Then going to turn off: * But must
 I go, quoth she, and is it just,
 I die like Felon vile, or Traitor,
Sans Vengeance on this Fornicator;
 † And, whilst the Stallion proudly stalks it,
 Must I be thus hang'd up for Hawks-meat?
 Yes, die, as 'twas foretold thee long since,
 If but to trouble the Knave's Conscience:
 Then, 'cause she would, to part the sweeter,
 A Portion have of *Hopkins'* Metre,
 As People use at Execution,
 For the *Decorum* of Conclusion,
 Being too sad to sing, she says,

— — — — —
 Which, with a Grace like his that penn'd it,
 To her great Comfort, being ended,

8 *Urbem præclaram statui; mea mœnia vidi;
 Ulta virum, pœnas inimico à fratre recepi.*

9 *Felix, heu nimum felix, si litora tantum
 Nunquam Dardaniæ tetigissent nostra carinæ!*

* *Sed moriamur, ait; sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.*

† *Hauriat hunc oculis ignem crudelis ab alto
 Dardanus, & nostræ secum ferat omina mortis.*

And Ceremonies now compleat,
 Proceeding to the final Feat ;
 Thus, thus, (quoth she) to Shades of Night
 I go, and thus I take my Flight.

¹ With that she from the Table swung,
 And happy 'twas the Rope was strong
 Enough, in such a Swing, to stop her,
 Her Grace might else have broke her Crupper :

² So have I seen, in Forest tall,
 From friendly Cup the Acorn fall,
 And Bullace tumble from the Tree,
 As ripe for Hanging, down fell she.

She caper'd twice or thrice most finely ;
 But th' Rope embrac'd her Neck so kindly,
 Till at the last in mortal Trance,
 She did conclude the dismal Dance :

A yellow aromatic Matter
 Dropp'd from her Heels, commix'd with Water
 Which, sinking through the Chamber-floor.

³ Set all the House in sad Uproar,
 All at the first that they amiss thought,
 Was that her Grace had miss'd the Piss-pot ;
 And when the Stairs they had ascended,
 And saw her Majesty suspended ;

¹ *Dixerat ; atque illam media inter talia* —

² *Non aliter, quam si immixtis ruat hostibus omnis*
Carthago, —

— ³ *It clamor ad alta*
Atria ; concussam bacchatur fama per urbem,

The Servants, frightened past their Senses,
Tumble o'er Beaufets, Forms, and Benches,
And ran to all the next Abidings,
With open Cry to tell the Tidings.

4 Ev'n like unto the dismal Yowl,
When triftful Dogs at Midnight howl;
Or like the Dirges that, through Nose,
Hum out to daunt their *Pagan* Foes,
When holy Round-heads go to Battle;
With such a Yell did *Carthage* rattle;
5 At the first News poor *Nancy* shrieks,
And tearing Hair, and scratching Cheeks,
Ran up the Stairs, and like a Fell-threw,
Made all, that stopp'd her, feel her Elbow;
Till having jostled all Opposers,

And thrust some twenty on their Noses;
At last the Place she set her Feet on,
Where *Dido* hung to dry or sweeten:

6 Was it for this, ah Sister, Sister,
That I was sent to Gaffer *Twister*
To buy a Rope! 7 Was this, quoth she,
Your fine Device to cozen me!

Could none a Halter else prepare ye,
But I must be made accessory!

Why knew I not thy dire Intent, as
I still thy chiefest Confident was!

4 *Lamentis, gemituque, & fœmineo ululatu*
Tecta fremunt; resonat magnis plangoribus æther;
Non aliter, quam si, &c. ———

5 *Audiit exanimis, trepidoque exterrita cursu*
Unguibus ora soror fœdans, & pectora pugnis,
Per medios ruit, ———

6 *Hoc illud, germana, fuit?* ———

——— 7 *Me fraude petebas?*

Hoc rogus iste mihi hoc ignes, aræque parabant?

8 What

8 What did'st thou know, but kindly I
 Might e'en have hang'd for Company?
 But, in thy Ruin, I and all
 The People suffer, great and small;
 And, in this wilful Woman-slaughter,
 9 Th'ast hang'd up *Carthage* Son and Daughter,
 * But stay, methinks I am not hasty
 To close those Eyes that stare so ghastly :
 † Which said, her Buttocks on the Board
 She tofs'd, that all the Chamber roar'd;
 And, being an active Lass, and light,
 At one Jump more stood bolt upright.
 ‡ Thrice in her Arms did *Nancy* catch her,
 Thrice thump'd her Bosom to dispatch her,
 And thrice her latest Breath did roar,
 In hollow Sound at Postern-door.

|| Then *Juno*, who had ever been
 As 'twere sworn Sister to the Queen;
 Hearing the lamentable Cries
 That from her Village pierc'd the Skies,
 Down towards *Carthage* bent her Looks,
 Where seeing all Things off the Hooks,

—— 8 *Comitémne sororem*

Sprevisti moriens? eadem me ad fata vocâsses :
Idem ambas ferro dolor, &c. ———

9 *Extincti me, téque, soror, populúmque, patrésque*
Sidonios, urbémque tuam; date vulnera lymphis

* *Abluam,* ———

—— † *Sic fata, gradus evaserat altos,*

‡ *Semianimémque sinu germanam amplexa fovebat*
Cum gemitu, &c. ———

Ter sese attollens, ———

Ter revoluta toro est, ———

|| *Tum Juno* ———

And

And *Dido*, in unseemly Sort,
 Hang dangling there; being sorry for't,
¹ And loth a Queen in hempen Tackle
 Should to *Plebeians* be a Spectacle;
 She call'd a little Emissary,
 That us'd her Embassies to carry;
 One Mrs. *Iris*, a main pretty
 Nimble Housewife, and a witty;
 One that, if bidden once, would do't;
 And had the Length of *Juno's* Foot
 So right, that, for her Parts and Feature,
 She was become her Mistress' Creature.
 This Girl was born (as Poets hint to's)
 At a small Hamlet near *Olympus*,
 And though by Birth a Dyer's Daughter,
 Yet had her Friends full well up brought her;
 And, because *Juno* gave great Wages,
 Preferr'd her thither for a Pageess.

Her *Juno* call'd away from Starching,
 And, big with Tears, bid her be marching,
² Put on her Wings, and swiftly clip it,
 To cut down *Dido* from the Gibbet.

Iris, when young, had learn'd to fly
 (As Youth is full of Wagery)
 Of a tame Jack-daw that she hed,
 And for her Journies lately made
 Fine party-colour'd Wings to fly in,
 No worse than of her Father's Dying;

—— ¹ *Longum miserata dolorem*

—— ² *Irim demisit Olympo,*

Quæ luctantem animam nexûsque resolveret artus.

Who, knowing that his Daughter was
To be preferr'd to such a Place,
And what she must b' employ'd about,
Had spar'd no Cost to set her out:

¹ At the Command of Heaven's Goddes,
She ties these Wings fast to her Boddice,
Which waving did adorn the Sky
With all the fair Variety
Of Colours that the Rain-bow shows,
When clad in her most gaudy Cloaths.
Full swift she flew, till, coming near
Carthage, she made a Chancelleer,
And then a Stoop, when, having spy'd
Queen *Dido's* Window staring wide
Set open, you may well presume,
(As there was Cause) to air the Room,
She nimbly, to all Folks Amazement,
Whips like a Swallow through the Casement.

² O'er *Dido's* Head she took her Stand,
And cries, whilst flourishing a Brand,
Sent down from *Juno* Queen come I,
Epilogue to this Tragedy;
And thus, O *Dido*, set thee loose
From Twitch of suffocating Noose.

¹ *Ergo Iris croceis per cælum roscida pennis,
Mille trahens varios adverso Sole colores,
Devolat, —————*

—————² *Et supra caput astitit: Hunc ego Diti
Sacrum iussa fero, téque isto corpore solvo.*

* Which said, and tossing high her Blade
With great Dexterity, the Maid,
† O wonderful ! ev'n at one Side-blow,
Spoil'd a good Rope, and down dropp'd *Dido*.

* *Sic ait* ———
——— † *Et dextrâ crinem secat : omnis & unâ
Dilapsus calor, atque in ventos vita recessit.*

The End of the Fourth BOOK.

Burlesque

151.9

Handwritten text at the bottom of the page, possibly a signature or date, including the word "March".



J. Goupy del.

Mr^r. Gucht Seal

Mercury & Vulcan nailing Prometheus to a Rock

Burlesque upon Burlesque :

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PROLOGUE.

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In home-spun Robes, and clouted Shoes,
Presents you old, but new translated, News.

*We in the Country do not scorn
Our Walls with Ballads to adorn,
Of Patient Grizell, and the Lord of Lorne.*

*Old Tales, old Songs, and an old Jest,
Our Stomachs easily'st digest;
And, of all Plays, Hieronymo's the best.*

*We bring you here a Fustian-piece,
Writ by a merry Wag of Greece,
Which yet the Learned say's not much amiss.*

*And if, 'gainst Style except you shall,
We must acquaint you once for all,
'Tis but Burlesque in the Original.*

*The Subject is without Offence,
Do but some smutty Word dispense,
We'll make amends with Rhyme, if not with Sense.*

*Besides, you must not take a Picque,
If he sometimes speak plain and glee;
Without that License he could be no Greek.*

*But we ourselves so hate Prophaners,
And all Corrupters of good Manners,
He's qualified for all Entertainers:*

*And is so well reform'd from Riot,
His Book is made so wholesome Diet,
Virgins and Boys can run no Danger by it.*

*But why a Prologue you will say,
To what nor is, nor's like a Play?
That I expect you in my Dish should lay.*

*Why, though this Antick new-vamp'd Wit
With no such vain Design was writ,
That it should either Gall'ry, Box, or Pit:*

*Yet my renowned Author says,
These Scenes with those may pass for Plays
Were writ i'th' Duchesse of ——— Days.*

*But she is gone (I speak it quaking,
The sleeping Lioness for waking)
To write in a new World of her own making.*

*And, now that she has shut the Pit,
You even must contented sit,
And take such homely Fare as you can get.*

*For This, the Rhymer says that penn'd it,
For a fine Piece 'twas not intended.
Since in a Month 'twas both begun and ended.*

*Some Favour he expects therefore,
And does your Mercies (Sirs) implore
On one that never troubled you before.*

*But yet he bid me, e're I went hence,
To tell you, that, whate'er's your Sentence,
It shall not cost him half an Hour's Repentance.*





Prometheus, or Caucasus.

THE Author, (who, no doubt, had Wit)

*This Piece of Rallery then writ,
When Paganism was in Fashion :
By this ridiculous Narration
To beat into the Brains o'th' rude
And logger-headed Multitude,
That what the wanton Poets feign,
Of one Prometheus, is vain,
And fit to be (here be it said)
By none but Coxcombs credited.
Wherein his Meaning further is
To take away th' Authorities
Of Lyes and Fables, which did pigeon
The Rabble into false Religion.
Which also was his Drift ('tis odds)
In th' other Dialogues o'th' Gods ;
Of which, this here plac'd first of all
Seems to be Captain-General.*



DIALOGUE.

VULCAN, MERCURY, and PROMETHEUS.

Merc. SO, now to *Caucasus* we're got;
Come, *Vulcan*, let us look about
For some good *Rock*, where we may fall
To nailing fast the *Criminal*.

'Tis more than Time that we had done it:
But let's chuse one has no Snow on it;
That of both *Manacle* and *Gieve*
The Nails we to the Head may drive;
And one that also on each Side
Does open lie to be descry'd,
That *Passengers* may be aware on't,
And the *Rogue's* Shame the more apparent.

Vulcan. Content; but we must nail him so,
That he may neither hang so low,
That *Mortals*, soon as they shall spy him,
May presently come and untie him;
Nor must we fasten him so high,
As to be out of Reach of Eye:
The Torment then would be unknown,
That's meant an exemplary one.
Therefore be rul'd by my Advice,
We'll hang him on this *Precipice*
I'th' middle of the Mountain there,
Chaining one Hand to this Rock here,

T'other to that that's opposite,
 And there he will hang fair in fight;
 Where *Friend* and *Foe* at Ease may view him,
 But the *grand Devil* can't get to him.

Merc. I like thy Reasons wond'rous well;
 They are both inaccessible.

Come (*Sir Prometheus*) if you please,
 And mount a Step for your own Ease;
 Nay, never *hang an Arse* for th' Matter,
 It is in vain to cog and flatter:

Come on, I say, and ne'er draw back for't,
 Or those large Lugs of yours will crack for't;
 Why when, I say! come mount apace,
 And hang, Man, with a handsome Grace.

Prom. Haul me not, prithee, on this Fashion,
 But take some small Commiseration
 Upon a *pauvre Diable*,
 Unjustly made thus miserable.

Merc. What! I believe thou art so kind
 (Thou bear'st a very loving Mind)
 To have us trufs'd up in thy room
 For disobeying great *Jove's* Doom!
 Dost think this *Caucasus* to be
 Too little to hold us all three?
 Or would it Comfort be to thee
 T'have Fellows in thy Misery?
Your Servant, Sir, we thank you kindly,
 And in Return we mean to bind ye,
 Where any Friend you have may find ye.
 Come (*Sir*) your Right-hand; *Vulcan*, drive:
 Well driven, *as I hope to live!*
 Such Things I see thou hast an Art in;
 That Hand I warrant's *fast for starting*,
 Come (*Sir*) your left; here, strike again,
 And drive this Home *with might and main*.

Ha!

Ha! ha! old *Smutty-face*, well said,
Th'haſt hit the Nail (i'faith) o'th' Head.
 Here, here, now take me this right Leg,
 And drive me here another Peg.
 Well ſaid! here make me this faſt too,
 And then there is no more to do.
 'Zlid, thou haſt *done it to a Hair*:
 So, now (*Sir*) you may take the Air,
 And may contemplate all alone;
 The *Vulture* will come down anon
 To prey upon your Entrails, *Don*;
 A Recompence, a worthy one,
 For your moſt fine Invention.

Prom. O gentle Mother *Earth* that bore me,
 And in thy Throws didſt loud groan for me;
 Thou *Saturn*, and *Japetus* too,
Alas the Day, what ſhall I do?
 What! muſt I undergo this Woe-thing,
 And ſuffer thus for doing nothing?

Merc. No! call'ſt it nothing (*wicked Beast*)
 To cheat great *Jove* at a great Feaſt!
 To give him Bones (a Trick that new is)
 Smear'd over with a little *Brewis*,
 And keep the beſt o'th'Meat (forſooth)
 For your own Worſhip's *dainty Tooth*!
 Beſides, I wonder much (*Wiſe-acre*)
 Who 'twas that made you a *Man-maker*!
 That ſubtle crafty Animal;
 And *Woman* too, the worſt of all!
 And then to ſteal the Fire from *Heaven*,
 Which only to the Gods was given;
 And that they prize above all meaſure
 Much more than all their other *Treasure*;

After all which, hast thou a Face,
 So varnish'd, nay, so vamp'd with Brass ;
 Or rather steel'd with Impudence,
 To preach to us thy Innocence !
 And to complain thou hast wrong done thee !
 Thou *wicked Rogue*, now out upon thee !

Prom. Hast thou the stony Heart to rate
 And use me thus in this Estate ?

And to reproach me for things here,
 For which, by all the Gods I swear,
 And all of them to Witness call

That dine and sup in *Jove's* fair Hall,
 I deserve, rather than this Doom,

A Pension i'th' * *Prytonium*.

And if thou-would'st but give me Leisure,
In Sadness, I could take a Pleasure,

(For all, I know, thou must do Glory
 In thy renowned Oratory)

Now with thee to dispute the Case,

And argue't with thee *Face to Face* ;

To baffle in thy Person here

Thy mighty Master *Jupiter*.

Take then upon thee his Defence

With all thy mighty Eloquence,

And make't appear that he has Reason

To chain me here this bitter Season,

In Prospect of the *Caspian Ports*,

To which the trading World resorts,

To all those Crowds of Men to be

A Spectacle of Misery ;

Yea (and what's more) of Horror, ev'n

To *Scythians*, to whom is giv'n,

By all that have been hither * driv'n

The Name of bloody't under Heav'n.

Necessity of Trading, as well as by the Winds.

* *The Ex-
 chequer of
 Athens.*

* *The Au-
 thor means
 driven by*

Merc. Faith, thy Defence comes now too late ;
 But, if thou hast a mind to prate,
 We'll give thee Hearing, and we may ;
 For we are here enjoin'd to stay
 Until we see the * *Pigeon-driver*
 Come down to prey upon thy Liver.
 In the mean time we'll shew our Breeding
 In our Attention to thy Pleading ;
 Make use of Time then, and be quick
 In pouring out thy Rhetorick,
 'Twill doubtless ravish ; for I hear
 Thou art a mighty *Sophister*.

* *The Vul-
 ture.*

Prom. Nay, to speak first it is thy Part,
 Because thou my Accuser art ;
 And, in so doing, take heed, pray
 You don't your Master's Cause betray :
Smug here shall stand by, and be mute,
 And be the *Judge* of our Dispute.

Vulc. Who, I be *Judge* against my *Father* !
 Thy Peacher and thy Hangman rather,
 For having my own Forge bereaven
 Of Heat, by stealing Fire from Heaven.

Prom. Why then I'll tell you what to do,
 Your Accusations split in two ;

* *Thou* of the *Theft* to speak hadst best,
 And let *him* handle all the rest ;
 T'other Offences leave to him :

* *Speaking
 to Vulcan.*

And also it would ill beseem
 The *God of Thieves*, in open Session,
 To speak against *his own Profession*.

Vulc. No, no, to meddle I am loth.
Mercury here shall speak for's both ;
 He is a *Clerk* of better Reading,
 For my Part, I've no Skill in Pleading :

He

He has been bred to't, I was ne'er
 Cut out to be a *Barrister* ;
 My Head too heavy was and logger
 Ever to make a *Petifogger* ;
 I'll ne'er deny it, I've more Art
 In clouting of a crazy Cart :
 But *he* by Bawling, 'tis well known,
 Has gotten many a good Half-Crown ;
 And by *that Trade* has got his Living,
 (For all they talk) as well as *Thieving*.

Merc. It would require a tedious Time
 Piecemeal to handle ev'ry Crime
 Of which thou, lousy, mangy, filthy,
 Abominable *Knave*, art guilty :
 Nor is't enough, in running Fashion,
 Barely to name each Accufation :
 But, since my *Gentleman* confesses,
 Nay glories in his Wickednesses,
 My Task by that so much the less is.
 And it great Folly were to babble
 A great long tedious Ribble-rabble
 Of Crimes would load a Council-Table,
 And go about, with grave Sentences,
 To prove a *Bead-Roll* of Offences,
 Of which, without being so strict,
 He is by his own Mouth convict ;
 And therefore I shall say but this,
 That undeniably it is
 The greatest Injury can be
 To *Jupiter's* great Clemency
 So often to relapse into
 Crimes (*Sir*) for which, you full well knew
 The Gallows were long since your Due ;

And,

And, in Defiance still of Heaven,
To sin as often as forgiven.

Prom. A great Case in few Words laid open;
Learnedly has your *Worship* spoken:
Good *Master Serjeant*, y've undone
The *Lawyers* ev'ry Mother's Son:
'Tis Pity but you had held on,
It was so pithy an *Oration*.

}

But now how wise your Accusation
Is, in the Substance, would be known,
And that (*Sir*) we shall see anon.

But since you think ye've said enough,
Without one Syllable of Proof,
I'll enter into my Defence,

To answer your great Eloquence.

And, first and foremost, here I all
The *Gods* in *Heav'n* to witnesses call,
It pities me to th' Heart to see

That the great *Jupiter* should be
So out of Humour and so grum,

As to pronounce this heavy Doom,
Not only on a Man, but even

A *God* who has a Right in *Heaven*,
One of the merriest of *boon Blades*,

And one too of his old *Comrades*,

Nay, one that sometime (much Good do him)

Has been full serviceable to him:

And all this only for a Jest

I put upon him at a Feast!

But, had I thought he'd been so loddan

Of his bak'd, fry'd, boil'd, roast, and sodden,

I should (I am not such a *Noddy*)

Have jested with some other Body.

Thou

Thou know'st what Liberty of jesting
Every one takes when they are feasting,
Where we throw Cushions, Chairs, and Stools,
And none but Children, or mere Fools,
Any Thing ever do take ill,
Let a Man do whate'er he will :
But evermore the better Sort
Turn all to Rallery and Sport.
But for one, of the State that his is,
To let such a poor Thing as this is,
(Scarcely the Shadow of a Wrong)
Lie fest'ring in his Heart so long,
And to this damnable Degree
To wreak his Anger as you see,
In my poor Judgment, is a Part
So much below the gen'rous Heart
Not only of a *God* to do,
And of all *Gods* the *Sov'reign* too ;
But even of a *Gentleman*,
A civil and a well-bred Man :
For if such honest Liberties,
Such Pastimes, and such Tricks as these,
Must banish'd be from merry Meetings,
I fain would know what at such Sitzings
There will be left to do, but fill
One's Guts like Brutes, so munch and swill ?
Which is unfit, (if I am able
To judge) of any civil Table.
I did not then, I swear, imagine
He would have taken't in such dudgin ;
Or that he'd had so little Wit,
As the next Day to think of it ;
Much less he would have been so canker'd,
So false a *Brother of the Tankard*,

As to have plagu'd me in this fort
For what I only did in Sport.
What if in Play I made one Mefs
Than others something worfe and lefs,
And offer'd 'em to his refusing,
Only to try his Wit in chusing?
Was that so heinous an Offence,
He must bear Malice ever since,
And nourish such a damn'd Malignity,
As if the uttermost Indignity,
Both to his Person and his *Crown*,
I offer'd had that e'er was known?
But come now, at the *worst let's take it*,
And *mak't as ill as ill can make it*:
Suppose, more than thou didst at first,
Not only that his Share was worst,
But that he had no Part at all,
Must he for this make all this Brawl?
And must he (as th' old Saying is)
For such a trivial Toy as this,
(A Thing indeed not worth a Feather)
Shuffle both Heaven and Earth together?
And, of one Meal for the great Losses,
Of nothing talk but Stocks and Crosses,
Racks, Gibbets, and these new Devices
Of Vultures, Rocks, and Precipices!
Let him take heed, when this is bruited,
That this Proceeding ben't imputed
To an Unworthiness of Spirit:
I promise you I greatly fear it;
For a great Thing I fain would know,
What would this *Thund'rer* stick to do,
Who makes this strange unheard-of Clutter
For losing of his Bread and Butter?

How

How many *Men* would scorn this odd,
This strange Proceeding of a *God*!

Does any *History* relate,
That ever Man of any State
So greedy was or passionate,
To *make* or *put* his Cook *away*,
For licking of his Fingers, pray?
Or if a *Tripe*, or so, he rifles,
One ne'er regards such pretty *Trifles*;
Or, if one do chastise him for it,
'Tis only with a *Kick* or *Whirret*:
But, for so small a *Peccadil*,
To send a Man up *Holborn-Hill*,
An Act is of an odious Dye,
And an unheard-of Cruelty!

Thus much to say I've ta'en Occasion
To th' first Point of my Accusation;
Wherein so pitiful's the Matter
Which does my Innocence bespatter,
That (though I do not often use it)
I almost blush'd but to excuse it;
They then may sure blush well enough,
Who charge me with such *wretched Stuff*.

Let's now to the next *Charge* proceed,
And that's a heinous one indeed,
The making Man; wherein I am
To seek 'gainst what you would declaim:
Whether the Thing a Crime you call
Consist in *making Man at all*;
Or that it only is *the Fashion*
That wants your Worship's Approbation?
But w'ell examine *both*, that's fair:
And, to the *first*, I do declare,
The Gods so far from losing are

}
Any

Any thing by this new Creation,
That (if they would be Folks of Fashion,
And with their Neighbours would be quiet)
They're infinitely Gainers by it :
And (though they will be so outrageous)
For them 'tis much more advantageous,
That there be Men, tho' they be evil,
Deform'd, and wicked as the *Devil*,
And good, or bad, or low, or tall,
Than that there should be none at all.
And (back into past Time to go)
In the Beginning, you must know,
The *World*, which now no Tenants wants,
Save *Gods*, had no *Inhabitants*.

At which good Time the *Earth* (alas !)
Nought but a vast wild *Desart* was,
All overgrown with Trees and Bushes,
Manfions for *Blackbirds*, *Jays*, and *Thrushes*,
Where there no Riding was, but Walking ;
Good Store of *Game*, but no good *Hawking* ;
Where Herds and Deer did graze and fill 'em,
But no-body to hunt and kill 'em.
From whence (Sir *Merc'ry*) by your Leave,
Do you in your wise Head conceive
Come all those goodly well-till'd Fields,
That so good *Wheat* and *Barley* yield ;
Whence these fine *Gardens* with their Flowers,
The *Temples* with their stately *Towers*,
Of *Altars* all this mighty Store,
And *Statues* which the World adore,
And several Things that I could mention,
But from Man's Labour and Invention ?
Therefore as I, who from a *Groom*,
No bigger than a Miller's Thumb,

Have

Have still been taking daily Pains,
 And cudgelling about my Brains,
 To find Inventions out that shou'd
 Conduce unto the public Good,
 Was musing after my old Rate,
 And meditating this and that,
 An old *Diogenes* in Tub-like,
 For something useful to the Public ;
 As Poets sing, without Delay
 I took some Water and some Clay,
 And, temp'ring them together * thus,
 E'en made a Man like one of us,
 Wherein *Minerva* was an Actress,
 (I'll not conceal my Benefactress)
 And this is all, as I am civil,
 That I committed have of Evil,
 A mighty Matter (without doubt)
 For *Jove* to keep this Stir about !
 But what complain the Gods of, trow ?
 What is it that offends them so ?
 Do not my *Creatures* them adore ?
 Are they less Gods now, than before
 I undertook this *Puppets* Trade,
 And Male and Female *Babies* made ?
 For but to see how *Jupiter*
 Does fret, and fume, and stamp, and stare,
 Threaten and huff, and swear and swagger,
 And clap his Hand on Dudgeon Dagger,
 A Man would think that he had lost
 The Half of his Estate almost,
 At least his Grandfather's Seal-Ring,
 Or some most dearly-belov'd Thing.
 What ? Is his Majesty afraid
 Those dapper Fellows I have made

* *Betwixt*
his Finger
and his
Thumb.

Against

Against his Pow'r should rant and roar,
As did the Giants heretofore!
Or, if they should turn *Mutineers*,
Which yet they dare not for their Ears,
Is he, who could the Sons of *Titan*
(For all their Huffing) make be——'em,
Much more reduce them all to Reason,
Grown feebler *now* than at *that Season*?
The Gods then, by my fine Device,
Sustain no kind of Prejudice;
But, to shew forth and make it plain,
That they by my Invention gain,
Do but behold the Earth which was
In former Days a barren Place,
With Thorns and Brambles over-spread;
But now improv'd and husbanded,
Affording Things innumerable
To cloath Man's Back, and store his Table;
For of itself it nought produces
But Crabs and Fruits of fowre Juices:
Nay, e'en the Sea is in some Fashion
Appeas'd and tam'd by Navigation.
The Islands are inhabited,
The World's round Face with *Cities* spread,
Where Men do sacrifice and pray
On many a merry *Holy-day*.
In short (as the small Poet says)
Temples, Towns, Streets, nay, the Highways,
(As oft as People travel there)
Are all brim-full of *Jupiter*.
Again, if one could make a Story
That I had aim'd at my own Glory
In doing this, it something were:
But it does contrary appear.

For,

For, 'mongst so many Fanes that rise
To such a *Crew* of *Deities*,
Of any one didst hear't related
Unto *Prometheus* dedicated ?
Which does sufficiently declare,
That I my own particular
Honour and Interest have neglected,
And, but the Public, nought respected.
Consider further (*Mercury*)
That what we call Felicity,
Without a Witness looking on,
Can be but an imperfect one ;
And that, if Mortals there were none
To see this great Creation,
The World would be but a dead Mass,
And our Advantages much less,
(Tho' the strange Fabric will require it)
In having no one to admire it.
Again, as Things to us are known
But only by Comparison ;
So, if unhappy Men were none,
Our Happiness would be unknown ;
And for such Benefits as these,
Instead of giving me large Fees,
At least great Honour for Reward,
You crucify me, which goes hard ;
That Smart unto my feeling Sense
Must be my Virtue's Recompence.
But what ! there are Adulterers,
Murderers, Robbers, Ravishers,
Perhaps you'll argue, amongst *Men* :
Why, if there are, I pray what then ?
Are there not amongst *Us* the same,
As void of Honesty and Shame ?

And

And yet for this we don't condemn
The Heav'n and Earth that nourish'd them.
But you will add, perhaps, this more,
That we've more Trouble than before,
And are put to't to find Supplies
For many more Necessities :

Whoever heard, I know would fain,
A Shepherd of his Flock complain
For Fruitfulness, tho' they yean'd double,
Because they help'd him to more Trouble :
If painful 'tis, 'tis profitable,
Nay, pleasant too, and honourable ;
And this Advantage brings with't too,
It finds us something still to do ;
Whereas we otherwise should go
With Hands in Pockets ev'ry Day,
And nothing have to do but play ;
Or swill and guttle ev'ry Day,
With *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*.

But that at which most vex'd I am
Is to hear those the most exclaim
Of Men, who least can be without 'em,
And, if they Women meet, do rout 'em,
For the fine Knacks they wear about 'em ;
And, though they keep this mighty Pother,
Do love them more than any other.

Nay, and each Day to thousand Shapes
Transform themselves to act their Rapes,
And not contented (as they say)
To *take a Snatch*, and so away :

But, that they may stick longer to't,
Ev'n make them *Goddeffes* to boot.
But some may say, that I had Reason,
And that *Man-making* was no Treason,

Only

Only it should not have been thus,
To make him like to one of *Us*.
And could I in ingenious *Noddle*
Have chosen out a fitter Model
Whereby my Art might be express'd,
Than that I knew was perfectest?
Had I begun my Making-Trade
With four-legg'd Beasts, and Brutes had made,
Perhaps it would have been no Sin,
And I no Criminal had been :
But from such *Creatures* of mere Sense,
Devoid of all Intelligence,
With Faces prone, and Looks dejected,
What Service could you have expected?
The Gods had been, without Dispute,
Most rarely worshipp'd by a Brute :
A great *Bull* would have been, I fear,
But an obstrep'rous Worshipper,
And bellowing Prayers, I'm afraid,
Great *Jupiter* would have dismay'd.
An *Ass* or *Horse*, in senseless wise,
Would *bray* or *whinny* Liturgies.
To hear (Sir *Merc'ry*) it would fear ye,
A Wolf brawl out a *Miserere* ;
And t'hear a Lion, worse than that,
Roaring out a *Magnificat*.
Come, come, (*my Masters*) say I must,
That you are horribly unjust,
You stick not far as *Egypt* roam
Only to snuff a *Hecatomb*,
And him the Cause, your Malice dooms,
You *Altars* have and *Hecatombs* ;
But come, enough of this? Let's on
To my last Accusation,

The stealing Fire. And, first, have I
Impoverish'd any Deity,
By having given it to Men?
Or have you now less Fire, than when
I had therewith inspir'd no Creature?
And is it not the proper Nature
Of that warm Element to dart
Its Rays and Heats to ev'ry Part,
And yet still to continue Fire,
Keeping its Virtue still entire?
Then what a vain Objection's this,
A poor Fetch, and *a meer Caprice,*
Below, and unbefitting all
The Poets *Benefactors* call!
Besides, had I purloined ev'n
To the last Spark of Fire in *Heav'n*,
I had not wrong'd the Gods a Bit;
They boil no Pot, nor turn no Spit:
For your *Ambrosia* does not need
To be or *hash'd*, or *fricas'y'd*.
A *Cook* may there forget his Trade,
Where nor *Pottage*, nor *Ooglio's* made;
Whereas poor Men, contrariwise,
Want it for their Necessities,
If for no other Use at all
But t'sacrifice to you withal.
Do you not love to smell the Roast
Of a good Rammish Holocaust?
So that 'tis plain (for all Pretences)
You speak against your Consciences.
I wonder (hang me if I don't)
Since this is such a great Affront,
And of your Fire since you're so wary,
You ha'nt forbid *Don Luminary*

T'impart his Light, which is, I'm sure,
 A Fire more glorious and more pure ;
 And that, t' o'erthrow the Use of Dial,
 You do not bring him to his Trial,
 For having thus without all Measure,
 Frofusely squander'd out your Treasure,
 And, like a treach'rous Trust-breaker,
 Leudly embezzle'd your Exchequer.

This is (you Pair of *Jove's Bumbailiffs*,
 Or *Hangmen* rather) *Sum totalis*
 Of what I'd for myself to say ;
 If you confute me can, you may ;
 But (for I ever lov'd Plain-dealing)
 (O *Mercury*, thou God of Stealing)
 To tell thee the plain Truth o'th' Story,
 'Tis past, I doubt, thy Oratory ;
 But do me right, *pledge and 'twere Water* ;
 Reply, altho' not much to th' Matter.

Merc. It is not easy (I confess)
 To baffle such a Plate of Brass ;
 For, in my Days, I ne'er did hear
 So impudent a *Sophister*.
 And well's thee *Jupiter's* not near thee,
 Who, had he chanc'd to over-hear thee,
 I confidently do assure thee,
 Thou would'st have so provok'd his Fury,
 By fland'ring him under Pretence
 Of pleading in thy own Defence ;
 So vilely fland'ring him, that he,
 For such a grand Indignity,
 Would, in his burning Indignation,
 Have sent thee down, instead of one,
 A dozen *Vultures* of a Feather
 To prey upon thy Lungs together.

But

But tell me why thou, being a *Prophet*,
(For surely thou knew'st nothing of it)
Hadst not the Knowledge to foresee
The Evil was to fall to thee?

Prom. Oh (*Mercury*) hold thee content;
One may foresee, but not prevent.

I did foresee it well enough;
Of which, to give thee further Proof,
Know, that I likewise did foresee

A * *Theban* should deliver me, * *Hercules.*

One of thy old Acquaintance, and
A proper Fellow of his Hand,
Who, with a lusty Bolt and Tiller,
Will come and be my *Vulture's* Killer.

Merc. I wish he were already come,
And that in *Jove's* great Dining-Room
We were, with each one a good Thwittle,
Again set down to swill and vittle,
Provided (*Seignior*) do you see,
That you should not the Carver be,
Especially (my Friend) for me.

Prom. Why thou wilt see me there agen,
Marry, I cannot just say when:
But I will tell thee, 'twixt us two,
I shall so rare a Service do
For *Jupiter*, that for my Labour
He will restore me to his Favour.

Merc. What Service is it that so great is?

Prom. Thou know'st a Lass call'd Madam *Thetis*,
A pretty, little, wanton *Drab*:
But I a Secret will not blab,
That is to purchase and advance
My Peace and my Deliverance.

Merc. If it be so, thou dost full well,
Yea, and full wisely, not to tell :
But, *Vulcan*, come, we must away,
For yonder is the *Bird of Prey*,
I see him in a *Kill-duck* Place,
Ready to mak a Stoop : Alas !
Beware thy Liver now, I'm sorry
(*Prometheus*) very sorry for ye,
And wish the *Liberator* were
As ready, as the Danger's near.





THE
DIALOGUES
OF THE
GODS.

PROMETHEUS *and* JUPITER.

P. OH, *Jupiter*, I'm glad to see thee ;
And, now thou'rt here, take pity, prithee,
Upon a poor old *Cinque* and *Quater*,
Has paid for playing the Creator.
In truth, I've suffer'd out of Reason,
And eke withal so long a Season,
That, if thou would'st be good-condition'd,
Thou'd'st think that that were e'en sufficient
For a far greater Fault than mine is,
And to my Torments put a *Finis*.
Never was *Man* tormented thus !
Hang me if this same *Caucasus*
Be not the coldest Habitation,
I think, in all the whole Creation ;
And 'twixt the Vulture and the Weather,
The Cold, the Kite, or both together ;

Altho' I do not eat a jot,
(*Saving thy Presence*) I have got
So damn'd a Griping in my Guts,
That, as I'd surfeited of Nuts,
I've thirty Stools a Day at least;
Then prithee let me be releas'd;
For I have purg'd so wond'rous fore,
That, truly, I can do no more.

Jup. Who, I release thee?
Release a Rogue, release a Pudden!
I would thou could'st persuade me to it:
For what, I prithee, should I do it?
For which of these fine Pranks th'ast play'd?
The pretty Fellows thou hast made,
Have caus'd such Mischief 'mong the *Gods*,
That we e'er since have been at odds?
Or, for thy filching Fire from Heaven,
To animate the uncouth Leaven?
Or, which of Crimes is not the least,
Cheating thy Master at a Feast?
When, like a saucy ill-bred Waiter,
'Thou, for thyself, the Flesh could'st cater,
And trait'rously, and for the nonce,
Mad'st me thy *Dog* to pick thy Bones?
For which, *Sir Sauce-box*, dost thou see,
Since thou'l't make Men, I'll unmake thee;
And I have hung your Worship there
In this convenient nipping Air,
As I conceive it did require,
To cool thee after stealing Fire:
And as to those thy Belly-gripes,
Know, *Rogue*, my *Vulture* loves fat *Tripes*,

And

And I will feed him upon thine,
Because thou once defeated'st mine.

Prom. But for these Faults, and for a Store
Greater than these, nay Twenty more,
Have I not suffer'd full enough?
For, though my Hide be well and tough,
Thou know'st it is not made of Buff,
And neither Frost, nor *Vulture*-proof.
Besides this *Vulture*, by this Light,
Is the plain *Devil* of a *Kite*,
His hooked, black, deformed Beak,
I think, thro' *Mars's* Shield would peck;
His Feet, wherewith my Sides he tickles,
Have *Talons* more like Scythes than Sickles:
When he's in's Place high in the Air,
He seems as big as *Cassioare*,
Where some Time lying on his Wings,
After a few preparing Rings,
He makes his Stoop, and down he comes,
(Whilst Fear my very Heart benums)
With such a Whirlwind and a Powder,
That, tho' thy Thunder may be louder,
Thy Lightning is not half so quick,
Nor does it make one half so sick;
And gives my Liver such a Thump,
That the Blow ecchoes at my Rump.
Then fast'ning in my Ribs his Pounces,
He tears my Stomach out by Ounces,
Preys on my Liver, Lights, and Lungs,
And in my Paunch his Beak bedungs.
So that by Even Yesternight,
Coming to take his supping Flight,

As in my Bowels he was tugging,
 He lights upon a Master-pudding,
 Which, as he pull'd still, still did follow,
 So much more fast than he could swallow,
 That had I not (upon my Word)
 Because I know thou lov'st the *Bird*,
 With my Teeth caught him by the *Train*,
 He'd ne'er on Carrion prey'd again.
 Therefore, if all the Miseries
 I have endur'd will not suffice,
 Yet let this one good Office do't,
 And ease me at my humble Suit.

Jup. Were th' Pains, whereof thou dost complain,
 As many and as great again ;
 Yet were they not the Hundredth Part
 Of what is justly thy Desert.
 Thou should'st by *Caucasus*, thou *Scab*,
 Be crush'd as flat as Verjuice-Crab,
 And not be only ty'd unto it
 To choak a *Spar-hawk* with thy Suet.
 Nay, thou art such a Malefactor,
 And in all Ill so vile an Actor,
 As should not only have thy Liver
 Prey'd on by twenty Kites together ;
 But yet moreover have thine Eyes
 Pick'd out, to pay thy Treacheries.
 And even thy felonious Heart,
 Hadst thou but half of thy Desert.

Prom. Well, thou may'st follow thine own Will,
 And, if thou wilt, torment me still :
 But, if thou would'st but be contented
 To pardon me, thou'dst ne'er repent it :

For I shall such a Caution give thee,
Will make thee glad thou didst reprieve me.

Jup. What, I perceive thou now would'st fain
Be loose, to gull me once again.

Prom. Prithee by that what should I get?
Canst thou Mount *Caucasus* forget?
Or, if there yet were no such Place,
Hadst thou not thousand other Ways,
Whose Pow'r's so uncontroul'd and ample,
To make me a most sad *Example*?

Jup. Come, come, I cannot stay to prattle,
Nor hear thy idle *Tittle-Tattle*.
What (for no more thou now shalt dorre me)
If I release thee wilt do for me?
Come, leave thy Wheedling and thy Cogging,
And tell me, for I must be jogging.

Prom. Wilt thou not take it, *Jove*, in dudging,
If I now tell thee where thou'rt trudging?
And wilt thou henceforth now believe me,
And in thy Heart that Credit give me,
If I tell Truth unto a Tittle,
That I can prophesy a little?

Jup. What else?

Prom. Why then, to cure thy Itching,
Jove, thou now art going a Bitching,
And so immoderate thy Heat is,
As none can quench but *Nereid Thetis*.

Jup. Well, if I should play such a Feat,
What Issue shall we two beget?

Prom. What Issue! marry out upon her!
By no means meddle with that *Spawner*;
For, if thou dost, I'll tell thee what,
A graceless Child will be begot,

Betwixt thee and that *blue-ey'd Slattern*,
Will thee depose, as thou didst *Saturn* ;
At least so threat the Destinies :
And therefore, if thou wilt be wise,
Let her alone, and come not at her,
But, elsewhere, lead thy *Nag* to water.

Jup. Well, since tho'ast *hit the Nail o'th' Head*,
I'll once by thy Advice be led ;
And, for thy Counsel's Recompence,
Vulcan shall come and loose thee hence.
For all past Faults I quit thee clear.

Prom. Why then I thank thee, *Jupiter*.





DIALOGUE.

JUPITER *and* CUPID.

Cup. **A**H *Jupiter*, I prithee hear,
For thine own sake, good *Jupiter*,
If I am guilty of a Crime,
Do but forgive me this one time,
And, if I e'er do so agin,
Then whip me till the Blood do spin.
What! will not *Jove* be reconcil'd,
But still bear Malice to a Child?

Jup. A Child, thou little *Rakehell* thou!
A pretty Child, thou art I trow!
Older than *Japhet*, little *Hang-string*,
Tho' one might wear thee in his *Band-string*;
And then, for Art and Subtlety,
Prometheus is an Ais to thee.

Cup. That *Painters* best and *Poets* know,
Whoever represent me so?
And unto them I do refer it,
Who, if they are put to't, will swear it:
But, were I what thou'dst have me be,
What Mischief have I done to thee,
That ought t' engage thine Indignation
To use me on this cruel Fashion?

Jup. What dost thou ask me, *Ne'er-be good*;
When thou hast so inflam'd my Blood,

That, as I Philtres swallow'd had,
 I ev'ry Day run whinnying mad
 For every Woman that I see,
 And yet thou mak'st not one love me:
 So that each Day, to screen my Vices,
 I'm put to pump for new Devices,
 And to put on a thousand Shapes,
 The better to commit my *Rapes*.

Cup. That is, because the Women fear thee,
 And therefore tremble to come near thee.

Jup. And yet the ill-condition'd *Toads*
 Can love, forsooth, the other Gods:

Apollo he can have his Joys
 Both with the Wenches and the Boys.

Cup. The Cause of that is quickly guefs'd,
 He's handsome, and goes sprucely drefs'd:

And yet for all his powder'd Locks,
 His *Songs* and *Sonnets* with a *Pox*,

And he that goes so fine and trim,

Daphne could never fancy him;

Nor could he e'er her Liking move,

So absolutely free is Love.

But would'st thou spend each Day and Hour

In dressing, and not look so sowre,

Which (in plain Truth) doth mainly fright 'em,

I make no Question but thou'dst smite 'em.

But then it will be requisite,

If thou wilt turn a *Carpet-Knight*,

To lay those by all Women dread,

Thy *Thunder* and thy *Gorgon's Head*.

Jup. What, *Rogue*, wouldst thou have me lay by
 The Ensigns of my *Deity*?

That's

That's pleasant Counsel, faith ; but yet
I think I shall not follow it :
No, Sirrah, I shall more prefer
The Dignity of *Jupiter*.

Cup. Then thou must Women let alone.

Jup. No, I shall wench still, ten to one ;
And yet (for all thy Haste) not bate
One Inch or Tittle of my State.
Howe'er, since thou so well hast prated,
My Anger is for once abated,
And I forgive thee all old Grutches.

Cup. I'm glad I'm got out of his Clutches.





DIALOGUE.

MERCURY *and* JUPITER.

Jup. DOST thou know *Io*, *Mercury*?

Merc. *Io*, yes surely,—let me see—

Oh, *Inachus's* pretty Daughter!

Jup. The same, thou know'st I long have sought her; }
 And, now at last that I have caught her,
 Dost think that *Juno*, my curst *Vrow*,
 Has turn'd the *Girl* into a *Cow*,
 Out of pure Jealousy to cheat me,
 And of my Pleasure to defeat me;
 And has deliver'd her to keep
 T'a *Monster* that does never sleep;
 But having Eyes in every Place,
 Ev'n in his Arse as well as Face,
 A hundred spread all o'er his Parts,
 Both where he speaks and where he farts,
 Whilst some of them a Nap do take,
 Others are evermore awake.
 So that, unless I had a Spell
 To bull my *Cow* invisible,
 I ne'er can think to take him napping,
 And from his Sight there's no escaping.
 But Thou, I know, a Way canst tell
 To rid me of this *Centinel*:

Thou

Thou Wit and Courage hast enough;
Prithee now put them both to Proof.

Go then to the *Nemean Grove*,
Where the foul Monster guards my Love,
And, for my sake, take so much Pains,
As fairly to knock out his Brains.
When, having batter'd his thick Skull,
To *Ægypt* drive my lovely *Mull*,
Where they shall pay her Sacrifices
Under th' adored Name of *Isis*:
There she shall sway the Winds and Waves,
And be the Queen of *Galley-slaves*.

Merc. I go, and, if I find him once,
With my *Battoon* I'll bang his Sconce
So pretty well, as shall suffice
To put out all his hundred Eyes.





D I A L O G U E.

JUPITER *and* GANYMEDE.

Jup. C Ome kiss me, pretty little Stranger,
Now that we are got clear from Danger ;
And that, to please my pretty *Boy*,
I laid my *Beak* and *Talons* by.

Gan. What are become of them I trow !
Thou hadst them on but even now.
Didst thou not come where I did keep,
Thinking no Harm, my Father's Sheep,
In *Eagle's* Shape, and with a Swoop,
Like a small *Chicken*, trufs me up ?
And art thou now turn'd Man, this Change
Is very wonderfully strange :
Sure thou art one of those same Folk as
I've heard him call a *Hocus-pocus*.

Jup. No, my sweet *Boy*, thou tell'st a Flam,
Nor *Eagle* I, nor *Juggler* am :
But Sovereign of the *Gods*, who have
Transform'd myself (my pretty Knave)
Into these *Man* and *Eagle's* Shapes,
To snap my little *Jack-a-napes*.

Gan. Sure, thou art our *God Pan*, and yet
Thou hast no Horns, nor cloven Feet,

Nor

Nor yet a Pipe, as I do see,
The Marks of that great *Deity*.

Jup. Know'st thou no other *Gods* but he?

Gan. No; but to him I know that we
Ev'ry Year sacrifice a *Goat*,
Before the Entry of his *Grot*.

And as for thee (altho' with Trembling)

I tell thee plain without Dissembling,

I judge thee for to be no better

Than that bad Thing some call a *Setter*,

Others a *Spirit* that doth lie

In wait to catch up *Infantry*;

Who give them Plums, and fine Tales tell 'em.

To steal them first, and after sell 'em.

Jup. But hark thee, Child! didst never hear

Of a great *God* call'd *Jupiter*?

Didst never see upon a High-day

An *Altar* dress'd upon *Mount Ida*,

Where Folks come crowding far and near,

To offer to the *Thunderer*?

Gan. What art thou he that makes the Rattle

I'th' Air, which frights both Men and Cattle,

Sowres all the Milk, and doth so clatter

Both above Ground and under Water,

That Men not dare to shew their Heads,

Nor Eels lie quiet in their Beds?

If thou be that same *Jupiter*,

To thee my *Father* ev'ry Year

Does sacrifice a *Tup*, a good one;

Then speak in Truth and Conscience, would one

Be so ungrateful a *Curmudgel*,

To steal away his Age's Cudgel;

Besides,

Besides, what have I done, I pray,
Should make thee spirit me away?
Who knows but now, whilst I'm in *Heaven*,
My Flock being left at *six and seven*,
The *Wolf's* among them *breaking's Fast*,
Nay, perhaps worr'ing up the last?

Jup. Why, let the *Wolf* e'en play the *Glutton*,
'Tis but a *little rotten Mutton*.

Fie, what a Whimp'ring dost thou keep
For a few mangy lousy Sheep!

Thou must forget such Things (my *Lad*)

Why, thou art now immortal made,

Fellow to th' *Gods*, and therefore now

Must think no more of Things below.

Gan. What then I warrant, *Jupiter*,
Thou dost intend to keep me here,
And wilt not deign to make a Stoop
To set me where thou took'st me up.

Jup. I think I shall not (my small Friend)
For, if I do, I lose my End;
And all that I by that should gain,
Would be my *Labour for my Pain*.

Gan. Ay, but my *Sire* will angry be,
So angry when he misses me,
That he will fondly *firk my Dock*
For thus abandoning his Flock.

Jup. For that (my pretty *Boy*) ne'er fear;
For thou shalt always tarry here.

Gan. Nay but *I wonnot, so I wonnot*,
Nor you shan't keep me, *no you shannot*:
Spite of your Nose, and will ye, nill ye,
I will go Home again, that will I.

But,

But, if thou would'st so far befriend me,
As set me down where thou didst find me;
I'll sacrifice (I do not mock)
To thee the fairest *Tup* i' th' Flock.

Jup. Thou'rt simple, and a Child indeed,
To think that I such Off'rings need!

Tup mutton's t'me the worst of Meat;
And thou too must these Things forget:
Thou'rt now in *Heaven* fit to do
Thy *Father Good* and *Country* too;
Nor need'st thou now his Anger fear,
His Arm's too short to reach thee here;
Nor shalt thou henceforth dread the *Rod*,
Thou no more *Boy* art, but a *God*;
Far better Fare thou shalt find here,
Than that same sowre-sauc'd *Whipping-cheer*;
Far better here thou shalt be fed,
Than with hard Crusts of dry *brown Bread*,
Sowre Milk, *salt Butter*, and *hard Cheese*:
No, thou shalt feed, instead of these,
Or your *Slip-slap* of *Curds* and *Whey*,
On *Nectar* and *Ambrosia*.

And, if thou'lt do as thou should'st do,
Shalt see the *Constellation* too
Shine brighter, and in higher Place
Than all the rest the Sky that grace.

Gan. Ay, but when I've a mind to play,
What *Play-fellows* are here, I pray?
For ev'ry Day (excepting *Friday*)
I'd *Play-fellows* ding-dong on *Ida*.

Jup. Why *Cupid* shall attend thy Call,
To play at *Cat*, or *Trap*, or *Ball*,
Dust-point, *Span-counter*, *Skittle-pins*,
And thou no more shalt play for *Pins*:

But

But have a care, the little *Guts*
 Will be too hard for thee at *Butts*.
 Thou'lt have thy Belly full of Sport,
 I give thee here my Promise for't,
 And brave Sport too ; but then (I trow)
 Thou must forget the Things below.

Gan. Well, but thou hast not told me yet
 What I must do to earn my Meat?
 Hast thou here any Flocks of Sheep
 To fend me out a-Days to keep.

Jup. No, thou a Life shalt have much fairer ;
 Thou to the *Gods* shalt be *Cup-bearer*,
 And purest *Nectar* to them fill,
 Whilst at their merry Feasts they swill.

Gan. Is that same *Nectar* which they drink
 Better than *Red-Cows-Milk*, dost think ?

Jup. Thou'dst ne'er drink other while Life lasted,
 Hadst thou but once that Liquor tasted.

Gan. But then where must I lie a-nights ?
 For I am monstrous 'fraid of *Sprites* ;
 I hope, in hot and in cold Weather,
Cupid and I must lie together.

Jup. No (*Sirrah*) thou shalt lie with me,
 For therefore did I spirit thee.

Gan. Why art thou not, poor little one,
 Old enough yet to lie alone ?

Jup. Yes ; but there is a certain Joy
 In lying with a pretty Boy.

Gan. A pretty Boy ! that's better yet,
 What's Beauty when one cannot see't ?
 When one is fast asleep (I wis)
 One little cares for Prettiness.

Jup. That's true ; but Dreams proceed from it,
 Which are so tickling and so sweet.

Gan.

Gan. But, when I pigg'd with my own *Dad*,
I us'd to make him hopping mad;
Who, as he lay a-Bed, would grumble,
That I did nought but tofs and tumble,
Talk in my Sleep, and paw't, and kick
His Sides and Paunch so hard and thick,
He could not sleep one Wink all Night:
For which, as soon as e'er 'twas light,
He pack'd me to my Mother duly.
Seeing then in Bed I'm so unruly,
If thou dost only bring me hither,
That thou and I may lie together,
Thou may'st e'en set me down again,
For I shall certain be thy Bane.

Jup. Why, kick thy worst, my little *Brat*,
I like thee ne'er the worse for that:
'Tis better far than lying still.
But I can kifs thee there my Fill.

Gan. Why *each one as he likes* (you know)
Quoth' good Man when he kifs'd his Cow;
You may do what you will, but I
Shall sleep the while most certainly.

Jup. Well, well! for that as Time shall try:
In the mean time, you, *Mercury*,
Here take and make my pretty Page
Drink the immortal Beverage,
That after I may him prefer
To be my chiefest *Cup-bearer*:
But, e're to wait you bring him up,
First teach him to present the Cup.



D I A L O G U E.

J U N O *and* J U P I T E R.

Jun. **W**H Y, what a strange Life dost thou lead !
 Since thou hast got this *Ganymede*,
 I, who have been thy faithful Wife,
 Can't get a Kiss to save my Life :
 But thou dost look so strangely on me,
 As if till now thou ne'er hast known me.

Jup. What will not, Wife, thy jealous Pate,
 To vex thyself and me, create ?
 Was such a Jealousy e'er known
 To that degree of Phrenzy grown,
 As to run Supposition-mad
 Of a poor silly, harmless *Lad* !
 I thought none but the Female Kind
 Could raise such Whimfies in thy Mind.

Jun. Nay, faith, thou'rt excellent at both Trades,
 Both at thine *Ingles* and thy *Jades*.
 And all my Chiding's to no end ;
 I think *thou art too old to mend* :
 Else, maugre thy bad Inclination,
 Thou'dst tender more thy Reputation.
 Does't fit the *King of Gods*, I pray,
 To *masquerade* it ev'ry Day,
 And to transform himself one while
 To *Gold*, a Virgin to beguile ;

Another

Another while into a *Bull*,
To make another *Maid* a *Trull*;
And then into a *Swan*, to try
The treading Way of *Lechery*;
And to put on all these strange Shapes,
In order to adult'rous Rapes?
And yet, for all thy Pranks on Earth,
(Unfitting far thy Place and Birth)
Thou hitherto hast ever yet
Had either so much Grace or Wit,
Manners, or Shame, or all together,
As not to bring thy *Trollops* hither,
As thou hast done this *Dandiprat*
For all the *Gods* to titter at:
And all under Pretence the Youth
Must be your *Cup-bearer* forsooth;
As all the *Gods* inhabit here
Unworthy of the *Office* were;
As if my Daughter *Hebe* was,
Or *Vulcan* weary of the Place;
Or any of the *Gods*, indeed,
Might not perform it *for a Need*.
And then, which more does vex me still,
He never does the *Goblet* fill,
And ready with it waiting stand,
But, e're thou tak'st it at his Hand,
Thou fall'st a kissing him 'fore all
The *Gods* in the *Olympic-Hall*;
Which thou dost too with so much Passion,
And after such immodest Fashion,
That the *Boy's* Kisses, one would think,
Were sweeter than the *Heav'nly Drink*.

Nay,

Nay, thou full oft for Drink dost call,
 When th'ast no List to drink at all,
 No more than thou hadst needst to piss,
 Only a mere Pretence to kifs.
 Sometimes thou mak'st him drink to thee,
 A kind of slav'ring *Lechery*,
 Of which the Meaning's only this,
 To place thy Mouth where he did his,
 Which ravishes thee whilst, thou think'st
 Thou kissest all the while thou drink'st.
 'Twas a fine Sight last Day to see
 Thy little *Catamite* and thee
 Playing at *Nine-pegs* with such Heat,
 That mighty *Jupiter* did sweat
 In *Querpo*, to th' Beholders Wonder,
 Divested of his *Shield* and *Thunder* ;
 I know both all thy Pranks and thee,
 Think not to make a Fool of me.

Jup. Hey ! whirr ! I think our *Dame's* grown wild !
 What Harm's in kissing a fine *Child*,
 And adding that Delight to *Nectar*,
 That I must have this *Curtain-Lecture* ?
 If thou but tasted hadst the Bliss
 Are wrapp'd up in his luscious Kisses,
 Thou would'st be of another Mind,
 And not reproach me in this kind.

Jun. I thought that I should trap thee soon :
 Thou now speak'st perfect, *Bougeroon*.
 I should have little Wit (I trow)
 And very little Virtue too,
 Should I defile my Lips so much,
 As such an *Urchin* once to touch.

Jup. That *Urchin* thou dost so despise,
And speak'st of in such taunting wise,
Pleases me more (my haughty *Dame*)
Than some *Body* I will not name.
Urge me not to't, thou wer't not best,
And cease my Pleasure to contest.

Jun. Not I, I shall not be so rash:
No, prithee, marry thy *Bardach*
To spite me worse. Go hug thy *Chit*;
But yet withal do not forget
How thou dost use me on the Score
Of this thy little *stripling Whore*.

Jup. I know what 'tis, thou'dst have thy *Cripple*
Wait here, and fill me out my *Tipple*,
When he comes with his dirty *Golls*
From raking up his smutty Coals,
Sweating and stinking from his *Forge*,
Enough to make one to disgorge;
And in this cleanly Plight, I know,
Thou fain would'st have me kiss him too;
Ev'n when he does so nasty seem,
That thou, his *Mother*, keck'st at him.
It would be wisely done (no doubt)
For such a foul unseemly *Lout*
To put away my *Ganymede*,
So sweet a *Boy*, so finely bred,
And (which thy Mind does more molest
A hundred times than all the rest)
Whose every delicious Kiss
Is sweeter far than *Nectar* is.

Jun. Ay, ay, my Son thou dost abhor,
Now thou hast this trim *Servitor*:

But, till thou hadst this *Skip-Jack* got,
With *Vulcan* thou didst find no Fault ;
And all his Collow, and his Soot,
His Dirt and Sweat, and Stink to boot,
Not hinder'd, but thou took'st delight
Both in his Service and his Sight.

Jup. Thou dreadful *Scold*, thy *Din* surcease,
And (if thou canst) once hold thy Peace ;
Thy Jealousy does but improve
My Indignation and my Love.
Let *Vulcan* serve thee as he did,
If thou dislikest *Ganymede* :
But hang me if I drink a Sup,
Unless my *Boy* present the *Cup*.
Nay, at each Draught, I'll tell thee more,
He'll give me Kisses half a Score.
Come, come, my pretty *Favourite*,
Do not thus whimper for her Spite :
Let who dares vex my *Boy*, thou'lt see,
I'll order 'em, I warrant thee.





D I A L O G U E.

JUNO and JUPITER.

Jun. **N**OW, *Jupiter*, that none is near us,
To hearken or to over-hear us,
Tell me, I prithee, and be clear,
What think'st thou of this *Ixion* here?

Jup. Why, I think *Ixion* (Wife) true blue,
An honest Man as e'er I knew;
A sturdy Piece of Flesh and proper,
A merry *Grig*, and a true *Toper*.
Nor had I, but I thought him so,
Made so much of him as I do;
Neither, but that I understood
His Company was very good.
Had I (be sure) been so affable
As to admit him to my Table.

Jun. See, see, how one may be deceiv'd!
'Tis odds I shall not be believ'd:
But *Ixion* is (without Offence)
The saucy'st Piece of Insolence
That ever came within thy Doors,
And fitter Mate for *Rogues* and *Whores*,
By much, than (*Jupiter*) for thee,
Or any of thy *Family*.

Nay, fitter for his * former Pranks
As well as these, the Hangman's Thanks,

* *Because he*
killed his
Father-in-law.

As he now handled has the Matter,
 Than put his Spoon into thy Platter.
 Yet thou may'st entertain him still,
 Only to gormandize and swill :

But, for my Part, I'll ne'er endure him,
 Nor shall he stay here, I'll assure him.

Jup. What has he done to move thee thus?
 Come, prithee, now be serious,
 And tell me true, nay, quickly do it,
 For I am resolute to know it.

Jun. What has he done? why, 'tis so wicked,
 That truly I'm ashamed to speak it.

Jup. What, with some *Goddes* he'd have bin
 Playing, belike, at *In-and-In*,
 And would be at the Rutting-sport?
 For so thy Words seem to import.

Jun. Well, and dost thou conceive that fit,
 That thou dost make so light of it?
 Is that no Fault? Nay, could he yet
 A Crime more capital commit?
 That's it indeed, th'ast hit upon't;
 And, greater still to make th'Affront,
 No-body else could serve the Youth,
 But even I myself, forsooth.
 I did not heed his Love at first,
 Not dreaming that the Rascal durst
 Have aim'd at me; but at the last
 Observing what Sheeps-eyes he cast,
 What Sighs he fetch'd, how now and then
 He wept, and sigh'd, and wept agen,
 Drank after me, and then would leer,
 And kiss the Cup: I then saw clear,

Though

Though ne'er before I did suspect it,
His Folly was to me directed.
Yet still I thought Time would blow over
This Humour of my faucy Lover;
Wherefore (tho' vex'd) I thus long drove it,
Asham'd, I swear, to tell thee of it;
Till now at last the faucy *Ass*
Has put on such a brazen Face,
As, without all Respect, to be
So bold as to solicit me.
But now to speak 'tis more than Time,
When to conceal it were a Crime:
And therefore, flying from both Tears,
And stopping with both Hands his Ears,
From being guilty Auditors
Of what my Virtue so abhors,
I straight came running unto thee
Fast as my Legs would carry me,
To tell thee how this *Goat*, this *Satyr*,
This *Rogue*, this *Slave*, this *Fornicator*,
Whom thou hast entertain'd and fed,
Attempts the Honour of thy *Bed*,
To th' End thou may'st the Whelp chastise,
In just and exemplary wise.

Jup. This is a daring *Rogue*, I swear,
T' attempt to cuckold *Jupiter*!
It was the *Nectar* in his Pate,
That did this Insolence create:
But I myself, I must confess,
Am Cause of these Miscarriages,
By over-loving Mortals so
Extravagantly as I do.

And by permitting them to be
 Over-familiar and too free
 With my Divinity and me,
 He else had ne'er attempted thee.
 For 'tis no Wonder, when they eat
 The very same provoking Meat,
 And Liquor drink, the Blood that fires,
 If they have then the same Desires :
 And, quite forgetting then their Duties,
 Are smitten with immortal *Beauties*.
 Besides, thou know'st, as well as I,
 So much of *Cupid's* Tyranny,
 So great, no Tyrant here above is,
 Near as that little *Bastard* Love is.

Jun. He Master is of thee indeed,
 And thee still *by the Nose* does lead,
 (As the old Saying is) and makes
 Thee play a thousand senseless Freaks !
 But come, i'faith, i'faith, I know
 What makes thee pity *Ixion* so :
 To pardon him thou art inclin'd,
 'Cause he but pays thee in thy kind :
 Time was thou his Wife didst dishonour,
 And gatt'st *Pirithous* upon her.

Jup. Fie, will that never be forgot ?
 Come I'll acquaint thee with my Plot.
 It would to banish him appear
 A Sentence somewhat too severe :
 His being o'er Head and Ears in love
 Does (I confess) my Pity move.
 Since therefore he's so woe-begun,
 So sighs, and cries, and so takes on,

I tell

I tell thee plain, I do protest,
Things being thus, I think it best——

Jun. What, that I lie with him, I warrant!

Jup. Dost think I am a Sot so errant?
No, I'm not so kind to him neither;
I prithee hold thy Legs together:
That's more than will be well allow'd.
But I will dizen him a Cloud
So like to thee, as shall persuade him
He has made me what I have made him,
And that, in pure Commiseration,
In Part to satisfy his Passion.

Jun. Why, this will be for to reward him
For what thou should'st at least discard him.

Jup. But speak, in pure Sincerity,
What Harm will this do thee or me?

Jun. Why, he will think it me, that's flat,
Then I shall pass for I know what.

Jup. No Matter what's by him believ'd,
'Tis only he will be deceiv'd;
And if a Cloud like thee I make,
No, *Juno*, 'tis but a Mistake,
And he by this, my pretty Cheat,
A Race of *Centaur*s shall beget.

Jun. But if (as now-a-days thou know'st,
Men are too apt to make their boast)
This *Rogue*, so soon as he has done,
As they all do, should straightway run
And publish to the World, that he
Has had his filthy Will of me:
Pray, after such a fine Oration,
Where then were *Juno*'s Reputation?

Jup. Should he do such a Thing as that,
 I'd teach the *Rascal* how to prate ;
 And, if he needs must kifs and tell,
 I'll kick him headlong into Hell,
 Where to a Wheel he shall be bound,
 And, like a *Mill-horse*, still turn round,
 And never have a Moment's Rest,
 Nor thence shall ever be releas'd.

Jun. If he do prove so damn'd a *Dog*,
 'Twill be but Justice on the *Rogue*.



D I A L O G U E.

VULCAN *and* APOLLO.

Ap. GOOD speed, of Fire thou sooty *King*,
 I ever hear thy Anvil ring :
 Thy Smoak still mounts from *Ætna* Hill ;
 I think thy Bellows ne'er lie still :
 Surely it costs thee much in Leathers,
 For thou dost blow and strike all Weathers.

Vulc. Good-e'en, *Apollo*, and well met,
 Hast seen the little *Merc'ry* yet,
 How fine a Child, how sweet a Face,
 And what a smiling Count'nance 't has ?
 Which plainly does (methinks presage
 Something, when he shall come to Age,

That

That is extraord'nary and great,
Tho' he be but an Infant yet.

Apollo. A pretty Infant, questionless!
Old *Japhet's* Sire in Wickedness.

Vulc. What Harm can he have done, I trow,
That came into the World but now?

Apollo. Go, and ask *Neptune* that, I pray,
Whose *Trident* he hath stole away :
Or *Mars*, that Question can decide,
Whose Sword he pilfer'd from his Side ;
To whom myself I too could join,
Whose *Bow* and *Shafts* he did purloin.

Vulc. What, such a nazardly *Pigwiggen*,
A little *Hang-strings* in a *Biggin*?
Away, away, *Apollo* flouts!
What a *Filou* in Swathing-clouts?

Apollo. Well, think so; but, if this *Filou*
Come here, thou'lt see what he can do.

Vulc. H'as been already here To-day.

Apollo. Well, and is nothing missing, pray?

Vulc. Not that I know of.

Apollo. That may be;

But prithee look about and see.

Vulc. I cannot see my Pincers tho'.

Apollo. O cry you Mercy, can't you so?
There's one Cast of his Office now.
Now dare I venture twenty Pound
They'll be amongst his *Trinkets* found.

Vulc. Faith, and assure thyself I'll try
Is the young Thief indeed so sly?
Such lucky *Chucks* there's so great need on,
We'll keep this hopeful Youth to breed on.

A precious *Pepin*, and a trim,
 A right *Archbird*, I'll warrant him.
 An *Infant* quotha ! marry hang him,
 If he were mine, I would so bang him.
 What, were my Tongs so hot, I trow,
 To stick to your small Fingers so ?
 I'll make a Burn-mark with a *T*,
 To fist you with, Sir *Mercury*.
 But I'm astonish'd at the Lad,
 How he so soon could learn his Trade ;
 He learn'd (to be a *Rogue* so pure)
 To steal in's Mother's Belly sure

Apollo. These are his Recreations, these ;
 But he has other *Qualities*.
 Mark but that nimble Tongue of his,
 What a pert prating *Urchin* 'tis :
 His Mouth will one Day be a Spout
 Of Eloquence, without all doubt :
 He'll be an *Orator*, I warrant,
 And, if he be not, let me hear on't ;
 And a prime Wrestler as e'er tript,
 E'er gave the *Cornish-bug*, or *hipt* ;
 Or I am much mistaken in him ;
 Any one would say't had seen him :
 For he already has at first
 Put *Monsieur Cupid* to the worst,
 And gave him such a dreadful Fall,
 I thought had broke his Bones withal,
 In troth I ne'er saw such another,
 But *Love* went puling to his *Mother* ;
 Which as the *Gods* were laughing at,
 And *Venus* went to moan her *Brat*,

Whilst she was kissing the small *Archer*,
And drying's Tears with Lawn-handkercher,
In comes that crafty Youth, and fly,
That little filching *Mercury*,
And in a Twinkling (I protest)
Whips me away her am'rous *Cest*;
Nay, and *Jove's Thunder* too had got,
But 'twas too heavy and too hot;
But yet his *Scepter* went to pot.

Vulc. By *Jupiter* a hardy Youth!

Apol. Nay he's a Minstrel too.

Vulc. In truth!

Apol. Yes, faith, a better never plaid:

Nay, and the little *Rogue* has made
A *Fiddle* of a *Tortoise-shell*,
On which he plays so rarely well,
That he puts fair to put down me,
Who am the *God* of *Harmony*.
His *Mother's* troubled at his Ways,
He never sleeps a-nights, she says;
But goes, for all that she can say,
As far as *Hell* to seek for Prey;
And he has got, by Sleight of Hand,
A most incomparable Wand,
Of so strange Virtue, that 'tis said,
It with a Waft does raise the Dead,
And both the Dead from *Death* can save,
And send the Living to the *Grave*.

Vulc. Nay, nay, of that he must acquit him,
For I to play withal did gi't him.

Apol. That's well, and he in recompence,
Has stol'n away thy Pincers hence.

Vulc. S'nigs, well remember'd! I'll be gone
To search his Corners for my own:
And, if I find 'em in his Cradle,
Take it from me, his Sides I'll swaddle.



D I A L O G U E.

VULCAN *and* JUPITER.

Vulc. **H**ERE, I have brought thee home a *Hatchet*,
If any *Smith* for Temper match it,
Or Edge, I'll say no more but so,
I'll ne'er strike Stroke more whilst I blow.
And now 'tis here new from the *Smithy*,
What must we do with it, I prithee?

Jup. Why cleave my aking Head with it,

Vulc. How, cleave thy Head? the *De'l* a bit,
Thou say'st so but to try my Wit.

But tell me quickly, prithee do,
What use thou'l't have it put unto?

For I *Sol's Coach-horses* must shoe.

Jup. Why, for to cleave my Head in two.
I am in earnest; therefore do it,

Or (thou lame *Rascal*) thou shalt rue it;

And, if thou be'st so shy of mine,

Beware that great *Calves-head* of thine:

Fear not, but strike with might and main,

For my Scalp splits with very Pain,

And

And I do suffer all the *Throes*
A Woman in her Labour does.

Vulc. In Labour, quotha! 't may be so:
But let's consider what we do;
For I'm afraid we hardly shou'd
Lay thee as Dame *Lucina* wou'd.

Jup. Wilt thou leave Prating (*Sirrah*) once,
Lest I make bold with thy wife Sconce:
Do thou but strike courageously,
And home, and leave the rest to me.

Vulc. Why, *Jupiter*, if I thee kill,
Bear Witness 'tis against my Will:
There is no Help, I must obey,
Have at thy *Coxcomb* then I say;
For with this *Butcher's* Blow of mine
I'll cleave thee down into the *Chine*.
Good Gods! no Wonder if thy Brains
Suffer'd intolerable Pains,
When such a lusty strapping *Trull*
As this lay kicking in thy Skull:
Nay, and an *Amazon* to boot,
Which, tho' not arm'd from Head to Foot,
Is furnish'd yet to take the Field,
And has both *Helmet*, *Launce*, and *Shield*.
'Twas breeding that brave Lass, belike,
Made thee so cross and cholerick,
And yet the *Girl* (I vow and swear)
Is most incomparably fair:
Prithee, for having laid thee well,
Give me her for my *Dowdabel*;
For, tho' new-born, the *Wench* is able,
And I'll uphold her marriageable.

Jup. With all my Heart, I give her free ;
 But thou'lt ne'er make her marry thee :
 For she will never be a *Wife*,
 But live a *Virgin* all her Life.
 Therefore ne'er offer to persuade her ;
 For thou art sure to lose thy Labour.

Vulc. Well, well, for that let me alone ;
 I'll make her coming, ten to one ;
 I have been in my Days a Blade
 At winning of a pretty *Maid*,
 And can bring this to my Command,
As easily as kiss my Hand,
 Provided I have thy Consent.

Jup. Why thou may'st try, but thou'lt repent.



D I A L O G U E.

NEPTUNE *and* MERCURY.

Nept. H A R K, Cousin *Mercury*, dost hear,
 Could not one speak with *Jupiter* ?

Merc. No, save thy Labour, and be gone,
 He's busy, and will speak with none.

Nept. But prithee, let him know 'tis I.

Merc. I tell thee, he'll see no-body,
 And therefore, prithee, go thy Way ;
 For he'll be seen of none To-day.

Nept. Are he and's Wife, if one may axe,
Making the Beast with the two Backs ?

Merc.

Merc. Could'st thou no other Question find?
They two but seldom are so kind.

Nept. Then *Ganymede* and he're together,

Merc. No truly, Seignior *Neptune*, neither.

Nept. What then? I'll know, spite of thy Nose.

Merc. You'll ask me Leave first, I suppose:

But he's not well, will that suffice?

Nept. Not well! where is it his Grief lies?

Merc. Why, I'am asham'd to tell thee where.

Nept. What a * Relation so near! * Brother

Leave Fooling (*Coz.*) I prithee, now, to *Jupiter*.

And tell me, for I long to know.

Merc. Why, since I see thou'lt not be sed,

Know, that he's lately brought to Bed.

Nept. How! that is monstrous by this Light!

What is he an *Hermaphrodite*?

I ne'er perceiv'd his Belly rise

Above the ordinary Size.

Merc. That's likely; neither, I must tell ye,

Was he deliver'd from his Belly.

Nept. From what Part then? Was't from his Head,

As when he his *Minerva* bred?

Is that deliver'd once again?

He has a wond'rous fruitful Brain.

Merc. No, this Birth issu'd from his Thigh.

Nept. Go, Sirrah, now I know you lye.

What would'st thou have me such a Noddy,

To think he spawns all o'er his Body.

Merc. Well, but there is more in't than so,

And thou the Truth of all shalt know.

Juno, whose spiteful Jealousy

Thou know'st, I'm sure, as well as I,

In Malice, *Semele* persuades
 (One of his best beloved *Jades*)
 Since *Jupiter* did her so honour,
 As Children to beget upon her ;
 She so much Kindness had for her,
 That she no longer should incur
 A common *Lemman's* Imputation :
 But, for her better Reputation,
 No more with him in private lie :
 But make him own her publicly.
 Therefore, my *Semele* (quoth she)
 Prithee, for once, be rul'd by me,
 And, if he have true Kindness for ye,
 Make him come next in all his Glory ;
 Not sneaking in a mean Disguise,
 Like Rogues, to midnight Lecheries ;
 But, like himself, rob'd round with Wonder,
 And with his *Lightning* and his *Thunder* :
 So all will honour and adore thee,
 Who now despise thee and abhor thee.

The *Girl*, thus tickled in her Ear,
 And proud herself as *Lucifer*,
 So order'd it with this great *King*,
 Whom Whores can make do any Thing,
 That he came next in this Attire :
 But then, before he could come nigh her,
 His *Lightning* set the Room on fire,
 And, with its all-consuming Flashes,
 Reduc'd the Room and House to Ashes.
 In which Case, all that we could do
 Was but to save the *Embryo* :
 (For she was then with Child, be't known,
 By *Jupiter*, and sev'n Months gone)

Which,

Which, ripping from her Belly, I
Put warm into thy Brother's Thigh,
There to compleat the Term requir'd;
Which being but just now expir'd,
He's *brought to Bed*, and, Truth to speak,
With his hard Labour very weak.

Nept. And where is this same twice-born *Chit*?

Merc. To *Nysa* I have carry'd it,
By the *Nymphs* there to be brought up,
Who, know'ng he will be giv'n to th' *Cup*,
And in hard Drinking very vicious,
Have aptly nam'd him * *Dionysius*. * *Διονυσος*.

Nept. Then of this Child he's *Sire* and *Dam*,
And it may call him *Dad* and *Mam*?

Merc. Yes truly, it is even so,
He any of these may answer to:
But I can't stay to tell thee more;
For I should have been gone before,
And in this Stay have done amiss
To prate at such a Time as this.
I now must use both Heels and Wings,
Water to fetch, and other Things
For *Child-bed Women*, and had need
Repair my Negligence with Speed:
All the good Wives else will me blame,
For now I the *Man-mid-wife* am.



D I A L O G U E.

MERCURY *and the* SUN.

Merc. **J**OVE (*Sol*) commands thee by me here
 To stop thy Steeds in their *Career*;
 For the full Space of three whole Days
 He will not have thee shine, he says :
 But thou art to conceal thy Light,
 For he will have that Term all Night.
 Therefore I think, *Sol*, thy best Course is,
 To let the *Hours* unteam thy *Horses*,
 Get a good *Night-Cap* on thy Head,
 Put out thy *Torch*, and go to Bed.

Sol. 'Tis an extravagant Command,
 And that I do not understand:
 What have I done, I fain would know,
 That *Jupiter* should use me so?
 What Fault committed in my Place
 To pull upon me this Disgrace?
 Have I not ever kept my *Horses*
 In the Precincts of their due *Courses*;
 Or, though twelve *Inns* are in my Way,
 Did I e'er drink, or stop, or stay?
 Bear witness all the *Gods* in *Heav'n*,
 If I've not duly, *Morn* and *Even*,
 Risen, and set, and care did take
 To keep touch with the *Almanack*.

What

What then my Fault is, I confess,
If I should die, I cannot guess :
And why he should, much less I know,
Suspend me *ab officio*.

It sure must be a great Offence
Deserves the worst of Punishments,
And this is he on me doth lay,
That *Night* must triumph over *Day*.

Merc. Fie, what a Clutter dost thou make,
And all about a mere Mistake !

Thou talk'st of Anger and Disgrace,
There's no such Matter in the Case.
Thou wide art of his Meaning quite,
He bids thee to withdraw thy Light,
That for three Days it may not shine
In order to a great Design

He has, that won't endure the Sun,
But is by *Owl-Light* to be done.

Sol. Faith, tell me that Design of his,
What he's about, and where he is.

Merc. I'll tell thee if thou needs wilt know,
He's cuckolding *Amphytrio*.

Sol. 'Tis very fine, and wo'n't one Night
Take the Edge off his Appetite ?

Cannot one *Night* give him enough ?

Is the old *Lecher* still so tough,

A *Swing-bow* of so high Renown,

A Wench can't sooner take him down ?

Merc. No, but he means to get of her

A very mighty *Man of War*,

Of Heart most stout, and Limbs most vast,

Which is not to be done in haste :

But

But of another kind of Fashion,
Than ev'ry common Generation.

Sol. Why, let him lay about him then
To finish this great Man of Men:
But let me tell thee, these strange Ways
Were not in use in *Saturn's* Days.
He never left *Rhea* in his Life
To lecher with another's Wife:
But for one Whore now (which is scurvy)
All Things must turn'd be *topsy-turvy*.
In the mean Time 'tis ten to one
My Horses will be *resty* grown
For want of Use, and Thorns, I know,
In my *Career* will spring and grow;
And Mankind must in Darkness languish,
Whilst he his bawdy *Launce* does brandish,
And stews himself in his own Grease,
To get this admirable Piece.

Merc. Peace, Peace, Friend *Sol*, no more of that,
Lest he do teach thee how to prate.
In the mean Time I must be gone,
With the same Message, to the *Moon*,
To keep within, and veil her Face,
As many *Nights* as thou dost *Days*.
My last Commission is, to *Sleep*,
That *Mortal's* Eyes he so long keep
Seal'd up in Rest, and all the while
Feed them with *Dreams*, Time to beguile;
That when thy Light unseals their Eyes,
(And then it will be Time to rise)
They may, and, when Day does begin,
Not know how long a Night't has been.



DIALOGUE.

VENUS and the MOON.

Ven. TELL me, my pale-complexiou'd *Last*,
 Bright *Cynthia*, how comes this to pass,
 That thou'rt accus'd of Things, I swear.
 I'm sorry and asham'd to hear?
 It is reported ev'ry-where,
 That thou, in midst of thy *Career*,
 Thy *Chariot* often stopp'st, and there,
 (Which is a Piece of Impudence)
 Under a pitiful Pretence,
 Of making Water, steal'st i'th'Night
 T' a Hunter, that *Endymion* hight,
 Where (little to thy Praise be it spoken)
 His Visage thou dost gaze and look on
 (Which none but your light Husbwives do)
 As thou would'st look him through and through;
 Whilst he, not dreaming of thy Folly,
 Lies gaping like a great *Lob-lolly*,
 On *Carian Latmus* loudly snoaring,
 Insensible of thy *Amoring*.
 Nay, if the lumpish *Boy* should wake,
 Thy Kisses he'd not kindly take;
 Nor would he understand thy Passion
 At all to be an Obligation.

Luna.

Luna. Why 'tis that *Ne'er-be-good*, thy Son,
Has made me do what I have done.

Venus. Ay! hang him little *Gallows-strings*,
He does a Thousand of these Things.
And well may do it to another,
That spares not me who am his *Mother*.
He set me so upon the *Hy-day*,
As made me oft descend on *Ida*;
To get *Anchises*, young and able,
Make me a Handle to my *Ladle*,
And to Mount *Libanus* t' *Adonis*,
(Who, Rest go with him, dead and gone is.)
But then the Boy was wholly mine,
Till stole away by *Proserpine*,
Who, to speak plain, and not to lye,
Had a sweet Tooth as well as I,
And kept him for her Drudgery.
Till, seeing me to weep and mourn,
She sent him me sometimes in turn;
For which his Pranks, I'll tell thee what,
I threaten'd have the graceless *Brat*
A hundred Times at least, I know,
To break his *Quiver* and his *Bow*,
To clip his Wings, and Play debar him,
And every Thing I thought would scare him;
Nay, but last Day, I'll tell thee true,
I plainly took the Youth *to do*,
And, with one of my *Shoes* with *Claps*,
Whipp'd me the roguish *Jack-an-apes*,
Until I had almost fetch'd Blood;
But all I see will do no Good:
He quickly has forgot the Pain,
And does the same Thing o'er again,

And

And so he will do still, but tell though,
Is *thy Sweet-heart* a pretty Fellow?
For, if he's handsome, or have Wit,
There is in that some Comfort yet.

Luna. Thou know'st no *Loves* do foul appear:
But it is true, I can't forbear
Staring and gazing in his Face,
When coming weary from the *Chace*,
His Mantle he on Ground does spread,
And falls asleep, leaning his Head
On his right Arm, which does embrace,
Being twin'd about his Head and Face,
Whilst from his left his *Arrows* all
Do dropping negligently fall.
Then stealing, and on *Tip-toe* too,
As Folks, to make less Noise, still do,
For Fear of waking him; I there
Perceive his Breath perfume the Air,
And in soft Breathing yield a Scent
So ravishing, and redolent,
That I am forc'd to sit down by him,
And sigh, and kiss, and kissing eye him;
When sitting thus, and sometimes stealing
A little, little Touch of Feeling,
Whilst I still gaz'd upon his Face,
It tingles in a certain Place
To that degree, that I protest —
I know that thou can'st guess the rest,
As having in thyself made proof.
Thou know'st what Love is well enough:
But then, O then, I am all Fire,
And even ready to expire.



DIALOGUE.

VENUS *and* CUPID.

Ve. **W**HY, what Work (Sirrah) dost thou make !
 Thou ev'ry Hour mak'st my Heart ake
 For Fear of thee, thou graceless *Whelp*,
 In doing Things I cannot help.
 I do not, *Rake-bell*, mean those Pranks
 (Though even they deserve small Thanks)
 Thou play'st on *Earth*, where thou hast done
 The strangest Things that e'er were known ;
 Set Men a rambling, Women gadding,
 Young, old, sound, lame, and all a madding :
 Fill'd the whole World with dismal Cries
 Of *Incests, Rapes, Adulteries*,
 Instead of harmless Recreation
 Allow'd in simple *Fornication* :
 Nor is the common *Rout* alone
 Subject to thy *Dominion* :
 But thou hast made the greatest *Kings*
 Do more, nay, yet more senseless Things,
 Than th'arrant'st (as one may 'em call)
Tag-rag Plebeians of 'em all.
 Yet still these People Mortals be,
 And subject to thy *Deity* ;
 Nor (though blame-worthy) is th'Offence .
 Of such a dang'rous Consequence,

And those thou dost commit above,
 Where thou confound'st us all with Love,
 Ev'n the *Gods King* thou dost not spare,
 But mak'st the mighty *Thunderer*,
 Better to play his am'rous Prizes,
 Put on ridiculous Disguises,
 Whilst *Jupiter* we all despise,
 (Who, one would think, should be more wise)
 For those his childish *Mummings*,
 Next unto *Carian Latmus' Crown*
 Thou mak'st the sober *Moon* come down,
 Than whom a better Fame had none,
 To visit her *Endymion*.
 The *Sun*, who dil'gent wont to be,
 Thou mak'st to stay with *Clymene*,
 Neglecting his diurnal Courses,
 And turn to Grass his fiery *Horses*.
 Sans naming, thou mischievous *Elf*,
 What hast thou done to me myself,
 Who tho' thy *Dam*, and a fond *Mother*,
 Thou hast us'd worse than any other:
 Yet these (tho' such Things ne'er were heard on)
 Were yet within the Pale of Pardon,
 And might in Time have been o'erblown,
 Hadst thou let *Cybele* alone:
 But to attack a poor old *Mumps*,
 Whose Teeth were long since turn'd to Stumps,
 Great *Grannam* to so many *Gods*,
 Deserves a whole Cart-load of *Rods*;
 And thus to make a poor old *Trot*
 Fly raging up and down (I wot)
 Set in her *Chariot* drawn with *Lions*,
 And bidding Gravity Defiance,

As if she were stark-staring mad,
 After a scurvy shit-breech *Lad*,
 And ev'n of Stocks and Stones inquire
 Of *Atys*, her small *Apple-squire*,
 Is such a Thing (my graceless Son)
 As certainly was never done.
 Nor, in her Inquisition,
 Does she yet play the Fool alone;
 But, which is a most gross Mistake,
 And does her Shame more public make,
 She does ev'n here her State maintain,
 And goes with all her *Juggling Train*
 Of *Corybantes* at her Heels,
 Who, as their Brains were set on Wheels,
 Disperse themselves all over *Ide*,
 Whooping aloud on ev'ry Side
 (No wiser than their mad old Dame)
 Calling and whooping *Atys'* Name.
 Where some in Fury are so wood,
 As with one Arm t'let t'other Blood;
 Some weep in Blood, and some in Tears;
 Some with their Hair about their Ears,
 Run headlong down the Precipices,
 Enough to dash themselves in Pieces.
 One winds a Horn with mighty Labour,
 Another thumbs it on a *Taber*,
 Another a *Brass-pan* employs,
 Others use *Cymbals*, *Shaums*, *Hoboys*,
 Or any Thing will make a Noise,
 With which they make that hideous Din,
 That the whole Mountain rings agin.
 Nay, so obstreperous they are,
 And make that dismal *Tintamare*,

What with their Yelling, and their Tinkling,
That, unto any Mortal's Thinking,
Hell is broke loose, it sounds so odd,
And all the *Devils* got abroad:
Which makes me fear, for these Offences,
If e'er th' old *Hag* to her own Senses
Return again, she will on thee
Direly revenge this *Roguery*,
And, either without Form or Jury,
Presently kill thee in her Fury,
Or else unto her *Lions* throw,
Or *Priests*, the fiercer of the two.

Cu. Your Care's worth Thanks; but truly, *Mother*,
I neither fear the one nor t'other;
For her *Priests* Fury I not weigh't,
They all are too effeminate;
Nor of her *Lions* fearful am;
For those already I've made tame,
So tame, that often I astride
A *Cock-horse* on their Backs do ride,
Spur 'em, and, by the shaggy Manes,
Guide 'em as easy as with Reins,
Play with their Beards, their Lips, their Paws,
Make 'em extend their crooked Claws,
Nay, thrust into their Mouths my Fist,
And do with 'em e'en what me list.
And then for *Rhea*, *Mother*, she
Too busy is, I warrant ye,
About her Love, to think of me.
But, after all this Scolding now,
Mother, I very fain would know,

Wherein I've done so much amiss,
 When all I've done's but only this,
 To make that lov'd that lovely is :
 Which, why it should be thus resent'd,
 I know not ; would you be contented
 To have *Mars* cur'd (faith, now tell true)
 O'th' Passion that he has for you ?

Ven. O thou art a malicious *Brat*,
 To say so damn'd a Thing as that ;
 But, *Sirrah*, one Day, possibly,
 Thou'lt think of what I've said to thee.



D I A L O G U E.

HERCULES, ÆSCULAPIUS, and JUPITER.

Jup. WHY, what, *Sirs*, are you both stark mad !
 Is there no Rev'rence to be had !

Are not you both asham'd to brawl,
 And make this Bustle in the Hall,
 Together thus by th' Ears to fall,
 Like *Rogues*, and one another maul
 With Pots and Jugs, and all Things shuffle,
 As you were at a Counter-scuffle ?

D'ye make an *Ale-house* of my House !
 If I reach one of ye a *Douse*,
 You'll learn more Manners, than to brabble,
 And make an Uproar at my Table.

Herc.

Herc. Is it fit, *Father*, that this *Jack*,
This paltry *Mountebanking Quack*,
This *Siringe*, *Glister-pipe* before ye,
This *Leech*, this vile *Suppository*,
This *Son of twenty thousand Fathers*,
This *Pack of Galley-pots and Bladders*,
Before this heav'nly Company
Should offer to take Place of me?

Æsculap. *Sirrah*, my noble Art disdains
All these abominable Names
Thou vomit'st forth so fluently;
Nor does the *Quack* belong to me;
Thy *Mountebank* I do disclaim,
It my Profession can't defame,
Nor *Hocus* nor no *Leach* I am:
But the renowned *God of Physick*,
Who cure my Patients when they lie-sick.
Thy Better (*Ruffian*) in Desert;
Or his, whoever takes thy Part.

Herc. In what (*Impostor*) would'st thou be
Thought the Advantage t'ave of me?
Is it because a *Thunder-clap*
Gave that *Calves-head* of thine a Rap,
A due Reward for the Desert
Of thy vast Knowledge and great Art?
For (*Master Doctor*) in pure Pity
Great *Jove* did only here admit ye.

Æscul. It does become thee well, i'faith,
Thus to reproach me with my Death,
Having thyself, without Reprieve,
On *Oeta's Top* been burnt alive
For an Example unto all,
Like a notorious *Criminal*.

Herc. But that was voluntary yet,
 After I had with Labour great
 (Since my own Acts I must rehearse)
 Of *Monsters* purg'd the *Universe*.
 But what hast thou done for thy Part,
 With all thy so much boasted *Art*,
 But, *Emp'ric*-like, impos'd thy Cheats,
 By virtue of some stol'n Receipts,
 Which, set off with a brazen Face,
 Perhaps at *Country-Fairs* might pass ?

Æscul. Thou say'st well ; for 'twas I apply'd
 The *Unguent* to thy roasted *Hide*,
 When thou cam'st hither (*Captain Swasber*)
 Scorch'd like a *Herring*, or a *Rasber*,
 Sindg'd like a *Hog* (foh ! thou stink'st still)
 And spitch-cock'd like a salted *Eel* :
 But I, like thee, have never bin
 'Prentice t'a Whore to learn to spin,
 A little domineering *Trull*,
 'That made the big-bon'd *Booby* pull
 Coarse *Hemp*-*Hurds*, flaver and twine,
 A Thread, no doubt, as *Cart-rope* fine ;
 And when the aukward *Cluster-fist*,
 (As he did oft) his Lesson miss't,
 And broke a Thread, then you might see't
 Take him a Whirret on the Ear,
 Calling him *Dunce*, and *Loggerhead*,
 Whilst the tall Soldier quak'd for Dread.
 Nor (*Sirrah*, *Sauce-box*) dost thou hear ?
 I ne'er was yet the Murtherer
 Of my own Wife ; nor yet did I
 E'er slaughter my own *Progeny*,

Who,

Who, *Innocents*, could none provoke,
As thou hast, to thy Praise be't spoke.

Herc. 'Twere good thou left'st thy Prating, *Farrier*,
And quickly too, or this tall Warrior,
Whom thou so seemest to despise,
Will kick thee headlong from the Skies,
And make thee, from the *Crystal Vault*,
Take such a dainty *Somer-fault*,
That, when thou comest to the Ground,
Thy Neck, I doubt, will scarce be found.
Then thou may'st try thy Skill in vain,
And strive to set it right again,
When all thy Art will never do't,
Phys'c and *Surgery* to boot.

Æsc. Thou kick me down, thou vap'ring Scab!
Thou kists the *But-End* of a *Drab*.
Thou spinn'st already, and shalt feel
I have a Fist will teach thee reel.
Let's have fair Play, and make a *Round*,
I'll cuff with thee for twenty Pound:
Or, I will meet thee where thou wo't,
Either with Seconds, or without,
With any Weapon thou dost like,
Betwixt a *Bodkin* and a *Pike*,
Where I will pay thee thy Desert:
And (thou great *Lubber*) tho' thou art
A pretty Fellow with thy *Club*,
I will thy Lion's-skin so drub,
If once thou dar'st to bid me Battle,
Thy Bones shall underneath it rattle.

Jup. Basta! no more, you wrangling *Turds*,
Give o'er these *Costermonger's* Words.
Or, I protest (which I am loth)
I'll by the Shoulder thrust you both

224 *Burlesque upon Burlesque ; Or,*

Out of my Hall, and eke my Doors,
And pack you down 'mongst *Oyster-whores*,
Porters, and *Tripe-women* to prate,
And cuff it out at *Billinggate*,
But, first, I the Dispute will end,
For which so sweetly you contend :
Know then (my Brace of ill-bred *Huffers*)
You pair of brawling, drunken *Cuffers*,
You neither of you here have place,
But merely of my special Grace ;
And therefore two great *Coxcombs* are
Here to begin a Civil War,
And for a Thing to keep ado
Y've neither of ye Title to.
But henceforth (ye unmanner'd *Asses*)
That you may know your *Worships* Places,
And no more such a Rumble keep,
I'll have it go by *Eldership* ;
And, as the *Doctor* older is,
So the Precedence shall be his.





DIALOGUE.

MERCURY *and* APOLLO.

Merc. **A**POLLO, what's the Matter, pray,
You look so mustily To-day?

Apol. Why, never any, certainly,
Was yet so cross'd in Love as I;
And any else, I think, would die of
Half the mischievous Luck that I have.

Merc. Hast thou new Cause with *Fate* to quarrel,
Since *Daphne* turn'd was to a *Laurel*?

Apol. Oh yes, yes, yes, my honest Friend,
My *Hyacinthus*' timeless End.

Merc. Who of his Murder was the Author?

Apol. Myself am guilty of the Slaughter.

Merc. What, didst thou do it in thy Fury?
Thou'rt passionate.

Apol. No, I assure ye,
The Passion I had for that Creature
Was of another sort of Nature;
But playing with the Boy ar *Mall*,
(I rue the Time, and ever shall)
I struck the *Ball*, I know not how,
(For that is not the Play, you know)
A pretty Height into the Air,
When *Zephyrus* (who, 't seems, was there)

And long (as thou thyself hast seen)
 Has jealous of our Friendship been,
 Beat down the Ball without Remorse,
 With such a most confounded Force,
 And gave his Head so damn'd a Thum,
 As breaking *Pericranium*,
Scalp, *Dura*, and eke *Pia Mater*,
 His Brains came poppling out like Water,
 And the Boy dy'd so prettily,
 'Twould e'en have done one good to see.
 I presently pursu'd the *Traytor*,
 'T've been reveng'd; but no such Matter.
 I notch'd an Arrow to have shot him,
 But he soon out of Distance got him.
 Besides, although in a *Long-Bow*
 I shoot as well as most I know,
 Yet (like a Dunce) I ne'er could yet
 The Knack of shooting flying get.
 He was too swift, and I too slow,
 To overtake the Wind, I trow.
 So, seeing then the bloody Slave
 Got into *Æolus's Cave*,
 I back to my departed Joy;
 Where taking up the lovely Boy,
 I honourably brought him home,
 And built him a most stately Tomb,
 Where my *Amours* and *He* for ever
 Are buried, and intomb'd together,
 And yet, my *Sweet-heart* to survive,
 And keep my Comfort still alive,
 I from his Blood have caus'd to spring
 A Flow'r, the prettiest baubling Thing,

For Beauty, and for Sweetness too,
On the *Earth's* Womb that ever grew:
Which also in its Foliage wears
Some *Hieroglyphic Characters*,
Whose Sense in mystic Figures bears
The Story of my Sighs and Tears.
And yet, alas! for all I strive
My rooted Sorrow to deceive,
By all the most diverting Ways,
I must lament him all my Days.

Merc. Then, Friend *Apollo*, thou art not
The God of *Wisdom*, but a *Sot*:
For those who will descend so far,
As to love Things that mortal are,
Must for Events like these prepare.
Mortals to Fate are subject all,
Who sooner must, or later fall;
And the Word *Mortal* does imply,
That they are only born to die.





DIALOGUE.

APOLLO and MERCURY.

Mer. **T**IS a strange Thing, methinks, *Apollo*,
 That this foul Thief all smutch with Collow,
 This *Vulcan*, this old limping *Rogue*,
 This nasty, swarthy, ill-look'd *Dog*,
 Should have the Luck to marry these,
 So fair, so handsome *Goddeses*.
 Nay more (which makes me hate the Slave)
 The very fairest that we have:
 Nor can it sink into my Pate
 How they can hug so foul a *Mate*;
 Or when from's Forge he comes at Night,
 In that same nasty, stinking Plight,
 All Soot and Sweat, so black and grim,
 How they can go to Bed to him:
 Or rather not abhor and fear him,
 And even vomit to come near him.

Apol. Why, 'tis a Wonder, certainly,
 To ev'ry one, especially
 One so unfortunate as I,
 Who though (I speak *sans* Vanity)
 I'm something better made than he,
 Not to say more, nevertheless,
 Despair of so much Happiness.

Merc.

Merc. It to much Purpose is for thee
To boast thy *Form* and *Harmony* :
These Cattle care not of a Fig,
For thy fine frizzl'd *Perriswig*,
Nor thy well Playing of a *Fig*.
As little would it profit me
To brag of my *Activity*,
That I could wrestle, leap, and run,
And fell a *Rogue* with my *Battoon* :
No better Favour should I gain
By shewing them *Legerdemain*.
No ! no ! I see, there are no Arts
To conquer the *Madona's* Hearts ;
And we at *Bed-time*, when all's done,
Shall find that we must lie alone :
Whilst a *Mechanick Cripple* here,
(Who doubtless does a *Vizor* wear ;
Or has the worst of all ill Faces)
Is towing *Venus* and the *Graces*.

Apol. Thy Fortune yet's not quite so bad :
Thou some *Luck* in thy Life hast had.
Thou something hast to bray on yet,
One Fit with *Venus* thou wast great ;
When, from your mutual Delight,
There sprung a rare *Hermaphrodite* :
But, of two Persons I ador'd,
The one my Love so much abhorr'd,
That, rather than she'd suffer me,
She would be turn'd into a Tree ;
And t'other, to my Flame more true,
I most unfortunately flew.
But tell me how these handsome Lasses,
Thy Mistress *Venus*, and the *Graces*,

Can

Can possibly so well agree,
 And live together quietly ?
 How comes it neither jealous are,
Venus of Them, nor they of Her ?

Merc. That's nothing strange, where no great Love is.
 Besides, fair *Venus* oft above is,
 Passing her Time most jocundly
 In *Heav'n*, with better Company.

While t'other are constrain'd the while
 To stay with them in *Lemnos' Isle*,
 And little wanton *Venus* cares
 Who with her in the *Black-Smith* shares ;
 She finer Fellows has than he
 To help to *do his Drudgery*.

Mars and She (*Jove* forgive 'em for't)
 Have now and then a Night of Sport,
 A Youth of other kind of Mettle,
 Than that old *Outside of a Kettle* ?

Apol. But dost thou think *Vulcan* does dream
 That *Captain Swash* does *Cuckold* him ?

Merc. Nay, faith, he knows it well enough ;
 But he so dreads that *Man of Buff*,
 That whatsoe'er he sees or hears
 He dares not mutter for his Ears.
 Besides, thou know'st, and oft has seen't,
 How monstrous rude and insolent
 The huffing, angry Boys of War
 With pitiful Mechanics are.

Apol. Well, but I'm told the *Hob-nail-maker*
 Is plotting, for all that, to take her,
 And is contriving a strange *Gin*
 To trap her and her Bravo in.

Merc.

Merc. I can say nothing as to that,
But (betwixt Friends) I'll tell thee what,
So her *Bumfiddle* I had clapp'd,
I'd be contented to be trapp'd.



DIALOGUE.

JUNO and LATONA.

Jun. I N Truth, (*Latona*) thou dost bear
Such lovely *Brats* to *Jupiter*,
That I have thought it Pity often,
They were not lawfully begotten.

Lat. They like their other Neighbours are,
Not over-foul, nor over-fair ;
They pretty passable are, though
(*Thank Jove*) the *Children* are so-so :
But each one must not think to bear
So fine a Piece as *Mulciber*.

Jun. I understand thee well enough,
Jeer on, my *Back* is broad enough :
Vulcan is not so finely dress'd
As *Don Apollo*, 'tis confess'd ;
Yet *Venus* (though he's not so trim)
Found in her Heart to marry him.
And, if the *Artizan* be lame,
We are for that Mischance to blame,
For ev'ry one knows how it came.

}
But,

But, though a *Cripple* in his Feet,
 His Hands do recompense it yet ;
 For better Workman never smote
With Hammer, whilst the Ir'n was hot.
 'Tis he embellish'd has the Skies
 With all those pretty twinkling Eyes :
 'Tis he alone can undertake
Jupiter's Thunder-bolts to make ;
 Nay, all the *Deities* beside
 Are from his Industry supply'd ;
 And he's put to't so to find Wares
 To furnish all his *Customers*,
 That oftentimes constrain'd they are
 To beg, intreat, and *speake him fair*
 To get him make their Iron-ware.
 They are all bound t'him, (on my Word)
Mars for his *Cuirace, Shield, and Sword* ;
 The blust'ring *Æol* for his *Bident*,
 And *Neptune* for his massy *Trident* ;
Ceres for *Sickles*, *Pan* for *Crooks*,
Pomona for her *Pruning-hooks*,
Priapus for his *Grafting-knives*,
 And *Sir Prometheus* for his *Gieves*.
 Nay, hold ! I have not yet half done,
 He's *Smith* and *Farrier* to the *Sun*,
 Does th'Iron work his *Chariot* needs,
Shoes, bloods, and drenches both his *Steeds* ;
 Of which the one the other Day
 He of a *Gravel* cur'd, they say,
 And t'other of a *Fistula*.
 Nay, a new Pair of *Wheels* are made,
 (The old ones being much decay'd)

For which he makes such lasting *Tire*,
 As all the *Blacksmiths* do admire :
Busbes the *Naves*, clouts th' *Axle-trees*,
 And twenty finer Things than these.
 The *Goddesses* are fain to wooe him,
 And come to be beholden to him,
 To make their *Needles* and their *Shears* ;
 And those fine *Pattens* his Wife wears,
 Are of his making too she swears.
 By which it evident appears,
 He's best at any Iron Thing
 That ever made an *Anvil* ring :
 But that great ramping *Fuss*, thy Daughter,
 A *Mankind-Trull*, inur'd to Slaughter,
 To the *soft Sex's* foul Disgrace,
 Rambles about from Place to Place,
 And ev'n as far as *Scythia* ranges,
 Where Murder she for Loves exchanges,
 And, without *Sense*, *Grace*, or good *Manners*,
 Butchers her courteous Entertainers ;
 In this more fierce and cruel far,
 Than the most bloody *Scythians* are.
 And then thy Son, that hopeful Piece,
Apollo, *Jack of all Trades* is :
 Of many Arts (forsooth) he's Master,
 An *Archer*, *Fidler*, *Poetaster*,
 A Kind of *Salt in banco* too,
 Which thorough Provinces does go,
 And kills *cum privilegio*.
 Nay, he pretends to more than this,
 He sets up *Oracle-shops* in *Greece*,
 At *Delphos*, *Didyma*, and *Claros*,
 To each of which he hath a *Warehouse*

Stuff'd full of Lyes, for great and small,
To gull poor silly Souls withal.

Yet so, that all his fustian Fictions,
(Which he pretends to be Predictions)

Though ev'ry one of them a Lye,

Are couch'd so wond'rous cunningly,

That, howsoe'er Things come about,

He has a Back-door to get out.

In the mean Time the World abounding

With Puppies, (that, it seems, 'scap'd Drowning)

By these *Impostures*, and damn'd *Cheats*,

Of Fools he Store of Money gets :

But yet the Wise too well do know

His Cheats, to part with Money so :

They find his Skill in *Prophecy*,

Who was so wise not to foresee,

That he one Day against his Will

Should his dear *Hyacinthus* kill ;

Nor that fair *Daphne*, his coy *Miss*,

Would never like that Face of his,

For all he wears his Beard so sprig,

And has a fine *Gold Perriwig*.

I wonder then, that thou shouldst be

Preferr'd thus before *Niobe* ;

Or that thy Issue should be thought

Fairer than those that she hath brought.

Lat. Come, come, thy Spite and Malice few know

Better than I do, *Madam Juno* ?

I know ; but care not of a Chip,

Where the Shoe wrings your Ladyship :

Thou'rt vex'd unto the Heart (I trow)

To see my Children triumph so,

And shine in Heaven as they do ;

And

And that they celebrated are,
The one for beautiful and fair,
And t'other for his Skill so rare
O' th'*Harp, Theorbo, and Guitarre.*

Jun. What senseless Things fond Mothers are!
Thou mak'st me laugh, I vow and swear,
To think thy Son thou shouldst maintain
To be a good *Musician* :
That miserable *Harper*, who,
For raking his vile *Gridir'n* so,
Instead of *Marsias* had been dead,
And had his Skin stripp'd o'er his Head,
Had not the nine corrupted *Wenches*
Giv'n Sentence 'gainst their Consciences.
As for thy Daughter's mighty Grace,
With her pale, Full-Moon, *Platter Face*,
She such a very lovely Piece is,
Actæon was pull'd all to Pieces
By his own *Hounds*, (*ill-manner'd Curs*,)
Who did like *Dogs*, but th'Fault was her's,
'Tis said, for having seen her naked ;
But who think that was all, mistake it :
For I can tell 'em in their Ear,
She made them worry him for Fear
He should tell *Tales*, and blaze a Story
(She knew must needs be detractory)
Of what a filthy fulsome *Queen*
He bating had stark-naked seen,
For the *Virginity* (forsooth)
She brags of, is a gross Untruth ;
Alas ! a mere Pretence, and what
All Women needs must titter at :

For she could never, if a *Maid*,
 Practise so well the *Midwife's* Trade,
 And be so skill'd in that *Affair*,
 Without Experience, we may swear ;
 And therefore she has had her Share
 Of doing too, I warrant her.

Lat. Well (*Juno*) well, I must dispense
 With this thy railing Insolence,
 And she who is in *Bed* and *Throne*
 Great *Jupiter's* Companion,
 May say her Will to any one.
 Or else, my haughty Dame, I wis
 Thou durst not talk such Stuff as this.
 Thou sett'st thy *Tiptet* wond'rous high,
 And rant'st, there is no coming nigh :
 See what a goodly Port she bears,
Making the Pot with the two Ears !
 But yet, e're long, I hold a Groat,
 That we shall hear thee change thy Note.
 This Pride will have a Fall, no doubt,
 And we shall see thee lour and pout,
 And your insulting *Majesty*,
 Tame as a Lamb, sit down and cry,
 When, wounded with some mortal Beauty,
 Your *Good-man* shall forget his Duty,
 And go to court her at th'Expence
 Of *Juno's* due Benevolence.



D I A L O G U E.

APOLLO and MERCURY.

Ap. **W**HY, how now, (*Seignior Mercury*)
Y'are wonderfully rapt, I see!
What is it makes your *Worship*, pray,
So merry 'bout the Mouth To-day?

Merc. Why, to see that that I have seen
Would make a *Dog to break his Spleen*;
A Sight (*Apollo*) that would make
Thy Heart-strings too with Laughing crack.

Apol. Govern thy Mirth awhile, at least,
So long that I may hear the Jest;
So long that braying Laughter spare,
That I in Turn may laugh my Share.

Merc. Why, our brave *Cavaliero Mars*
(For Laughing I can tell thee scarce,
The Jest so pretty and so odd is)
Is napping ta'en with *Beauty's Goddess*.

Apol. How ta'en? I prithee, now be plainer,
When, doing what, after what Manner?

Merc. Just now, whilst *Smug* was Oxen shoeing,
And (in plain Terms) at *down-right doing*,
The Manner thus: You are to know —
Oh I could die with Laughing now!

Apollo. Thou titt'ring *Calf*, I prithee cease,
And either speak, or hold thy Peace.

Merc.

Merc. Why then, be't known to all Good-fellows,
 That, *Vulcan* having long been jealous
 Of an Intrigue 'twixt his fair *Bride*
 And this fame huffing *Iron-side*,
 It having held on many Year ;
 The smoaky *Limps* did more than fear
 He had through *Venus'* Water-gap
 Stuck a *Bull's Feather* in his Cap ;
 Which long has made him eye and watch him,
 Hoping to find a Time to catch him.
 He to this Purpose then had set
 About his *Bed* so rare a Net,
 Made of so small, but holding Wire,
 (Wherein his Art we all admire)
 As, without very special Heed,
 Was hardly to be seen indeed ;
 Which having, unperceived, laid,
 He careless went about his *Trade* :
 But scarcely was he gone an Acre,
 When in slips *Captain Cuckold-maker*,
 And whips me into Bed to's Wife,
 Where, whilst she whistled on the *Fife*,
 He beat, (oh, never such a Drum !)
 A Point of War upon her Bum.
 Now as they thus, with pleasing Labor,
 Did jump and jig to Pipe and Tabor,
 Playing in Concert, and Time keeping,
 The *San*, who ever must be peeping,
 When she, *cock-sure*, thought none was nigh 'em,
 Thorough the Glafs had Luck to spy 'em ;
 Which having done, away he goes,
 And, out of Envy, I suppose,

(Of that, methinks, it rankly favours)
 Tells me lame *Vulcan* straight, that *Mavors*,
 Whilst he at Work did sweat and swelter,
 Was thund'ring *Venus Helter-skelter*.
 At which, the *God* with smutty Face
 Starting, as if to run a Race,
 Throws down his Tools, *sans* more ado,
 And tripp'd it with his Patten-shoe
 So nimbly, that (to make it short)
 He comes i'th' Middle of their Sport,
 And, like a cunning old *Trepanner*,
 Took the poor Lovers in *the Manner* ;
 And there, as one would take a Lark,
 Trapp'd the fair *Madam* and her *Spark*.
Venus confounded, you must think,
 Chopp'd down her Hand to hide her *Cbink*.
Mars, tardy ta'en, at first did fret,
 Struggled, and flutter'd in the Net ;
 And strongly did about him lay,
 Thinking by Force to make his Way ;
 When, finding 'twas beyond his Strefs,
 He e'en was fain to acquiesce,
 (For striving made him but more fast)
 And to Intreaties fell at last.
 But fair Words *Vulcan* little heeded :
 He then to Menaces proceeded,
 Making a Kind of mix'd *Oration*,
 Half *Kill and Slay*, half *Supplication*.

Apol. 'Tis very pleasant, faith ! and so
Vulcan, (I warrant) let him go.

Merc. So far from that, that, without Shame,
 Civil Regard to his Wife's Fame,

Or any Sense of his own Disgrace,
 He all the *Gods* unto the Place
 Very judiciously has brought,
 To shew them what fine Fish he's caught :
 Where now they are, and all become
 Spectators of his *Cuckoldom*.

In the mean Time the loving Pair,
 Seeing themselves thus caught in th'Snare,
 Hang down their Heads, and with Shame's Wing
 (For Want of other Covering)
 In bashful Blushes do exprefs
 They fain would hide their Nakedness.

Apol. But, all this while, is *Dirty-face*
 So stupid, and so damn'd an Ass,
 As not to blush in such a Case,
 At publishing his own Disgrace ?

Merc. Who he ? why he, of all the rest,
 Is the most ravish'd with the Jest,
 And Blushes no where does disclose,
 But (where he always does) in's Nose :
 Yet, tho' the Sight be but unseemly,
 I envy this same *Mars* extremely,
 To be surpriz'd in Bed with her,
 Who is of Goddesses the Star,
 With whom no other can compare,
 For sweetly, excellently fair,
 Believ't, *Apollo*, is most rare !
 And then to be ty'd to her too,
 With Bonds that no one can undo ?
 To her, I say, than fairest fairer,
 O that's more ravishing and rarer !

Apol. Thou speakest so feelingly, I wis,
 With such a tickling Emphasis,

As thoud'st a Mind to have it thought
Thou would'st thyself be fain so caught.

Merc. Marry, who doubts it? Ay, or else
Would I had *Clapper* lost and *Bells*.
Do but go with me now, and see
Beauty in her Captivity;
And if thou be'elt not of my Mind,
I then (my Friend) shall be inclin'd,
Or to suspect that there may be
Something in't of Frigidity;
Or wonder that thy Continence,
Beholding so much Excellence,
Should be so constant, and so great,
Which rare is in a *Carrot-pate*.



DIALOGUE.

JUNO and JUPITER.

Jun. **N**E'er stir (thou mighty *God of Thunder*)
I cannot chuse, methinks, but wonder
How thou canst be content to have
Such an effeminate, drunken Knave
As *Bacchus* is, to call thee Father!
If he were mine, I should much rather
Adopt, than such a *Rakehell* own,
A 'loak'd *Dutch Swabber*, for my Son.
A drunken Whelp, whose whole Delight
Is swinish Swilling, Day and Night,

L

With

With a loud Crew of hair-brain'd Jades,
 A Knot of very fine Comrades ;
 Yet good enough for him they be,
 And far more masculine than he :
 Whilst to their Tabors and their Pipes
 He jolts about his swagging Tripes,
 With his Hair crisp'd so neat and fine,
 And crown'd with Chaplets of the Vine,
 More like a *Morris-dancer* far
 Than any Son of *Jupiter*.

Jup. Yet this effeminate, drunken Sot,
 This *Swabber*, and, I can't tell what,
 With which thy over-lib'ral Clapper
 Is pleas'd his Merit to bespatter,
 Has, in a very little Space,
 Conquer'd both *Lydia* and *Thrace*,
 Which are no common Victories :
 Nay, of the *Indies* too made Prize,
 After triumphantly he had
 Their huffing *King* a Captive made,
 For all's *Bravadoes*, and his *Rants*,
 And his *Life-guard* of *Elements*.
 Is this a despicable Son,
 Who has so noble Conquests won ?
 Nay, and (which yet appears more great)
 Without the Pother, Toil, and Sweat,
 The Wounds, the Blood, the Smart, and Pain,
 With which all others Conquest gain ?
 This Fellow subjugates the Earth
 In a perpetual Roar of Mirth,
 Of Fiddling, Dancing, Wenching, Drinking,
 Who, none would think he least was thinking

Of any such important Matter,
 Of plotting Things of that high Nature:
 And often (which is stranger yet)
 At Times when he seems most unfit
 Either to act, or to command;
 So drunk, he cannot go nor stand.
 And if, at any Time, there are
 Any so impudent to dare
 Either to censure or despise
 His jovial *Rites* and *Mysteries*,
 He takes them in his Lime-twigs straight,
 And teaches them so well to prate,
 That once (among a many other
 Revenges dire) he made a * Mother,
 For an Impiety like this,
 Tear her own Issue Piece by Piece:
 And was not this, I fain would hear,
 Worthy the Son of *Jupiter*!
 And if he be (*as, now-a-days,*
Many young People take ill Ways)
 A *Toss-pot*, and a drunken *Toast*,
 It always is at his own Cost,
 And none (for all's *Debauchery*)
 Can say so much as *black's his Eye*.
 Besides, if he such Things can do,
 When *drunk as Drum, or Wheelbarrow*,
 What would not this *God of October*
 Perform, I prithee, when he's sober?

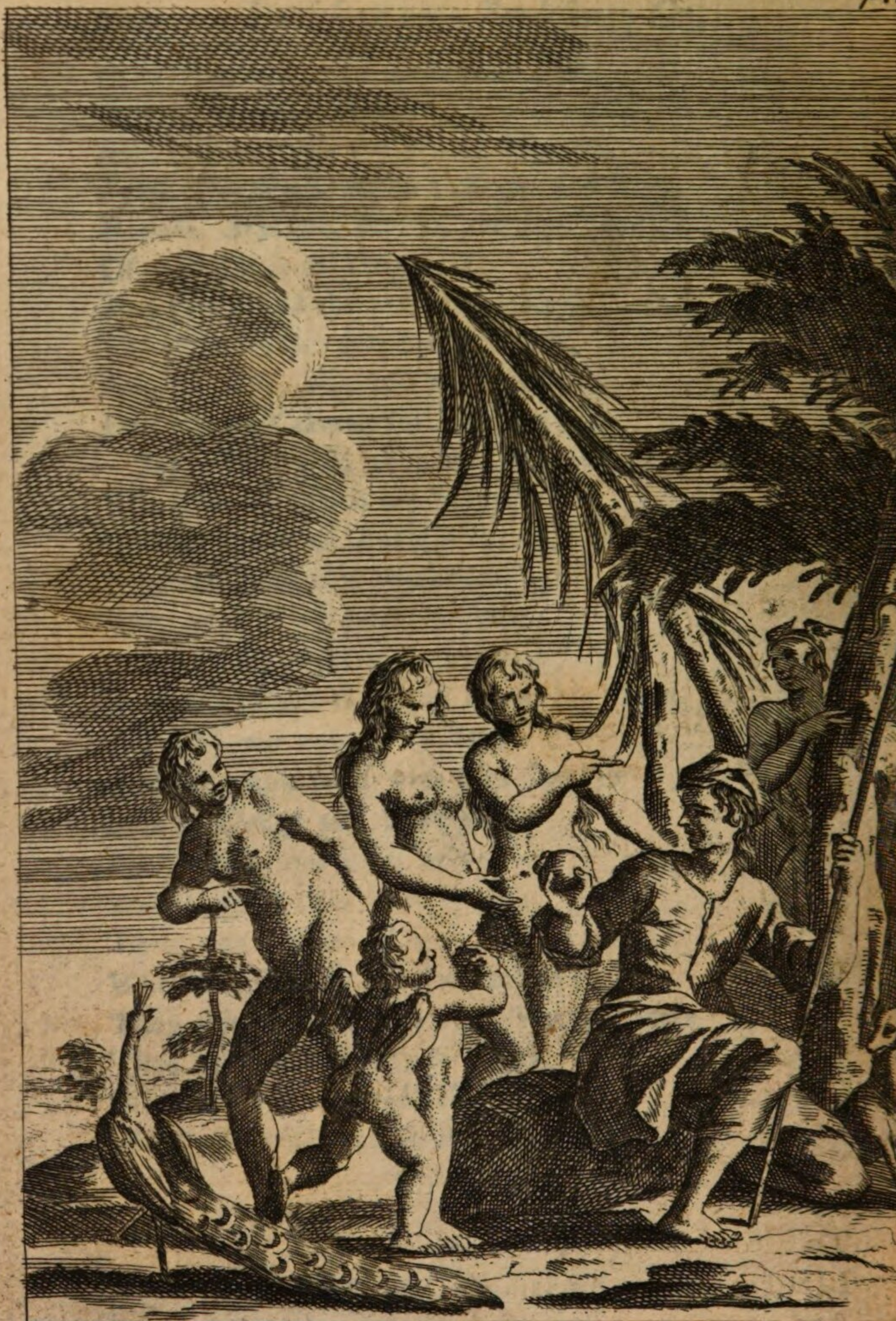
* *Aga,*

Jun. Why this is wonderfully fine;
 Wilt not proceed to praise (Friend mine)
 His rare Invention of the Vine,
 That Parent of accursed *Wine*,

}

After thou hast, with thine own Eyes,
 Beheld the many Miseries
 And Mischief that the World disquiets,
Frays, Bloodsheds, Rescues, Routs, and Riots,
Brawls, Brabbles, Shrieks, the Dev'l and all,
 Of which it is th' Original?
 And that it cost the first * *Boon-blade,* * *Icarus.*
 To whom he this fine Present made,
 Even his Life, who had his Brains
 Beat out his *Coxcomb* for his Pains?

Jup. Pish, pish, thou talk'st thou know'st not what!
 The *Wine* for this is not in fault;
 'Tis not the *Wine*, but the Excess,
 That causes all this Wickedness.
 Wine of itself's a gen'rous Juice,
 Of which the right and mod'rate Use
 Quickens Man's Wit, and cheers his Heart,
 Gives Vigour unto ev'ry Part,
 And the whole Man with Fire supplies
 Both to Design and Enterprize:
 But Jealousy and Envy make
 Your *Ladyship* thus ill to speak:
 There was a *Semele*, I trow,
 Who still sticks in thy Stomach so;
 Thou else would'st have more Wit or Shame
 Than thus indiff'rently to blame,
 With thy eternal *Bibble-Babble*,
 What's ill, with what is commendable.



J. Goupy del.

M. V. Gucht.

The Judgement of Paris



DIALOGUE.

VENUS and CUPID.

Ven. **C**ome on (*Sir Love*) since none is by
 But your small Deity and I,
 I must examine you a little,
 And tell me true unto a Tittle,
Sirrah, it were your best, or else
 I'll jerk you with my *Pantables* :
 How comes it (*Youth*) to pass, that you,
 Who all the Deities subdue,
 And, at thy Pleasure, canst make *Noddies*
 Of every God, and every Goddess ;
 Nay, even me dost so inflame,
 Who (*Shit-breech*) thy own Mother am :
 But yet *Dame Pallas* canst not stir,
 As if (*forsooth*) alone for her
 Thou hadst no Arrows in thy Quiver,
 Nor yet a Torch to findge her Liver ?

Cup. Why (to confess the Truth) I spare her
 For no very good Will I bear her :
 But she is such a strapping *Fade*,
In Sadness, Mother, I'm afraid
 To meddle with her. T'other Day
 I for her in close Ambush lay,
 And a convenient Stand had got,
 Intending to have pink'd her Coat ;

And, to that End, had chose an Arrow,
 (With which I scorn to miss a Sparrow)
 Had notch'd it, and, without all Dread,
 Had drawn it almost to the Head ;
 When, by the Snapping of a Twig,
 Espying me, she look'd so big,
 And did her Launce so fiercely brandish,
 My Face turn'd whiter than your Hand is ;
 And I such Fear was struck withal,
 That Bow and Shaft from Hand did fall ;
 Nay, I myself came tumbling down,
 As she had shot me with a Frown,
 So suddenly, that, but my Wings,
 By voluntary Flutterings,
 Broke the main Fury of my Fall,
 I think, I'd broke my Neck withal ;
 And yet was not the Squelch so ginger,
 But that I sprain'd my little Finger.

Ven. But *Mars* more dreadful is than she,
 For all her Launce and Shield, can be :
 His Looks were terrible and grim,
 Yet thou art not afraid of him.

Cup. I twice dare him, e're once offend her ;
 He frankly does his Arms surrender
 To my Dispose, nay, very often
 Calls me his *Iron-sides*, to soften :
 Whereas this fowre *Pal of Ambree*
 Huffs it, and looks askew at me ;
 And, when the domineering *Drab*
 Beheld me, like a half-fledg'd Squab,
 Come fluttering headlong from the Bough,
Sirrab (quoth she) thou *Bastard* thou,

If, with thy famous Archery,
 Thou dar'st to make a Butt of me,
 Assure thyself, my mortal *Javelin*
 Shall in a Moment be thy Navel in;
 Or, I will catch thee up by one
 Of those fat Stumps thou walk'st upon,
 And give your *Rogueship* such a Swing,
 As (*Monfieur Chitty-face*) shall fling
 You and your Implements to Hell:
 And therefore (*Don*) consider well
 Whom thou attack'st. Go, bird at other
 Ladies of Pleasure, shoot thy *Mother*;
 She such a constant Friend to Love is,
 She'll take it for a Son-like Office;
 But level not at me thy *Tiller*:
 For if thou dost (thou pore-blind Killer)
 I've told thee what thou art to fear,
 And I will do it, as I'm here.
 Thus said, she (which not to dissemble)
 Indeed, *lau Mother*, made me tremble,
 And that too, with so fierce a Look,
 As my poor Heart could no way brook;
 But, *like an Aspen-leaf*, I shook,
 And star'd as I'd been Planet-struck.
 Which Face so terrible appears
 In that same steel *Monteer* of her's;
 And then her Shield's so full of Dread,
 With that foul staring *Gorgon's Head*,
 Which, dress'd up in a *Tour* of Snakes,
 The Sight so much more horrid makes,
 That the Remembrance makes me sweat;
Uds fish! methinks I see it yet.

Ven. Dame *Pallas* and *Medusa's* Head
 Are mighty dang'rous Things indeed :
 But yet, for all this mighty Fear,
 Thou nothing mak'st of *Jupiter*,
 For all the Thunder he does bear.
 But (*Sirrah*) after these Excuses,
 How comes it that the Nine fair *Muses*,
 Who *Gorgon's* Head nor Thunder have,
 Should 'scape thy Darts, thou juggling *Knave*;
 Who, for all thou to do art able,
 Do still remain invulnerable.

Cup. Why, faith, I do those *Damsels* spare,
 Out of the Rev'rence that I bear
 To their good Singing; who, when I
 Happen into their Company,
 Sing me, and that without Intreaties,
 Such *Sonnets*, *Madrigals*, and *Ditties*,
 As ravish me, to tell you plainly;
 For, you know, I love Ballads mainly :
 I then were an ungrateful *Dog*,
 Should I those Virgins set a-gog
 With a mad Flame that nothing dreads,
 And make them lose their Maidenheads ;
 By which their Voices ev'ry one
 Would be foul crack'd, nay, spoil'd and gone.

Ven. But what has *Dame Diana* done,
 That thou should'st let her too alone ?
 Which way has she (small *Quiver-bearer*)
 Oblig'd thy Deity to spare her !

Cup. Oh, that *Donzella*, by Relation,
 Is ta'en up with another Passion.

Ven. What Passion's that of Love takes Place ?

Cup. Why, she's inamour'd of the *Chace*,

Where-

Wherein the lusty, well-breath'd *Dame*
So fast pursues the flying *Game*,
The *Hart*, and *Hind*, the *Buck*, and *Doe*,
And skirs thro' Woods and Forests so,
That, should I stalk at her a Year,
I ne'er shall get a Shot at her;
And, to pursue her is no boot,
The *Damsel* is too swift of Foot:
But for her *Brother*, that Prince *Prig*,
For all his dainty fanded *Wig*,
And that he shoots at fourteen-score,
I think —————

Ven.

Thou needst to say no more;

Thou oft has made thy fiery Dart
Fizz in the Hollow of his Heart.





The Judgment of P A R I S.

D I A L O G U E.

JUPITER, MERCURY, PARIS, *and the*
Three Goddesses.

Jup. H E Y ! Lacquey Mercury, appear !

Merc. *An't like your Majesty, I'm here.*

Jup. Here (*Sirrah*) take this golden Apple,
And go where *Paris* tends his Cattle,
On *Ida's* Top, to that smug *Paris*,
Who all the Shepherds much more fair is ;
That smooth-fac'd *Trojan*, and acquaint him,
That I of *Beauty* Judge appoint him,
Because he is a pretty Fellow,
And sometimes makes his Neighbours yellow,
And that he knows, tho' clad in Frock,
A Woman from a Water-cock.

Come (*fair ones*) come, what are ye doing ?
It is high time that you were going ;
I'll not be Judge, I swear, that's flat :
I think, I know enough for that :
For, if I should decide the Strife
Betwixt my *Daughters* and my *Wife*,

Such

Such Matters I am so expert in,
That Two I should offend, that's certain:
And, to be plain, I mainly dread
Pulling an old House o'er my Head.

Then, sithence I can please but one,
I will e'en fairly let't alone!

For you are three that for it grapple,
And you all know there's but one Apple,
And I could wish, wer't I that gave it,
That ev'ry one of you might have it:
But none of you need doubt t'appear
Before this new *Lord Chancellor!*

Don Paris, who is to decide
Your Controversy upon *Ide*,
Though *Chanceries* admit no *Jury*,
For he's a *King's Son*, I assure ye,
Descended from an honest Breed,
Own Cousin here to *Ganymede*,
So upright and so innocent,
That you all ought to rest content,
And have no Reason to eschew him,
But wholly put the Matter to him.

Venus. For my Part, *Father Jupiter*,
I am content, and am so far
From questioning, much more refusing,
Any for *Judge* is of thy chusing,
That I should never doubt the Matter,
Were *Momus'* self the *Arbitrator*,
And willingly to this submit,
Who, if he have or Eye, or Wit,
Will surely understand the Duty
That he and all Men owe to *Beauty*,

And if my Rivals do consent,
For my Part, I am most content.

Juno. I from the Sentence shall not budge,
Tho' *Mars* himself were to be Judge,
Altho' thy *Paramour* he be,
And likely to incline to thee.

Jup. Art thou, *Minerva*, too agreed ?
She blushes, and holds down her Head.

But Modesty's the Maiden's Grace ;

Besides, I hate a Brazen-face,

And thou wer't virtuously rear'd ;

Maids should be seen, they say, not heard.

Therefore, I see, thou'rt, too, content,

And modest Silence gives Consent.

Go on, then, in an happy Hour,

And let not those, who lose, look sour.

Stomach th' Award, nor bear a Grudge

To him whom I have made your Judge :

For there is but one *Golden Ball*,

Which can't be given to you all ;

Nor yet can sev'ral *Beauties* strike

The young Man's Liking all alike :

And therefore he must giv't to one,

Or keep't himself, and give it none.

Merc. Come now, ye've heard your Charge, I pray,

Let us be jogging, Ladies gay,

And set forth towards *Phrygia* ;

I'll lead the best and nearest Way,

That you may neither stop nor stay ;

For such wild Cattle often stray.

And, for the Bus'ness of the Ball,

Never concern yourselves at all ;

I know

I know this *Paris* well enough,
And of his Dealing have had Proof:
He is a very honest *Younker*,
A bonny Lad, and a great *Punker*
As out on's Sight did ever thrust his ———
I'll warrant you, he'll do you Justice.

Ven. The *Character* thou giv'st the Youth,
Does even ravish me, in Truth:
I've heard none such this many a Day:
But is he marry'd, prithee, say?

Merc. He was a *Batchelor* last *Friday*,
But he a * Sweet-heart has on *Ida*, * *Oenone*.
If I mistake not; but she is.
Some coarse, some home-spun, rustic Piece,
That only now and then attends him,
To draw the Humours out offends him;
A necessary Piece of Wealth,
To keep his Body in good Health,
With whom he plays, to help Digestion:
But what makes thee to ask that Question?

Ven. I know not how it came to pass,
Of something else I think it was.

Pal. You, nimble *Monfieur Merc'ry* there,
Captain Conductor, do you hear?
You ill discharge your Trust (I trow)
To hold Discourse and whisper so
With *Madam Venus* on the Way;
Is that in your *Commission*, pray?

Merc. Why, if to pass the Time we chat,
What can you (*Madam*) make of that?
'Twas no such Secret, never fear it,
That we talk'd of, but you may hear it;

She

She only ask'd, if *Paris* were

A marry'd Man, or Batcheler ?

Pal. And good-now, what is that to her ?

Merc. Nay, what know I (my Lady fine ?)
She says it was without Design.

Pal. And is he marry'd ?

Merc. I think not ;

For why should he be such a Sot,

As to go tie himself to one,

When all he speaks to are his own ?

Pal. What ! is the Fellow a mere *Bumpkin*,

A down-right Clod ? or has he something

Of Honour or Ambition in him ?

For thou, it seems, hast often seen him.

Merc. Why, faith, the Fellow being young,

Of active Limbs, and pretty strong,

And being Son unto a *King*,

I think he would give any Thing,

Nay, (on my Conscience) half his Cattle,

To signalize himself in Battle ;

And would be glad, 'mongst armed Bands,

To shew how tall he is on's Hands,

Always provided in the Case,

The *Roysters* would not spoil his Face.

Ven. Why look you now, I can connive at

Your two discoursing thus in private,

Who, tho' you have much longer chatted,

Yet you see, I'm not angry at it.

I'm of another Kind of Nature,

And no such forward snappish Creature.

Merc. Nor is there Cause here, I assure ye,

To put your *Ladyship* in Fury ;

For

For all she ask'd me was no more,
But just the same you did before;
And I return'd in answer, too,
The same to *Her* I did to *You*.
But yet this little snapping Fray
Has help'd well onward on our Way:
Help'd us well onward only, said I!
Why, we're past all the Stars already,
And over *Phrygia* now are come;
And so, *fair Ladies*, welcome home:
And see, *sweet Charges*, I have spy'd
The famous Mount ycleped *Ide*;
And, now I come a little nigher,
I think, I see your *Apple-Squire*.

Jun. Whereabouts is he? Prithee shew;
For hang me if I see him now.

Merc. A little on your Left-hand, *Madam*,
Driving his Flocks, I think, to shade 'em
O' th' Side of the high Mountain, yonder;
You there may see your *Costard-monger*:
His Flock lies open to your View,
And yonder is his Cabbin too.

Jun. Where is this Youngster, with a Pox?
I see no Cabbins nor no Flocks.

Merc. A better Pair of Eyes *Jove* send ye;
I doubt, your *Bon-grace* does offend ye;
Your Maid'nhead hangs not in the Light,
Jove is too good a *Carpet-Knight*:
I ne'er saw th' like in all my Days;
Why he's as plain as *Nose on Face*,
Guide your Eye by my Finger here;
Do you not see some Flocks appear

Coming

Coming from out yon Rocks, pray speak,
And one with Sheep-hook on his Neck,
Sending his Cur to fetch 'em in?

They're plain enough, sure, to be seen!

Jun. Oh, now I see'em; Is that the Youth?

Merc. That, *Madam*, 's even he, in Truth:

But now that we are got so near,

I think it good Discretion were

That, e're we further go, we here

Do make our Stop, and light, for fear,

Left, whilst on us he least is study'ng,

Flutt'ring about his Ears o'th' sudden,

We should, perhaps, affright him so,

That the poor Shepherd would not know.

Nor what to think, nor what to do.

And he, who to determine is

Of such a Ticklè-point as this,

Had need to have his Wits about him,

Jun. Which if he have I nothing doubt him.

So now we're down; and now, I pray,

Let goody *Venus* lead the Way;

For doubtless, she, of all the rest,

Most Reason has to know it best,

As, having oft, to feed her Vices,

Been here, to seek her Friend *Anchises*.

Ven. Well, *Governess* of *Heav'n's* Commander,

It is well known thy Tongue's no Slander;

Slander to her who Slander broaches,

I scorn both thee and thy Reproaches.

Merc. Fy! (*Ladies*) fy! is this your Breeding,

To squabble now you come to Pleading!

But I shall this Dispute decide,

I my ownself will be your Guide;

For I remember well, when *Jove*
 Unto young *Ganymede* made love,
 I often on this Hill did light
 To see the little *Favourite*,
 To bring him *Plums* and *Mackaroons*,
 Which welcome are to such small *Grooms* ;
 And, when he carry'd him away,
 I flew about 'em all the Way,
 To hold him up : And we must be
 Near to the Place, for I now see
 (Or I mistake) the very *Rock*,
 Where he sat piping to his Flock,
 When *Jupiter*, in shape of Eagle,
 Came, the young Stripling to inveigle,
 And, seizing him like any *Sparrow*,
 With his Beak holding his *Tiara*,
 To make him sure, as swift as *Hobby*,
 He bare him into Heaven's *Lobby* ;
 Whilst the *poor Boy*, half dead with Fear,
 Writh'd back to view his Spiriter ;
 And then it was that he let fall
 The Flute he piping was withal ;
 When I, who will no Gain let go by,
 Seeing my Time, catch'd up the *Hoboy*.
 But here is your *Commissioner*
 Of *Oyer* and *Terminer* ;
 Let's civilly salute him, pray,
 And give his *Lordship* time o'th' Day.
Good Day, thou Top of *Shepherds Fame*.

Paris. To thee (*fair Son*) I wish the same.

What Ladies are these pretty Faces
 Thou lead'st into these desert Places ?

They

They are too fine and tender, sure,
These scratching *Brambles* to endure.

Merc. Ladies! thou (*Paris*) mov'st my Laughter,
They're *Deities*, ev'ry *Mother's Daughter*.

You have before you, I'd have you know,
Venus, *Minerva*, and *Queen Juno*.

'Tis Truth I tell you (*Sir*) and I
Am *Cavaliero Mercury*.

What! thou turn'st Colour (*my good Friend*)
And seem'st to be at thy Wits End;

Take Courage (*Paris*) I exhort thee,
We are not hither come to hurt thee;

But, 'cause thy Judgment we approve

'Bove others, in Affairs of Love,

And know thee for a *Fornicator*,

We come to make thee *Arbitrator*

Of a long Suit these *Goddeses*

Depending have, i'th' *Common-Pleas*,

About Priority of Beauty:

And therefore (*Paris*) do thy Duty.

As to the rest, the Victors need,

Thou may'st about this Apple read.

Par. Let's see't. Hump! what's written here?

Give this unto the fairest Fair.

Great Gods! how should a mortal Wit

Be able to determine it!

Too mean Man's Skill, without Dispute, is,

To judge of your *immortal Beauties!*

To judge of such *Celestial Lasses*

A Swain's Capacity surpasses!

Or that, if any human Wit

Were capable of doing it,

Some

Some *Courtier* it should be, no doubt,
Much rather than a *Collin Clout*.

If I were put to it to tell

Which of my Sheep does bear the Bell,

Or to point out the fairest Goat,

I'd guess with any for a Groat;

And I have such good Judgment in it,

That, peradventure I might win it:

But these are Beauties so Divine,

And all with such Perfections shine,

That a Man's Eye has much ado

T' leave one to look on t'other Two,

But, with the first so captivated,

From thence he hardly can translate it;

But there 'tis riveted, concluding,

That fair't is without Disputing.

Besides (to speak the Truth) my Sight

So dazzled is with so much Light

Of heav'nly Beauty, that, I vow,

Two Eyes, methinks, are not enow;

But I, at such a Time as this,

Would be all Eyes as *Argus* is,

With fuller Sight to look upon

So much, so rare Perfection.

And yet, ev'n in that State, I fear,

One being Wife to *Jupiter*,

The other Two his *Daughters*, I

Should do very imprudently,

In a Contest of such high Nature,

As this for Preference of Feature,

Either to meddle or to make,

But, as they brew, so let 'em bake.

260 *Burlesque upon Burlesque ; Or,*

Merc. You sometimes may Discretion use,
But here you can nor will nor chuse :

Jupiter says it shall be so,
And what that means, you needs must know,
'Tis then in vain to prate or babble,
His Orders are irrevocable.

Par. Why then have at 'em ! and let those,
Whose Luck 'twill be the Prize to lose,
Blame their ill Fortune, and not me,
For I can please but One of Three.

Merc. Nay, they're all bound to that already ;
To Judgment, therefore, and be speedy.

Par. Why, seeing that it must be so,
Stand out (*fair Ladies*) all a-row :
But first (*Sir Merc'ry*) I would know,
If I may see 'em nak'd or no :
For Womens chief Perfections do
Lie underneath their Cloaths below ;
Which they must either naked show,
And strip themselves from Top to Toe,
And ev'ry *Goddeſs* lay her Tail
As bare and naked as my Nail,
That I may see out of the Case
All Things as well as Hands and Face ;
Or I shall never be so wise,
Where I can have no Use of Eyes,
With Justice to award the Prize.

Merc. Why, thou art *Dominus Fac-totum*,
And may'st at Will unpetticoat 'em.

Par. Why then, if I may rule the Roast,
I affect naked Women most ;
And therefore, *Merc'ry*, so present 'em,
I may see all that *Jove* has sent 'em.

Merc.

Merc. Come, *Ladies*, blanch you to your Skins,
 'Tis but a Penance for your Sins,
 And what you are oblig'd to do ;
 Your Governor will have it so.
 And, whilst your Judge with leering Eyes
 Into each Chink and Cranny pries
 Of all your Curiosities,
 I'll be so civil and so wise,
 Lest any Mischief should arise,
 To turn my Back, which is of all
 Respects the most unnatural ;
 And, whilst your Treasure you display,
 Turn my Calves-head another Way.

Ven. Why, an't be your Worship's Ease,
 You may e'en do so if you please :
 But otherwise (my modest *Don*)
 Some here can abide Looking on ;
 And, tho' you are a nimble one,
 Let our Apparel but alone,
 And there is nothing, I dare say,
 Your Modesty can steal away.
 In the mean time, Gramercy *Paris* !
 He loves, I see, the Play that fair is,
 And most judiciously has spoken,
 He will not *buy a Pig a Poke in* ;
 But wisely will bring all Things out,
 And see within Doors and without ;
 And I will shew thee such a Sight,
 That, if thou hast an Appetite,
 And art indeed a true-bred *Cock*,
 When I pull off my Cambrick-Smock,
 Shall make thee glory in thy Being,
 And bless *Jove* for thy Sense of Seeing.

Thou'lt

Thou'lt then see I not only have
 Eyes, Cheeks, and Lips, that can enslave,
 And outward Beauties (or else some lie)
 As captivating and as comely,
 As either *Juno's* here, or *Her's*,
 Who stand my fair *Competitors* ;
 But such a Skin, so smooth and supple,
 Of Legs so white, a parting Couple.
 Such Knees, such Thighs, and such a *Bum*,
 And such a, such a *Modicum*,
 Shall make thy melting Mouth to water
 Perhaps by Fits, for sev'n Years after.

Pal. Take heed (*young Paris*) thou'rt a *Novice*,
 And *that* the cunning *Dame of Love* is ;
 Look not upon her, 'tis not best,
 Until she have cut off her *Cest* ;
 For she's a *Sorceress*, and carries
 Enchantments in it, *Monsieur Paris*.
 She's nought but Treachery and Treason,
 Nor, to say truly, is it Reason,
 Now that her *Beauty's* brought to th'Test,
 That she shall come so finely drest,
 Like a patch'd *Minx*, and painted *Whore* ;
 But when she comes her *Judge* before,
 As she came into th'World, I take it,
 Should appear open, plain, and naked,
 Stripp'd of her Pouncings and Devices,
 Her Shifts, her Tricks, and Artifices.

Par. Troth, she speaks Reason ; come, lay by
 That tawdry *Girdle* presently.

Ven. Make her her *Helmet* then lay by,
 She shall be stripp'd as well as I,

There's

There's no Enchantment in my *Cest* :
 But that same *Cask* has such a *Crest*,
 As is enough, to look on it,
 To fright a Shepherd out on's Wit.
 Sure, she's afraid that her blue Eyes
 Want Power to obtain the Prize,
 And if she finds they cannot do't,
 She means to fright or beat thee to't :
 And I commend her Wisdom truly ;
 For her blue Eyes will come off bluely.

Pal. No, I as thee as soon will strip ;
 And, for to please your *Ladyship*,
 There lies the over-awing *Crest*.

Ven. 'Tis very brave, and there's my *Cest*.

Jun. Fie, what a tedious Work you make it !
 Let's strip, I long to be stark-naked :
 And now we naked are (*Sir Paris*)
 Consider, pray, which the most fair is.

Par. Ay, marry, here's a Sight worth seeing,
 Tho' one had spent's Estate in seeing.
 Oh what rare Flesh ! what Excellencies !
 What dainty, super-dainty Wenches !
 What a brave Lass is *Madam Pall* !
 What State does *Juno* move withal !
 By which 'tis evident they are
Daughter and *Wife* to *Jupiter*.
 But *Venus* is, indeed, a Pearl ;
 Did ever Man see such a Girl ?
 Oh, what a lovely Face is there !
 What crisped Locks of amber Hair !
 What a white Neck ! what *Breasts* ! what Shoulders !
 Belly and Back to catch Beholders !

What

What Hips ! what Haunches ! what rare Thighs !
 Enough to make the Dead to rise !
 To which, in *Love* I'm not so simple,
 But to observe she has a *Dimple*,
 And such a one, as who would not
 Put all the *Flesh* into the *Pot* ?
 In fine (*as good Sir Martin says*)
 I have not Wit enough to praise
 The sev'ral Beauties, and the Graces
 Adorn them all in all their Places ;
 The Sight whereof's a Happiness
 Too great for *Tongue* or *Pen* t'express,
 Nay, any one of them would be
 Too much for mortal Eye to see.
 Yet, since the mighty *Jupiter*
 Has my poor Judgment priz'd so far,
 As simple Me a Judge to make,
 That in my Choice I mayn't mistake,
 And thrust, like over-greedy *Sot*,
 My *Spoon* into th'wrong *Porridge-pot*,
 Better to manifest my Art,
 I'll study every one apart,
 And view them one by one at Leisure,
 (Which also will prolong my Pleasure.)
 For, in beholding them in *Muste*r,
 They do confound me so with Lustre,
 I shall my Reputation lose,
 And ne'er know rightly how to chuse.

Ven. Content ; my Cause I nothing doubt,
 And stare till both thy Eyes start out.

Par. Why then, let *Madam Juno* stay ;
 She's the best Woman (*by my Fay*)

And

And, whilst her Beauties I admire,
I'll have the other Two retire.

Jun. Come on (*Sir Paris*) now survey me,
And turn me round as thou wouldst ha' me,
I'll stand or lie as thou dost pray me,
And *moppe* too, if thou'lt not betray me.
But when thou round about hast ey'd me,
High, low, between, and ev'ry Side me,
(*Young Paris*) I would thee advise,
In loving and in courteous wise,
To think that thy Preferment lies
In thy awarding me the Prize :
And tho' I need not bribe nor sue
For that I know to be my Due,
Yet, if thou'lt favour me this Day,
I'll make thee King of *Asia*.

Par. Troth, I am not ambitious, *Madam* ;
And, as for *Kingdoms*, if I had 'em,
To *King-it* passes my poor Skill,
And I should be the Shepherd still.
But this the short is, and the long,
I'll do your Majesty no wrong :
And now I've seen what I desire,
Be pleas'd, I pray you, to retire,
And send my *Lady Pallas* hither,
For I can't deal with two together.

Pal. Here (thou best Judge of best Deserts)
Contemplate on *Minerva's* Parts :
I hope, or thou deservest Whipping,
Thou wilt give me the *Golden Pippin* :
Which, if thou dost (*Youth*, mark me well)
I'll render thee invincible :

And whether thou with doughty *Knight*,
 Arm'd, or unarm'd, shalt enter Fight;
 Nay, with a *Giant*, or an *Ettin*,
 Thou ever shalt be sure to beat him.

Par. Lady, I never did delight in
 'This scurvy, dang'rous Thing call'd Fighting;
 And therefore shall not be a Dealer
 In the Commodity call'd Valour.
 Besides, my *Father's Kingdoms* are
 Quiet (*Thanks be to Jove*) from War;
 I with a *Taylor* play'd, indeed,
 At *Cudgel*, but he broke my Head;
 And had such scurvy Luck in Battle,
 I rather had by half tend Cattle;
 But, tho' I'm but a Country-Peasant,
 I'll not be brib'd with Gift nor Present;
 And yet I can't but thank you still
 (Fine Madam) for your great good Will,
 Which I so kindly take, I swear,
 My Equity you need not fear;
 For I'll do Justice, right or wrong,
 And there's an End of an old Song.
 But to advise you I'll be bold,
 Pray d'on your Cloaths, fear taking Cold,
 And your Steel Cap will do no Harm,
 To keep your learned Head-piece warm;
 And, pray, as hence you do go fro' me,
 Send *Madam Venus* hither to me.

Venus. Here's *Venus*, that you call for so;
 Survey me now from Top to Toe:
 And if thou find'st, when thou hast view'd me,
 Any one Wrinkle more than should be,

Or, if my Bum have any Flaws in't.
 I'll give thee Leave to put thy Nose in't.
 I'll tell thee without Fraud or Guile,
 I have, and for no little while,
 (Having ta'en Note of thy Desert,
 And what a pretty Fellow th'art,
 Thy Youth, thy Feature, Shape, and Fashion)
 Had on thee very great Compassion,
 To see thee tending rotten *Flocks*,
 Amongst these solitary *Rocks*,
 Great *Cities*, nor *Assemblies*, heeding,
 Where young Men use to get their Breeding :
 But wasting here thy Time in *Caverns*,
 Which would be better spent in *Taverns*.
 What's to be learnt amongst these *Groves*,
 By still conversing with thy *Droves*,
 I prithee, say, and do not lye,
 But *Ignorance* and *Clownery* ?
 What Pleasure's in this Rural Life ?
 'Tis Time that thou hadst got a *Wife*,
 Or, which is better, a *fine Miss*,
 Not some *coarse*, *Sun-burnt Trull*, I wis ;
 But fam'd of *Argos* some rare Piece,
 Of *Corinth*, or some Town in *Greece*,
 Such as the *Spartan Helen* is,
 Her Sex's Pride and Master-piece,
 As handsome *Paris* is of his.
 And who (I know it) is as *free*,
Buxom, and *amorous* as He.
 And if the little, wanton *Tit*
 But saw thee once, I'm sure of it,
 She would both *Home* and *Husband* quit,
 To follow thee for dainty *Bit* ;

She would both *love* and *long* so fore ;
Didst never hear of her before ?

Par. No, ne'er a Syllable (I vow ;)
But very fain would hear it now.

Ven. Why, she is Daughter to that * Fair, * *Læda*.
For whom *our am'rous Jupiter*
Transform'd himself into a *Swan*
Her *Maidenhead* for to *trapan*.

Par. And is she so wonderfully fair ?

Ven. Why, what a *Country-Question's* there !
How should she, canst thou think, be *other*,
Having a *Swan* unto her *Mother* ?
Nor is she *gross* you may suppose,
Whom an Egg-shell did once inclose.
Hadst seen her once wrestle a *Prize*,
Naked, as 'tis her *Country-guise*.
I dare most confidently swear,
Thou'dst long to try a *Fall* with her.
Already they're at *War* about her ;
For *Theseus*, like a boist'rous *Suiter*,
To spirit her away made bold,
When she was but poor ten *Years* old,
A little *snotty Chitterling* ;
But now she's quite another *Thing*.
A *Miracle*, I do protest,
Her *Beauty* with her *Age's* increas'd,
That she is now the *only Miss*
Of all the *spruce young Maids* of *Greece*.
A thousand *Suiters* all have fought her ;
But *Menelaus* now has got her ;
Yet, for all that, shew me but *Favour*,
And say the *Word*, and thou shalt have her.

Par.

Par. How can I have her (that's a Jest!)
When she is married, thou say'st?

Ven. Is that a Thing to be so wonder'd?
'Tis the least Matter of a Hundred;
For that, Man, never scratch thy Pate,
I can do greater Feats than that.
In the mean time (*Sir*) by your Leave,
You're a mere *Novice*, I perceive.

Par. But which way you intend to go
About it (*Madam*) I would know?

Ven. Why the Design of it is this,
Thou shalt go travel into *Greece*.
Wherein thy main Pretence shall be
Only for Curiosity,
To see what thou hast heard the Fame on;
And when thou com'st to *Lacedæmon*,
E're thou'rt well got into thy *Inn*,
I'm certain that the lovely *Queen*
Will forthwith make her *Hen-peck'd Spouse*
Send to invite thee to his *House*,
Which is as fair as fair can be;
And, for the rest, *leave that to me*.

Par. Why, I will try my Luck, in *Goddle*;
But it won't sink into my *Noddle*,
That such an admirable Piece,
The very Flow'r and Pride of *Greece*,
And a great Queen, as that you mean,
Should be so impudent a *Queen*,
To leave her *Country*, and her *Honey*,
To whom she's join'd in *Matrimony*,
And run away with such a one
As I, a Stranger and unknown.

Ven. Why, I confess it something odd is,
 But there's the Power of the *Goddeſs* ;
 And that's a Trick that I defy
 Beſt on 'em all to do but I.
 Now, I two Sons have, *you muſt know*,
 Which theſe mirac'ulous Feats can do ;
 Of which the one by Art is able
 To make a Party amiable ;
 And t'other has the Pow'r to move
 Who ſee that Lovelineſs to love.
 In order then to this Deſign,
 I mean to place theſe Brats of mine,
 Who are t'effect this Enterprize,
 One of them (*Paris*) in thine Eyes,
 And t'other I'll convey by Art
 Into fair *Helen's* tender Heart :
 Which being order'd (by my Troth)
 The Devil muſt be in you both,
 If what remains do want Fulfilling,
 When both of you are made ſo willing.
 But yet, on ſurer Grounds to go,
 (*For one can't be ſo ſure, you know*)
 I'll give thee two Strings to thy Bow,
 And thou ſhalt have with thee the Graces
 (Three very pretty little Laſſes,
 Who can do much in ſuch-like Caſes)
 In thy Adventure to attend thee,
 Whoſe Services will much befriend thee ;
 For they, to grace thee not deſpiſing,
 Shall daily wait upon thy Riſing,
 (And never *Aſian Cavaliers*
 Could boaſt they had ſuch *Chambriers*)

Where

Where dressing thee each Day, the whiles
One tricks thy Face in winning Smiles,
With greater Power to accost her;
T'others in such a swimming Posture
Thy Arms and Hands, thy Legs and Feet,
In such a graceful Mien shall set,
As shall, if *Nell* have any Sense,
So tickle her *Concupiscence*,
That she will run the whole World over
With such a rare, accomplish'd Lover.

Par. These are fine Promises, indeed,
And tho' *Jove* knows how I shall speed,
Yet I'm so ravish'd with this Geer,
That I already burn to see'r;
And you have (*Madam*) set m' Ambition
So hot upon this Expedition,
That, e're a Man can say, what's this,
Methinks I'm travelling to *Greece*,
And come to *Sparta* safe as may be,
Have seen, attack'd, and won the *Lady*;
Who, having with her *Jewels* lin'd me,
And being lightly whipt behind me,
None to our Journey being privy,
Am posting her to *Troy*, *Tantivy*;
All which does in my Mind so run,
That I am mad it is not done.

Ven. Soft! do not spur too fast, you *Dapple*,
Till first y've given me the *Apple*.
There lies my Service's Rewarding;
That I must have, or else no Bargain:
Then give it me, I prithee, do;
Come, come, thou know'st it is my Due;

I else shall either fret and fume, or
 So musty be and out of Humour,
 That the Event is to be doubted,
 I'll ne'er go chearfully about it:
 And then, be sure, no good can come,
 For one must never go *Hum-drum*
 About so nice a Work as this is;
 But it is Mettle carries *Misses*:
 And therefore, without more Protraction,
 Give me a little Satisfaction;
 And (*Paris*) when thou com'st to *Bedding*,
 Oh, how I'll trip it at thy *Wedding*!

Par. Nay, you're a *Jigger*, we all know;
 But if you should deceive me now!

Ven. Who, I deceive thee! Never fear me;
 But, if thou art distrustful, swear me!

Par. No, that *Security's* too common,
 Besides, *Oaths* never bind a Woman:
 But (*Madam*) if you can afford
 Once more to promise on your Word,
 That I shall have this bonny *Nelly*,
 More of my Mind I then shall tell ye.

Ven. Why then, Know all Men by these Presents,
 That, spite of *Princes, Courtiers, Peasants*,
 And all, both Man and Woman-kind,
 I here myself most firmly bind
 To give thee *Helen, Pride of Greece*,
 To be thine own *Lyndabrides*;
 That I will pay down *Sparta's Spouse*
 In the now very Dwelling-house
 Of *Seignior Priam, King of Troy*;
 And then (*Sir Paris*) give you Joy.

Nay,

Nay, I do bind myself, beside,
To be in Person mine thy Guide,
And will (since thy Wit won't suffice)
Carry on the whole Enterprize.

Par. You my Request are gone beyond,
I (*Madam*) did demand no *Bond*.
And will you bring your *Cupids* too
(My lovely *Dame*) along with you?

Ven. Pish! never doubt it, Man, I'll do't,
Desire and *Hymen* too to boot.

Par. Then call the others in that went hence,
'That I may now proceed to Sentence.
Fair Goddesses, I pray, draw near.

Jupiter has employ'd me here
In such a very nice Affair,
So much indeed against the Hair,
'That, had his *Majesty* thought fit
'To have exempted me from it,
I would have giv'n (or I'm a Knave)
A Score of the best *Ewes* I have:
But, since he's pleas'd to have it so,
I must per-force obey, you know;
Yet, e're I do pronounce the Sentence,
Let me, upon this small Acquaintance,
Intreat the Losers to be civil,
And at my Hands not take it evil;
If I like one above the rest,
I cannot help it, I protest.

Here is a *Golden Apple* here,
Which must be thought such Price to bear
(Thro' Cunning o'th'malicious **Donor*) * *The Goddess*
That none, forsooth, must be the Owner, *Discordia*.

But she, who is the fairest Fair;
 When, from my Heart, I vow and swear,
 And, without Fraud or Flattery,
 There is not one of all you three
 For whom a Bushel's not too few,
 Had but your Beauties half their Due.
 Which Beauties (gentle *Madams*) I
 Consider'd have impartially,
 And find them all so excellent,
 That truly I could be content,
 Were it consistent with my Duty,
 To give to each the Prize of Beauty:
 But I am ty'd, when all is done,
 T'award it only unto One.
 Now, *Venus* being in those Parts,
 Which have the greatest Pow'r o'er Hearts,
 The most exactly shap'd of all,
 I judge to her the *Golden Ball*.

Juno. Learnedly spoke! I had not car'd,
 If *Pallas* here had been preferr'd;
 But to bestow it on that *Trapes*,
 It mads me!

Pallas.

Hang him, Jack-an-apes.





DIALOGUE.

MARS *and* MERCURY.

Mars. **H**A S T heard o'th' loud *Rhodomontade*
 That t'other Day *Jupiter* made?
 Which was, That, if we on this Fashion
 Daily provok'd his Indignation,
 He would, if anger'd once again,
 From *Heav'n* to *Earth* let down a Chain,
 With which he up to him would hale
Mankind, the *Elements*, and all,
 With such a mighty Strength, that, tho'
 We all had hold of it below,
 And pull'd to stay't, we could not do't,
 But he would pull us up to boot.
 Of all us Deities alone
 Now, I must needs confess, no one
 Is able near, unless he list,
 To grapple with his Mutton-fist;
 And he will lose, whoever vies
 With him at any Exercise:
 But, to imagine that all we,
 So brave a jolly Company,
 Join'd all together, should not be
 As strong, nay stronger far than *He*.
 In Truth, in him I do conceive it
 An Arrogancy to believe it,

And Vanity devoid of Wit,
So openly to publish it.

And yet for all his mighty Vaunting,
His Domineering, and his Ranting,
All of the Gods, and I and you know,
When *Neptune*, *Pallas*, and *Queen Juno*,
By Combination had trapann'd him,
And had intended to have chain'd him,
He'd much ado, tho' his Strength such is,
To disengage him from their Clutches :
Nor had he done it for all that,
(Tho' now he vapour can and prate)
For all his striving and his struggling,
His writhing, wriggling, and his juggling,
Nor all his Strength, which now so great is,
Had not his old Friend, *Madam Thetis*,
In Time of Danger sent him these
Briareus the *Hot-cockle Play'r*,
With a whole hundred Cluster-fists,
To disengage him from the Lists.
And, by my Faith, he came in Season
To rescue him from the High treason ;
Or else, with this my huffing *Don*,
I know not how it would have gone.

Merc. Prithee, hank up thy Tongue again,
And do not give it so much Rein :
'These Words do make my Ears to tingle ;
'Tis well that thou and I are single ;
This Language is unsafe, I swear,
For thee to speak, or me to hear.

Mars.

Mars. Dost think I have so little Wit
To talk thus unto all I meet ?
No, Friend, I wiser am than so,
I know well whom I speak it to ;
One, who not only has a Talent
In speaking, but in being silent ;
But, should another chance to come,
Of *Mavors* not a *Word*, but *Mum*.



D I A L O G U E.

PAN and MERCURY.

Pan. GOOD Morrow, (*Father!*) how dost do ?

Merc. Good Morrow, Son, since 't must be so ;

But why call'st thou me *Father*, trow ?

For to behold those goodly Horns,

That py'd Beard, which thy Face adorns,

That single Wagging at thy Butt,

Those *Gambrels*, and that *Cloven-foot*,

Thou dost much more (not to dissemble)

A *He-goat* than a *God* resemble.

Pan. 'Tis very well ! But all this while

Thou thine own Issue dost revile,

And giv'st thyself many foul Rubs.

Prithee, what's He that gets such *Cubs* ?

For all this handsome Shape, you see,

Came from my *Father*, and thou'rt he.

Merc.

Merc. I would thou couldst persuade me to it !
 But thou'lt have much ado to do it !
 I'll make much of myself, I'd need,
 If but in Rev'rence to my Breed.
 But, if thy happy Sire I am,
 Who, the great *Devil*, was thy *Dam* ?
 Did I not meet with some *She-goat*,
 Travesty'd in a Petticoat ?
 For never sure did Woman bear
 So uncouth a prodigious Heir.

Pan. No, *Father*, I would have thee know't,
 Thou didst not couple with a *Goat* ;
 Th'ast not forgot yet, I dare say,
 How once in fair *Arcadia*,
 With beastly Lust, and barb'rous Pow'r,
 Thou didst a pretty Maid deflow'r ?
 What need'st thou bite thy Fingers Ends ?
 I only speak it amongst Friends.
 It is *Penelope* I mean.

Merc. I do remember such a *Quean*,
 A pretty *Girl* ! But how could she
 Bring out so foul a Beast as thee,
 More like a Devil than like me ?

Pan. Nay, I'm as like my *Dad*, in sooth,
 As he had spit me out on's Mouth,
 That is, as like what then thou wert,
 When thou play'dst that uncivil Part ;
 For then, if th'ast it not forgot,
 Thou turn'dst thyself into a *Goat*,
 With a Face foul as any Vizer,
 In Policy for to surprize her.

Merc. Yes, I remember ; out upon it !
 But, Troth, I am asham'd to own it.

Pan.

Pan. Faith, for the Rape I cannot blame ye,
But, as for me, I shall not shame ye,
And few there are preferr'd before me;
For, besides that, they do adore me
All o'er *Arcadia*; where posselt
I'm of a thousand Flocks at least;
My Qualities have purchas'd Fame,
For *Doctor* I of Music am;
And more have made my Valour known
In the great Field of *Marathon*;
For which good Service the *Athenians*
Have given me a fine Convenience,
Wherein to sit, eat, drink, or snort,
A *Grotto* underneath their Fort,
Where thou shalt see, if thou com'st thither,
How highly I am honour'd (*Father.*)

Merc. What, art thou marry'd?

Pan. No, not yet;
I hitherto have had more Wit.

Merc. I wonder at it not, in Truth;
For who'd have such a sweet-fac'd Youth?

Pan. Pish! had I nothing else to do,
(*Father*) I could have Wives enow,
And therefore that's a vain Objection:
But I've so am'rous a Complexion,
And do with Love so scald and burn,
One *Wife* would never serve my Turn.

Merc. Thou bugger'st then the *Goats*, I doubt.

Pan. Good Words! no, I'm not so put to't;
Echo and *Pitys*, full of Bliss,
Are both content to be my *Misses*,
And all the Rout of *Bacchanals*
Come with a Powder, when *Pan* calls;

By

By which (*Good Father*) you may know,
I better spend my Time than so.

Merc. Believ't, they're wond'rous kind to thee,
And 'tis no Wonder tho' they be,
Th'ast such a charming *Phys'nomny*.
But I have a Request unto thee,
Will do me Good, and no Harm do thee,
It is so small; which is, that, seeing
I was so blest'd to give thee Being,
Thou, in Return, wilt be so civil,
As not to pay my Good with Evil,
But, whereoe'er we chance to meet
In House or Field, or in the Street,
So oft as we shall come together,
Thou do forbear to call me *Father*;
For, not to mince the Verity,
I'm damnably asham'd of thee:
But for this once shake Hands and part,
And so farewell with all my Heart.





DIALOGUE.

APOLLO *and* BACCHUS.

Ap. **W**HO'd think that such a *Jack-an-apes* as
Cupid, the mighty-tool'd *Priapus*,
 And *Androginus*, of all others,
 Should all of the same Womb be Brothers,
 Being so much alike in Feature,
 In Humour, and in Shape, and Stature?
 For one's a little *Goddikin*,
 No bigger than a *Skittle-pin*;
 Yet, little as he is, can scare us
 If once he takes his Bow and Arrows;
 And, of the other two, the latter
 Can make nor Man's nor Maiden's Water;
 The t'other somewhere is more tall
 By Handfuls than the best on's all.

Bac. Why this Diversity each gathers
 From the Variety of Fathers;
 Tho' ev'ry Day indeed presents
 As great and strange a Difference,
 Ev'n among those who had no other
 But the same Father and the same Mother.

Apol. Yet 'tis quite otherwise, you see,
 Betwixt my Sister *Die* and me,
 Who the same Virtues have and Vices,
 And follow the same Exercises.

Bac.

Bac. But the mad Hag in Petticoats
In *Scythia's* busy, cutting Throats,
Whilst thou dost Men of Money fleece
With giving *Physic* here in *Greece* ;
And pray, what *Sympathy's* in this ?

Apol. Why, *Bacchus*, dost thou think that she
Takes a Delight in Cruelty,
In hearing Blood in Throats to rattle,
Like Liquor from a streight-mouth'd Bottle ?
Alas ! she only does it, she,
Merely out of Complacency,
To accommodate herself to th' Fashion
And Humour of that barb'rous Nation ;
At which she takes so great Offence,
That she but waits to steal from thence,
When any *Grecian* Ship comes thither,
To take her in, and bring her hither.

Bac. Why, truly, then I do commend her,
And a good Gale of Wind *Jove* send her.
In the mean time, I needs must tell you,
Priapus is a beastly Fellow :
For (no one being by but us)
Calling at's House at *Lampsacus*,
After we'd eaten well, and much,
And quaff'd it smartly *upsy-Dutch*,
It being pretty coldish Weather,
He needs must have us lie together ;
And so we did, when in the Night,
When least (I swear) I dreamt of it,
Betwixt some twelve and one o'Clock,
He tilts his *Tantrum* at my *Nock*,
Till, with Extremity of Pain,
He plainly made me roar again.

Apol.

Apol. A very edifying Story!

And what did you, whilst he did bore you?

Bac. What should I do, but make the best on't?
I only laugh'd, and made a Jest on't?

Apol. Some would, perhaps, have kept a Pother;
But thou, I think, could'st do no other,
But put on Patience, and lie still;
Alas! he did it in good Will,
And it had been Ill-nature in thee,
When he good Meat and Drink had giv'n thee.
For to grudge him, who fed thee gratis,
So small a Courtesy as that is.
Besides, he great Temptations had,
For thou'rt a pretty Smock-fac'd Lad.

Bac. But yet o'th' Two (my Friend *Apollo*)
Thou art by much the pretti'r Fellow,
And therefore, if he once make Suit t'ye
To lie in's House, faith, look about ye.

Apol. Well, well! but he were best take heed
How he attacks my *Maidenhead*:
His mighty *Trapstick* cannot scare us,
For we have good Yew-bow and Arrows,
As well as a white Wig to tempt him;
And, if he draw, he will repent him.
Besides, I'm so fet round with Light,
And am withal so quick of Sight,
That much I do not need to fear
To be surprized in my Rear.



DIALOGUE.

MERCURY *and his Mother* MAIA.

Merc. **B**Estow your Counsel on some other,
'Tis Labour lost on me (*good Mother ;*)

For, e're I'll lead the Life I do,
And be this *Drudge*, I tell you true,
And so I'll tell old *Father Lasher*,
I am resolv'd ev'n to turn *Thrasher*.

S'Fish ! I'm a Slave, -a Pack-Horse made :

Would I'd been 'Prentice to a Trade,

Or bred up with some honest *Farmer*,

Who would have clad me perhaps warmer,

'Tho' not so fine, and giv'n me Rest.

And not have work'd me like a Beast.

A God, quotha ! No Deity

Was ever, sure, so us'd as I :

But, e're this Life I'll longer lead,

I'll *stroll* for *Lower*, or beg my Bread,

And run, nay, fly, let who will hear me,

Far as my Legs or Wings will bear me

Maia. Nay, prithee Son, govern thy Passion,
And do not talk of this wild Fashion.

Merc. Why should I not speak out (*forsooth*)

So long as I speak nought but Truth ?

Tut ! tut ! I scorn to mince the Matter ;

I was not bred to lye and flatter :

And,

And, being thus abus'd, must speak,
 And ease my Heart, or it will break.
 I speak no Treason. Have I not
 Very good Reason to find Fault.
 When *Jupiter* does force on me
 More Work, more Toil, and Drudgery,
 (Which, *Mother*, cannot be deny'd)
 Than upon all the Gods beside?
 First, I by Spring of Day must come
 To wash and rub the Dining-room,
 (Which does not always smell of *Amber*)
 Next, I must clean the *Council-Chamber*,
 And dust the *Wool-packs*: After that
 I must go dress the *Rooms of State*,
 Brush Cushions, Chairs, and Foot-cloths too,
 (Which takes up no small Time to do.)
 Nay, all this yet will not suffice!
 But I must sweep the *Galleries*,
 Tho' others are more fit to do't;
 The *Lobbies* and *Back-stairs* to boot:
 Then, having swept my Face of Fat,
 Powder'd, and put a clean *Cravat*,
 I must i'th' *Anti-Chamber* wait
Jupiter's Rising, to receive
 Such Orders as he's pleas'd to give,
 (Which ever num'rous are, no doubt)
 And then must carry them about,
 Work that requires a supple Ham.
 Then *Steward* I o'th' *Household* am,
 Yes, and Cup-bearer too, at least,
 As often as he makes a Feast,
 And had that Office ev'ry Day,
 Till *Ganymede* came into Play.

But

But all this Work is nothing yet,
 And I could well away with it :
 And that, by which I am oppress'd,
 Is, that at Night, when all's releas'd,
 And every one goes to his Rest,
 No one but me employ he can
 To convoy a great *Caravan*
 Of pale-fac'd dead Folks unto *Hell*;
 Company that i'th' Night might well
 The stoutest *God* in *Heav'n* daunt ;
 Where also, before *Rhadamant*
 I must indict and prosecute 'em,
 Which, e're by Law we can confute 'em,
 Repeating every little Crime,
 Does take up such a World of Time,
 The Day is ready for to peep in ;
 And then what Time have I to sleep in ?
 And yet all this, this *Jupiter*,
 Whom I have serv'd so many Year,
 Wherein he's had good Service on me,
 The Conscience has t'impose upon me,
 As not enough employ'd I were,
 In being *Serjeant*, *Orator*,
Cup-bearer, *Wrestler*, and what not,
 But I must on those Errands trot,
 To be deprived of the Rest
 Mortals allow to every Beast.
Castor and *Pollux*, each one knows,
 By Turns are suffer'd to repose :
 But I am tofs'd like *Tennis-Ball*,
 And am allow'd no Rest at all,
 But am dispatch'd both Morn and Ev'n
 From *Heav'n* to *Earth*, from *Earth* to *Heav'n* ;

Whilst

Whilst *Bacchus* here, and *Hercules*,
Who are no Sons of *Goddeses*,
As I am, but more meanly born,
Of wretched Mortals, and forlorn,
At great *Jove's* Board in Feast and Play
Merrily pass the Time away.

I need had of a Horse to ride on :
For I'm but just now come from *Sidon*,
Where I have with *Europa* been ;
But I am sent away agen
To *Argos*, with another *How-d'ye*,
To *Danae*, a wretched *Dowdy*,
When I am almost spent, I vow t'ye ;
Nay, more than that, I must, they say,
Make too *Bæotia* in my Way,
To visit there *Antiopa*.

But flatly I've refus'd to do it ;
For (Mother) I'll not melt my Suet
For no good Words that can be given,
For ne'er a *Jupiter* in Heaven.
And tho' ('tis true) he keeps me brave,
On's Service I such Comfort have,
I sometimes would be sold a Slave,
And run the Risque of all Disaster,
Fall what fall can, to change my Master.

Maia. Come, prithee, moderate thy Passion,
These are but Words of Indignation.
I'll have no Talk of Parting neither :
What ! what ! you must obey your Father,
And never think he does you wrong ;
You must take Pains too, whilst you're young,

And

And do whate'er he bids you do,
 And fear not, you'll have Sons enow,
 When you are old, to work for you. }
 I prithee, then, no longer stand,
 But go and execute's Command,
 I know he's choleric, if thwarted,
 And to be apt to be transported.
Love too is such an odd Disease,
 That Lovers are most hard to please;
 Will always have their own fond Ways,
 And are impatient of Delays.



D I A L O G U E.

J U P I T E R *and* S O L.

Jup. **W**H Y, thou unlucky senseless Fool,
 Thou Dunce, thou Loggerhead, thou Owl!
 Th'ast made fine Work here, hast thou not?
 To go and trust thy *Chariot* }
 With a young giddy hair-brain'd Sot,
 Who, unto thy eternal Shame,
 One half o'th' World hath set on Flame;
 And (which, to think on't, makes me shudder)
 So hard has frozen up the other,
 That, if I had not knock'd him down,
 With a good Rap upon his Crown,
 And turn'd him topsy-turvy under
 With a good rattling Clap of Thunder,

At

At the mad rate that he was driving,
He had destroy'd all Creatures living,
And all Mankind, had he on posted,
Had either frozen been, or roasted ;
And then you'd made (I hope you'll grant)
A pretty Piece of Bus'ness on't.

Sol. Oh *Jupiter*, I guilty am,
Yea, inexcusably to blame,
And, without Mercy, am undone,
For my Indulgence to a Son,
I could not for my Heart deny :
And then to see a * *Mistress* cry, * *Clymene.*
And Tears run trickling down her Face,
Would e'en have mov'd a Heart of Brass.
'Twas that that did my Reason charm,
But (as I'm here) I thought no Harm.

Jup. No Harm! how dar'st thou tell me so!
Didst not thy Horses Fary know?
What, hast thou been my *Charioteer*
So many hundred thousand Year ;
Yet, *that thou know'st not*, now canst swear,
What fiery, headstrong *Jades* they were?
Yes (*Sirrah*) you knew well enough
How hard to rule they were and rough,
And that they would do more than trot,
If Bridle once in Teeth they got ;
And that if once they got a Foot,
Much more a Wheel, out of the Rut,
All would be lost. You knew all this,
And yet for your *Lyndabrides*,
To humour her (forsooth you must,
Like a damn'd *Rogue*, betray your Trust,

Endanger all the World, and set
 A *Novice* in that dang'rous Seat,
 Who to drive *Tops* was fitter far,
 Than guide the Day's triumphant *Carr*.

Sol. I must confess, (as your *Grace* says)
 I knew the *Jades* were *Run-aways*,
 And therefore did the wilful *Ass*

With my own Hands i'th' *Coach-box* place ;

Taught him the Reins to draw and slip,

And shew'd him how to hold his Whip ;

Taught him the right *Poppysma* too,

Which both the Horses full well knew,

And, my own Hold before I quitted,

No one Instruction I omitted,

That I conceiv'd was necessary.

Affur'd then he could not miscarry,

I left him to himself, and bid him,

Touchez mon fils, and so good speed him.

He crack'd his Whip o'er the mad *Cattle*,

The *Chariot*-wheels began to rattle,

And thro' the *Eastern-gate* they run :

But my fool-hardy, aukward Son,

So ill (*woe worth the Time I got him !*)

Retain'd the *Lessons* I had taught him,

That he had scarce, it should appear,

A Furlong got in his *Career*,

When th' *Stallions*, with the flaming *Main*,

Finding, by Slackness of the Reins,

They'd got another *Charioteer*,

Away they strain'd in wild *Career*,

And left the *Road* which they had kept,

Although the Wind they had out-stript

In Speed; yet, running the right Way,
T'would but have made a shorter Day:
But the rash *Boy*, amaz'd with Light,
And dizzy at the fearful Sight
Of the *Abyss* he saw below him,
Both *whipp'd* and *Reins* he straight cast fro' him,
And by the *Coach-box* held him fast,
Till thou in Wrath gav'st him his last.
So, for his temerarious Action,
My *Boy* has paid full Satisfaction,
And, in his Loss, I think that I,
Too, punish'd am sufficiently.

Jup. He, I confess, has had his Payment;
But thou, who wert the most to blame in't,
Deserv'st, at least, to be strappado'd,
Nay, flea'd alive, and carbinado'd:
But I incline to Mercy rather,
And pardon an indulgent Father,
On this Condition (ne'ertheless)
Thou never so again transgress;
For if thou dost (thou *Rascal* thou)
I'll make thee both to feel and know,
That this same *Thunder* which I handle,
Is hotter than your *Farthing-Candle*.
In the mean time, this I'll do for ye,
Because I see thou art so sorry,
I will that *Pha'ton's* Sisters go
Interr him on the Banks of *Po*,
Just where he fell, and, for their Guerdon,
I'll do a Thing was never heard on;
Transform 'em into *Poplars* all,
From whom a certain *Gum* shall fall,

To imitate the Tears they shed
 Over the hair-brain'd *Loggerhead*.
 As to the rest, it fits thy Care
 Thy broken *Waggon* to repair,
 Which will require, rightly to do it,
 A *Carpenter* and *Wheelright* to it:
 For, first, the *Carriage* is broken,
 And one o'th' *Wheels* has but one *Spoke* on;
 The *Harness* too so much amiss is,
 'Tis torn in twenty thousand Pieces.
 But, as to that, I (to befriend thee)
 A special *Cobler* straight will send thee;
 And, when th'ast got thy *Tackle* mended,
 Begin anew where thy *Son* ended.
 But now they've learnt a resty Trick,
 The *Jades*, no doubt, will frisk and kick,
 As they were new again, to break,
 And may endanger too thy Neck;
 I promise ye, I mainly doubt ye,
 And therefore (*Sirrah*) look about ye.





DIALOGUE.

APOLLO and MERCURY.

Apol. I'M so confounded with this Pair,
 This *Castor* and this *Pollux* here,
 This Brace of *Cygnets*, that, one *Brother*
 I'm still mistaking for the other ;
 Which puts me out of Count'nance so,
 I know not what to say or do.
 For they're so like, that when I meet 'em,
 And with Respect would kindly greet 'em,
Servant, Don Castor, straight cry I;
I'm Pollux, cries he, by and by.
 Then presently myself I flatter,
 The next Time, sure to mend the Matter,
 When meeting one of 'em alone,
 What, *Monsieur Pollux*? and go on,
I'm proud to be your Servant known ;
 And then 'tis *Castor*, ten to one.
 Now, tho' herein there ever is
 As much to hit, as there's to miss ;
 Yet o'th' wrong Name I always light,
 And never yet was in the right.

294 *Burlesque upon Burlesque; Or,*

If thou canst give me then some Mark
Particular to either *Spark*,
That I may one from t'other know,
I prithee (honest *Merc'ry*) do.

Merc. Why, that thou Yesterday embrac'd here,
When we together were, was *Castor*.

Apol. But how can't know him from his *Brother*,
When they're so like to one another?

Merc. Why, *Pollux* is so giv'n to Huffing,
His Face still black and blue with Cuffing;
And, to be more particular,
His left Cheek wears a noted Scar
Of a good Whirret *Bebrix* gave him,
Which, over-board, no doubt, had drave him,
Had not Friend *Jason* stepp'd to save him;
Which *Recumbendibus* he got,
By being of an *Argonaut*,
When *Jason* failed into *Greece*
To steal away the *Golden Fleece*.

Apol. Gramercy, faith, I'll swear a Book on,
Thou hast oblig'd me by this Token:
For which was which I ne'er could tell;
But seeing each with his half Shell,
His white Horse, Jav'lin, and his Star,
To me the same they always were;
And I, when I would seem well bred,
Did still confound 'em, as I said:
But, since I'm so beholden to thee,
Resolve me one Thing more, I prithee;
And tell me why these Brothers never
Are to be seen in Heav'n together?

Merc.

Merc. Why, you must know, that *Jupiter*,
Upon the Hatching of this Pair,
These Twins of *Læda* fair, decreed,
(I think for to preserve the Breed)
That one the Destinies should curtal,
But th' other be ordain'd immortal:
Which known to them, as well as others,
They, like two very loving Brothers,
By an Affection very rare,
The good and ill alike would share:
Thus, when one dies, the other mourns,
And so they live and die by turns.

Apol. 'Tis Sign of very good Condition,
But 'tis a Friendship *sans* Fruition;
For in this Manner neither Brother
Can ever see or speak to t'other.
But of what Calling are these *Blades*?
For we have all of us our *Trades*:
I am a *Prophet* and *Musician*,
My * Son's a special good *Physician*,
My Sister plays the *Midwife's* Part,
And thou a famous *Wrestler* art.
Are these two good for nought dost think,
But only for to eat and drink?

* *Æscula-
pius.*

Merc. O yes, I promise ye, their Stars
Propitious are to *Mariners*,
And save 'em oft, when, to one's Thinking,
They even are as good as sinking.

Apol. A charitable, good Vocation,
I wish them nigh when I've Occasion.
Good Seamen, say'st thou (*Merc'ry*, marry,
A Calling very necessary,
And will (no doubt) when Men are *Sea-sick*,
Do 'em more good by half than *Physic*.

The E N D.



EPL



EPILOGUE.

*AND now (my Masters) rest you merry;
 I doubt both you and I are weary,
 Else I should very much admire;
 Such Trumpery a Dog would tire.
 Yet, in the precious Age we live in,
 Most People are so lewdly given,
 Coarse hempen Trash is sooner read;
 Than Poems of a finer Thread;
 Which made our Author wisely chuse
 To dizen up his dirty Muse
 In such an odd, fantastic Weed,
 As ev'ry one, he knew, would read.
 Yet is he wise enough to know
 His Muse, however, sings too low,
 (Tho' warbling in the newest Fashion)
 To work a Work of Reformation,
 And so writ this (to tell you true)
 To please Himself as well as You.
 Yet if (beyond his Expectation)
 This shall be grac'd with Acceptation,
 Like others much of the same Fashion,
 Which all have had your Approbation;*

*The Rhymer will so kindly take it,
 That he his Bus'ness then will make it
 No more thus saucily to scoff ye,
 But something bring more worthy of ye.
 In the mean Time, he bids me say,
 If you'll not hiss this Puppet-play,
 He'll do what ne'er was done by * any,
 And raise the † Dead to entertain ye.*

* Poet, he means.

† Lucian's Dialogues of the Dead.





THE
W O N D E R S
OF THE
P E A K E.

DURST I expostulate with *Providence*,
 I then should ask, Wherein the Innocence
 Of my poor, undesigning Infancy
 Could *Heav'n* offend to such a black Degree,
 As, for th'Offence, to damn me to a Place
 Where Nature only suffers in Disgrace?
 A *Country* so deform'd, the *Traveller*
 Would swear those Parts *Nature's Pudenda* were:
 Like *Warts* and *Wens*, Hills on the one * *side* swell,
 To all but *Natives* inaccessible;
 † T'other a blue, scrophulous Scum defiles,
 Flowing from th'Earth's imposthumated Biles;
 That seems the Steps (Mountains on Mountains thrown)
 By which the *GIANTS* storm'd the *Thund'rer's* Throne.

* *The Peake.*

† *The Moorlands.*

This from that *Prospect* seems the *fulph'rous Flood*,
Where sinful *Sodom* and *Gomorrab* stood.

'Twixt these twin-*Provinces* of *Britain's* Shame,
The silver *Dove* (how pleasant is that Name!)
Runs thro' a *Vale* high-crested *Cliffs* o'ershade,
(By her fair Progress only pleasant made :
But with so sweet a *Torrent* in her Course,
As shews the *Nymph* flies from her native Source,
To seek, *what there's deny'd*, the *Sun's* warm Beams,
And to embrace *Trent's* prouder swelling Streams.
In this so craggy, ill-contriv'd a *Nook*
Of this our little World, this pretty *Brook*,
Alas, 'tis all the Recompence I share,
For all th' Intemperances of the *Air*,
Perpetual *Winter*, endless *Solitude*,
Or the Society of Men so rude,
That it is ten times worse. Thy *Murmurs* (* *Dove*)
Or Humour of Lovers; or Men fall in love
With thy bright Beauties; and thy fair blue Eyes
Wound like a *Parthian*, whilst the Shooter flies.
Of all fair *Thetis's* Daughters, none so bright,
So pleasant none to taste, none to the Sight,
None yields the gentle *Angler* such Delight.
To which the Bounty of her Stream is such,
As, only with a swift and transient Touch,
T'enrich her sterile Borders as she glides,
And force sweet *Flowers* from their marble Sides.

North-east from this fair *River's* Head, there lies
A † *Country* that abounds with *Rarities*;

* *The River Dove.*

† *The Peake.*

They call them *Wonders* there, and be they so;
 But the whole Country sure's a *Wonder* too,
 And *Mother* of the rest, which Seven are;
 And one of them so singularly rare,
 As does indeed amount to Miracle,
 And all the Kingdom boasts so far excel.
 It ought not, I confess, to be profan'd
 By my poor *Muse*; nor should an artless Hand
 Presume to take a *Crayon* up, to trace
 But the faint *Landscape* of so brave a Place.
 Yet, noble || *Chatsworth*, (for I speak of thee)
 Pardon the Love will prompt the Injury
 My Pen must do thee, when, before I end,
 I fix Dishonour, where I would commend.

The first of these I meet with in my Way,
 Is a vast *Cave*, which, the old People say,
 One *Pool*, an *Out-law*, made his Residence;
 But why he did so, or for what Offence,
 The *Beagles* of the *Law* should press so near,
 As, spite of Horror's Self, to earth him there,
 Is, in our Times, a *Riddle*; and, in this,
Tradition most unkindly silent is:
 But, whatsoe'er his Crime, than such a *Cave*,
 A worse Imprisonment he could not have.

At a high *Mountain's* Foot, whose lofty Crest
 O'erlooks the marshy Prospect of the *West*;
 Under its Base there is an * *Overture*
 Which Summer-Weeds do render so obscure,

|| *The Earl of Devonshire's House.*
 * *Pool's Hole.*

The careless *Traveller* may pass, and ne'er
 Discover, and suspect an Entry there:
 But such a one there is, as we might well
 Think it the *Crypto-Porticus* of Hell,
 Had we not been instructed, that the Gate,
 Which to *Destruction* leads, is nothing straight.

Thro' a blind Door (which some poor Woman there
 Still keeps the Key of, that it may keep her)
 Men, bowing low, take leave of Day's fair Light,
 To croud themselves into the Womb of Night,
 Thro' such a low and narrow Pass, that it
 For *Badgers*, *Wolves*, and *Foxes* seems more fit;
 Or for the yet less sorts of *Chaces*, than
 T'admit the Stature and the Bulk of Man:
 Could it to Reason any way appear,
 That Men could find out any Bus'ness there.
 But, having fifteen Paces crept, or more,
 Thro' pointed Stones and Dirt, upon all four,
 The gloomy *Grotto* lets Men upright rise,
 Altho' they were six times *Goliath's* Size.
 There, looking upward, your astonish'd Sight
 Beholds the Glory of the sparkling Light.
 Th' enamell'd *Roof* darts round about the Place,
 With so subduing, but ungrateful Rays,
 As to put out the Lights, by which alone
 They receive Lustre, that before had none,
 And must to Darkness be resign'd when they are gone,
 But here a roaring *Torrent* bids you stand,
 Forcing you climb a Rock on the right Hand,

Which

Which, hanging, Penthouse-like, does overlook
The dreadful Channel of the rapid Brook ;
So deep, and black, the very Thought does make
My Brains turn giddy, and my Eye-Balls ake.
Over this dang'rous *Precipice* you crawl,
Lost if you slip, for if you slip you fall ;
But whither, faith, 'tis no great Matter, when
You're sure ne'er to be seen alive agen.
Propp'd round with *Peasants*, on you trembling go,
Whilst, ev'ry Step you take, your *Guides* do show
In the uneven Rock the uncouth Shapes
Of *Men*, of *Lions*, *Horses*, *Dogs*, and *Apes* :
But so resembling each the fancy'd Shape,
The *Man* might be the *Horse*, the *Dog* the *Ape* :
And straight just in your Way a * Stone appears,
Which the Resemblance of a *Hay-cock* bears,
Some four Feet high ; and, beyond that, a less,
Of the same Figure ; which do still increase
In Height, and Bulk, by a continual Drop,
Which upon each distilling from the Top,
And falling still exactly on the Crown,
There break themselves to Mists, which, trickling down,
Crust into Stone, and (but with Leisure) swell
The Sides, and still advance the Miracle,
So that, in Time, they would be tall enough,
If there were Need, to prop the hanging Roof,
Did not sometimes the curious Visitors,
To steal a Treasure is not justly theirs,
Break off much more, at one injurious Blow,
Than can again in many *Ages* grow.

* *The Fonts.*

These the wise *Natives* call the *Fonts*; but there,
 Descending from the Roof, there does appear
 A bright transparent * Cloud, which, from above,
 By those false Lights, does downward seem to move,
 Like a *Machine*, which, when some God appears,
 We see descend upon our *Theatres*.
 Unlike in Figure, and in Posture, this,
 With the two nam'd before, owes its Increase
 To the same Cause the others grow up by,
 Namely, the petrifying Quality
 Of those bright Drops, which, trickling one by one,
 Crust, as they glide, delib'rately to Stone;
 By which the *Stiria* longer, bigger grows,
 And must touch Ground at last; but when, who knows!
 To see these thriving by these various Ways,
 It seems, methinks, as if the first did raise
 Their Heads, the pond'rous *Vault* so to sustain,
 Whilst t'other pendant Pillar seems to strain,
 And at full Stretch endeavours to extend
 A stable Foot to the same needless End.
 And this, forsooth, the *Bacon-Flitch* they call,
 Not that it does resemble one at all;
 For it is round, not flat: But I suppose,
 Because it hangs i'th' Roof, like one of those,
 And shines like Salt, *Peake-Bacon-eaters* came
 At first to call it by that greasy Name.
 This once a Fellow had, another Stone
 Of the same Colour and Proportion:

* *The Bacon-Flitch.*

But long ago, I know not how, the one
Fell down, or eaten was ; for now 'tis gone.
The next Thing you arrive at is a * Stone,
In truth, a very rare and pretty one ;
Which, on a Rock's sharp Ridge taking its Root,
Rises from thence in a neat round-turn'd Foot
Twelve Inches high, or more, wherein are all
The Mouldings of a round-turn'd *Pedestal* :
Whence bubbling out in Figure of a *Sphere*,
Some two Feet and a half *Diameter*,
The whole above is finish'd in a small
Pellucid Spire, crown'd with a Crystal Ball.
This, very aptly, they *Pool's Lanthorn* name,
Being like those in *Adm'ral* Poops that flame.
For, several Paces beyond these, you meet
With nothing worth observing, save your Feet ;
Which, with great Caution, you must still dispose,
Left, by Mischance, you should once Footing lose,
Your own true Story only serve to grace
The lying *Fables* of the uncouth Place :
But, moving forward o'er the glassy Shore,
You hear the *Torrent* now much louder roar,
With such a Noise striking th'astonish'd Ear,
As does inform some *Cataract* is near :
When soon the Deluge, that your Fear attends,
Contemptibly in a small *Riv'let* ends ;
Which falling low, with a precip'tous Wave,
The dreadful *Echo* of the spacious Cave
Gives it a hollow Sound, a Man would fear
The Sea was breaking in a Channel there :

* *Pool's Lanthorn.*

And yet above, the *Current's* not so wide,
 To put a *Maid* to an indecent Stride;
 Which, thro' bright Pebbles, trembling there does crawl,
 As if afraid of the approaching Fall,
 Which is a dreadful one; but yet how deep,
 I never durst extend my Neck to peep.
 Beyond this little *Rill*, before your Eyes,
 You see a great transparent † *Pillar* rise,
 Of the same shining Matter with the rest;
 But such a one as *Nature* does contest,
 Tho' working in the Dark, in this brave Piece,
 With all the *Obelisks* of Antique Greece;
 For all the Art the *Chissel* could apply,
 Ne'er wrought such curious Folds of *Drapery*.
 Of this the Figure is, as Men should crowd
 A vast *Colossus* in a marble Shroud,
 And yet the Plaits so *soft* and *flowing* are,
 As finest *Folds* from finest *Looms* they were;
 But, far as Hands can reach to give a Blow,
 By the rude *Clowns* broke, and disfigur'd so,
 As may be well suppos'd, when all that come
 Carry some Piece of the *Rock-Crystal* home.
 Of all these *Rar'ties*, this alone can claim
 A doubtless Right to everlasting Fame;
 The fairest, brightest *Queen*, that ever yet,
 On *English* Ground, unhappy Footing set,
 Having, to th' rest of th' *Isle's* eternal Shame,
 Honour'd this Stone with her own splendid Name.

† *The Queen of Scots Pillar.*

For *Scotland's* Queen, hither by Art betray'd,
 And by false Friendship after *Captive* made,
 (As if she did nought but a Dungeon want
 T'express the utmost Rigour of Restraint)
 Coming to view this *Cave*, took so much Pains,
 For all the Damp and Horror it contains,
 To penetrate so far, as to this Place,
 And, seeing it, with her own Mouth to grace,
 As her *Non Ultra*, this now famous Stone,
 By naming and declaring it her own ;
 Which, ever since, so gloriously install'd,
 Has been the Queen of *Scots* her *Pillar* call'd.

Illustrious *MARY*, it had happy been,
 Had you then found a Cave like this, to screen
 Your Sacred Person from those *Frontier Spies*,
 That of a *Sov'reign Princess* durst make Prize,
 When *Neptune* too officiously bore
 Your cred'lous Inn'cence to this faithless Shore.
 O *England* ! once who hadst the only Fame
 Of being kind to all who hither came
 For Refuge and Protection ; how couldst thou
 So strangely alter thy *Good-nature* now,
 Where there is so much Excellence to move,
 Not only thy Compassion, but thy Love !
 'Twas strange, on Earth (save *Caledonian* Ground)
 So impudent a Villain could be found,
 Such *Majesty* and *Sweetness* to accuse ;
 Or, after that, a *Judge* would not refuse
 Her Sentence to pronounce ; or, that being done,
 Ev'n 'mongst the bloody'st *Hangmen*, to find one
 Durst, tho' her Face was veil'd, and Neck laid down,
 Strike off the fairest Head e're wore a Crown.

And

And what *State-Policy* there might be here,
Which does with Right too often interfere,
I'm not to judge ; yet thus far dare be bold,
A fouler Act the *Sun* did ne'er behold ;
And 'twas the worst, if not the only Stain,
I'th' brightest *Annals* of a *Female* Reign.

Over the *Brook* you're now oblig'd to stride,
And on the left Hand, by this Pillar's Side,
To see new *Wonders*, tho' beyond this Stone,
Unless you safe return, you'll meet with none,
And that indeed will be a Kind of one :
For, from this Place, the Way does rise so steep,
Craggy, and wet, that who all safe does keep,
A stout and faithful *Genius* has, that will
In *Hell's* black *Territories* guard him still ;
Yet, to behold these vast prodigious Stones,
None, who has any Kindness for his Bones,
Will venture to climb up, tho' I did once ;
A certain Symptom of an empty Sconce :
But many more have done the like since then,
That now are wiser than to do't agen.
Having swarm'd sev'n'score Paces up, or more,
On the right Hand, you find a Kind of Floor,
Which, twining back, hangs o'er the Cave below,
Where, thro' a Hole, your kind *Conductors* show
A Candle, left on Purpose at the Brook,
On which, with *trembling Horror*, whilst you look,
You'll fancy't, from that dreadful Precipice,
A *Spark* ascending from the black *Abyss*.
Returning to your *Road*, you thence must still
Higher and higher mount the dang'rous Hill,

Till, at the last, dirty, and tir'd enough,
 Your giddy Heads do touch the sparkling Roof,
 And now you here a While to pant may fit,
 To which *Advent'ers* have thought requisite
 To add a Bottle, to exprefs the Love
 They owe their *Friends* left in the *World* above.
 And here I too would sheathe my weary'd Pen,
 Were I not bound to bring you back agen;
 You therefore must return, but with much more
 Delib'rate Circumspection than before:
 Two Hob-nail *Peakrills*, one on either Side,
 Your Arms supporting like a bashful *Bride*,
 Whilst a Third steps before, kindly to meet
 With his broad Shoulders your extended Feet,
 And thus from *Rock* to *Rock* they slide you down,
 Till to their Footing you may add your own;
 Which is at the great *Torrent*, roars below,
 From whence your *Guides* another Candle show,
 Left in the Hole above, whose distant Light
 Seems a Star peeping thro' a sullen Night.

You there with far less painful Steps, but yet
 More dang'rous still, the Way you came repeat,
 Your *Peake*-bred *Convoy* of rude Men and Boys,
 All the Way, hooting with that dreadful Noise,
 A Man would think it were the dismal Yell
 Of Souls tormented in the Flames of Hell;
 And I almost believ'd it, by the Face
 Our *Masters* give us of that unknown Place.
 But, be'ng conducted with this *Triumph* back,
 Before y'are yet permitted Leave to take
 Of this *Infernal Mansion*, you must see
 Where Master *Pool* and his bold *Yeomanry*

Took

Took up their dark *Apartments*, which do lie
 Over the narrow Pass you enter'd by ;
 Up an Ascent of easy Mounting, where
 They shew his *Hall*, his *Parlour*, *Bed-chamber*,
Withdrawing-room, and *Closet* ; and, to these,
 His *Kitchen*, and his other *Offices*,
 And all contriv'd to justify a *Fable*,
 That may, indeed, pass with the ign'rant Rabble,
 And might serve him perhaps a Day, or so,
 When close pursu'd ; but Men of Sense must know,
 Who of the Place have took a serious View,
 None but the *Devil* himself could live there *Two*.
 And I half think yourselves are glad to hear
 Your own Deliverance to be so near :
 Thence once more thro' the narrow Passage strain,
 And you shall see the chearful Day again ;
 When, after two Hours Darknefs, you will say,
 The Sun appears dress'd in a brighter *Ray* :
 Thus, after long Restraint, when once set free,
 Men better taste the Air of *Liberty*.

Six hundred Paces hence, and *Northward* still,
 On the Descent of such a little *Hill*,
 As by the rest, of greater Bulk and Fame,
 Environ'd round, scarcely deserves that Name,
 A Crystal * *Fountain-Spring*, in healing Streams,
 Hot (tho' close shaded from the Sun's warm Beams,
 By a malicious Roof, that covers it
 So close, as not his prying Eye t'admit

* St. Anne's Well at the Buxtons, the second Wonder.

That elsewhere's privileg'd, here to behold
His beamy Face, and Locks of burning Gold,
In the most flatt'ring Mirror, that below
His Travel round the spacious Globe can show)
So fair a *Nymph*, and so supremely bright,
The teeming *Earth* did never bring to Light;
Nor does she rush into the World with Noise,
Like *Neptune's* ruder Sex of roaring *Boys*;
But boils and fimmers up, as if the Heat,
That warms her Waves that Motion did beget.
But where's the Wonder? For it is well known,
Warm and clear Fountains in the *Peake* are none,
Which the whole *Province* thoro' so abound,
Each *Yeoman* almost has them in his Ground.
Take then the Wonder of this famous Place;
This tepid Fountain a *Twin-Sister* has,
Of the same Beauty and Complexion,
That, bubbling six Feet off, joins both in one:
But yet so cold withal, that who will stride,
When bathing, cross the *Bath* but half so wide,
Shall, in one Body, which is strange, endure
At once an *Ague* and a *Calenture*.
Strange! that two *Sisters*, springing up at once,
Should differ thus in Constitutions;
And would be stranger, could they be the same:
That Love should one half of the Heart inflame,
Whilst t'other, senseless of a Lover's Pain,
Freezes itself and him in cold Disdain;
Or that a *Naiade*, having careless play'd
With some male, wanton *Stream*, and fruitful Maid,
Should have her Silver Breasts at once to flow,
One with warm *Milk*, t'other with melted *Snow*.

Yet

Yet for the *Patients* 'tis more proper still,
 Fit to inflame the Blood is cold and chill;
 And of the Blood r'allay the glowing Heat,
 Wild Youth, and yet wilder Desires beget:
 Hither the *Sick*, the *Lame*, and *Barren* come,
 And hence go *healthful*, *sound*, and *fruitful* Home.
Buxton's in Beauty famous: But in this
 Much more, the *Pilgrim* never frustrate is,
 That comes to bright *St. Anne*, when he can get
 Nought but his Pains, from yellow * *Somerset*.
 Nor is our *Saint*, tho' sweetly humble, shut
 Within coarse Walls of an indecent Hut;
 But, in the Center of a *Palace*, springs,
 A *Mansion* proud enough for *Saxon* Kings;
 But by a Lady built, who, rich and wise,
 Not only *Houses* rais'd, but *Families*;
 More, and more great than *England*, that does flow
 In loyal *Peers*, can from one Fountain shew.
 But, either thro' the Fault of th' *Architect*,
 The Workman's Ign'rance, Knav'ry, or Neglect,
 Or, thro' the searching Nature of the *Air*,
 Which almost always breathes in *Tempests* there;
 This *Structure*, which in Expectation shou'd,
 Ages as many, as't has Years, have stood;
 Chink'd and decay'd so dangerously fast,
 And near a Ruin, till it came, at last,
 To be thought worth the noble † Owner's Care,
 New to rebuild what Art could not repair,
 As he has done, and, like himself, of late,
 Much more commodious, and of greater State.

* Bath in Somersetshire.

† William Earl of Devonshire.

North-east from hence, three *Peakish* Miles at least,
 (Which, who once measures, will dread all the rest)
 At th' Instep of just such another Hill,
 There creeps a Spring that makes a little || Rill,
 Which, at first Sight, to curious Visitors,
 So small and so contemptible appears,
 They'd think themselves *abus'd*, did they not stay
 To see wherein the Wonder of it lay.
 This Fountain is so very, very small,
 Th' Observer hardly can perceive it crawl
 Thoro' the Sedge, which scarcely in their Beds
 Confess a Current by their waving Heads.
 I'th' Chink thro' which it issues to the Day,
 It *stagnant* seems, and makes so little Way,
 That *Thistle-down*, without a Breeze of Air,
 May lie at *Hull*, and be becalmed there ;
 Which makes the wary Owner of the Ground,
 For his Herds Use, the tardy Waves impound,
 In a low *Cistern* of so small Content,
 As stops so little of the *Element*
 For so important Use, that, when the *Cup*
 Is fullest crown'd, a *Cow* may drink it up.
 Yet this so still, so very little Well,
 Which, thus beheld, seems so contemptible,
 No less of real *Wonder* does comprize,
 Than any of the other *Rarities* :
 For, now and then, a hollow, murm'ring Sound,
 Being first heard remotely under Ground,
 The Spring immediately swells, and straight
 Boils up, thro' sev'ral Pores, to such a Height,

|| Wedding-wall, or Tides-well, the Third Wonder.

O

As,

As, overflowing soon the narrow *Shore*,
Below does in a little *Torrent* roar.
Whilst, near the Fountain-Mouth, the Water sings
Thoro' the secret *Conduits* of her Springs,
With such a Harmony of various Notes,
As *Grottoes* yield, thro' narrow, brazen Throats,
When, by the Weight of higher Streams, the low'r
Are upward forc'd in an inverted Show'r.
But the sweet *Music's* short, three Minutes Space
To highest *Mark* this *Oceanet* does raise,
And half that Time retires the ebbing Waves
To the dark Winding of their frigid *Caves*.

To seek investigable *Causes* out
Serves not to clear, but to increase a Doubt;
And, where the best of *Nature's Spies* but grope,
For me, who worst can speculate, what Hope
To find the secret Cause of these strange *Tides*,
Which an impenetrable *Mountain* hides
From all, to view these *Miracles* that come,
In dark Recesses of her spacious Womb?
And * *He* who is in *Nature* the best read,
Who the best Hand has to the wisest Head,
Who best can *think*, and best his *Thoughts* express,
Does but, perhaps, more rationally guess,
When he his Sense delivers of these Things,
And *Fancy* sends to search these unknown *Springs*.

He tells us first, these flowing Waters are
Too sweet, their *Fluxes* too irregular,

* *Mr. Hobbs.*

To owe to *Neptune* these fantastic Turns ;
 Nor yet does *Phæbe* with her Silver Horns,
 In these free, franchis'd, subterranean *Caves*,
 Push into crowded *Tides* the frightened Waves.
 But that the *Spring*, swell'd by some smoking Show'r,
 That teeming Clouds on *Tellus'* Surface pour,
 Marches amain with a confederate *Force*,
 Until some streighter Passage in its Course
 Stops the tumult'ous Throng, which, pressing fast,
 And forc'd on still to more precip'tous Haste
 By the succeeding Streams, lies *gargling* there,
 Till, in that narrow Throat, th' obstructed Air,
 Finding itself in too strict Limits pent,
 Opposes so th' invading *Element*,
 As first to make the half-chok'd Gullet heave,
 And then disgorge the Stream it can't receive.

Than this, of this *Peake-Wonder*, I believe,
 None a more plausible Account can give.
 Tho' here it might be said, if this were so,
 It never would, but in wet Weather, flow ;
 Yet, in the greatest Droughts the Earth abides,
 It never fails to yield less frequent *Tides*,
 Which always clear and unpolluted are,
 And nothing of the *Wash* of *Tempest* share.
 But whether this a Wonder be, or no,
 'Twill be one, Reader, if thou see'st it flow :
 For, having been there ten times, for the nonce,
 I never yet could see it flow but once,
 And that the last time too ; which made me there
 Take my last leave on't, as I now do here.

Hence two Miles *East*, does a fourth *Wonder* lie,
 Worthy the greatest Curiosity,
 Call'd **Elden-Hole*; but such a dreadful Place,
 As will procure a tender *Muse* her Grace,
 In the Description, if she chance to fail,
 When my *Hand* trembles, and my *Cheeks* turn pale.
 Betwixt a verdant *Mountain's* falling Flanks,
 And within Bounds of easy, swelling Banks,
 That hem the Wonder in on either Side,
 A formidable *Scissure* gapes so wide,
 Steep, black, and full of Horror, that who dare
 Look down into the *Chasm*, and keep his Hair
 From lifting off his Hat, either has none,
 Or, for more modish Curls, cashiers his own.
 It were injurious, I must confess,
 By mine to measure braver Courages:
 But, when I peep into't, I must declare,
 My *Heart* still beats, and *Eyes* with Horror stare;
 And he that, standing on the Brink of *Hell*,
 Can carry it so unconcern'd, and well,
 As to betray no Fear, is certainly,
 A better *Christian*, or a worse than I.*

This yawning Mouth is thirty Paces long,
 Scarce half so wide, within lin'd thro' with strong,
 Contiguous Walls of solid, perpend Stone:
 A Gulph wide, steep, black, and a dreadful one;
 Which few, that come to see it, dare come near,
 And the more daring still approach with Fear,

* *Elden-Hole, the Fourth Wonder.*

Having with Terror here beheld a Space,
 The ghastly Aspect of this dang'rous Place;
 Critical Passengers usually found,
 How deep the threat'ning *Gulph* goes under-ground,
 By tumbling down Stones fought throughout the Field,
 As great as the officious *Boars* can wield,
 Of which such *Millions* of *Tuns* are thrown,
 That, in a *Country* almost all of Stone,
 About the *Place* they something scarce are grown.
 But, being brought, down they're condemn'd to go,
 When, *Silence* being made, and Ears laid low,
 The first's turn'd off, which, as it parts the Air,
 A kind of *Sighing* makes, as if it were
 Capable of that useless Passion, *Fear*:
 Till the first Hit strikes the astonish'd Ear,
 Like *Thunder* under-ground; thence it invades,
 With louder *Thunders*, those *Tartarean* Shades,
 Which groan forth *Horror* at each pond'rous *Stroke*
 Th' unnatural *Issue* gives the *Parent* Rock;
 Whilst, as it strikes, the Sound by turns we note,
 When nearer *flat*, *sharper* when more remote,
 As the hard Walls, on which it strikes, are found
 Fit to reverberate the bell'wing Sound:
 When, after falling long, it seems to hiss,
 Like the Old *Serpent* in the dark *Abyss*:
 Till *Echo*, tir'd with posting, does refuse
 To carry to th' inquisitive *Perdu's*,
 That couchant lie above, the trembling News.
 And there ends our Intelligence; how far
 It travels further, no one can declare;
 Tho', if it rested here, the Place might well
 Sure be accepted for a *Miracle*.

Your *Guide* to all these Wonders never fails
 To entertain you with ridic'ulous Tales
 Of this strange Place, one of the *Geese* thrown in,
 Which, out of *Peake's Arse* two Miles off, was seen
 Shell-naked *Sally*, rifled of her Plume;
 By which a Man may lawfully presume,
 The Owner was a Woman grave, and wise,
 Could know her *Goose* again in that Disguise.

Another lying Tale the People tell,
 And, without smiling, of a pond'rous *Bell*,
 By a long Rope let down, the *Pit* to sound;
 When, many hundred Fathoms under Ground,
 It stopp'd: But, tho' they made their *Sinews* crack,
 All the Men there could not once move it back;
 Till, after some short Space, the plunder'd Line,
 With scores of *curious Knots* made wond'rous fine,
 Came up again with easy Motion;
 But, for the jangling *Plummet*, that was gone.

But with these idle *Fables*, feign'd of old,
 Some modern Truths, and sad ones too, are told:
 One, of that mercenary *Fool* expos'd
 His Life for Gold, t'explore what lies inclos'd
 In this obscure *Vacuity*, and tell
 Of stranger Sights than *Theseus* saw in *Hell*:
 But the poor *Wretch* paid for his Thirst of Gain:
 For being cran'd up with distemper'd Brain,
 A falt'ring Tongue, with a wild, staring Look;
 (Whether by *Damps* not known, or *Horror*, strook)
 Now this Man was confed'rate with *Mischance*
 'Gainst his own Life, his whole Inheritance,

Which

Which bates the Pity human Nature bears
To poor involuntary *Sufferers* :
But the sad Tale of his severer Fate,
Whose Story's next, Compassion must create.
He raving languish'd a few Days, and then
Dy'd ; peradventure to go down agen;
In Savages, and in the silent Deep,
Make the hard Marble, that destroy'd him, weep.

A *Stranger*, to this Day from whence not known,
Travelling this wild *Country* all alone,
And by the *Night* surpriz'd by *Destiny*,
(If such a Thing, and so unkind, there be)
Was guided to a *Village* near this Place,
Where, asking at a House, how far it was
To such a *Town*, and being told, so far :
Will you, my Friend, t'oblige a *Traveller*,
Says the benighted *Stranger*, be so kind
As to conduct me thither ? You will bind
My Gratitude for ever, and in Hand
Shall presently receive what you'll demand.
The *Fellow* humm'd, and haw'd, and scratch'd his *Pate*,
And, to draw on good Wages, said 'twas late,
And grew so *dark*; that, tho' he knew the Way,
He durst not be so confident to say
He might not miss it in so dark a Night :
But if his *Worship* would be pleas'd t'alight,
And let him call a Friend, he made no doubt,
But one of them would surely find it out.
The *Traveller*, well pleas'd, at any rate,
To have so expert *Guides*, dismounted straight,
Giving his Horse up to the treach'rous Slave,
Who, having hous'd him, forthwith fell to heave

And poise the *Portmanteau*, which finding Freight
 At either End, with Lumps of tempting Weight,
 The *Devil* and *He* made out a short Dispute
 About the Thing they soon did execute :
 For, calling t'other *Rogue*, who long had bin
 His 'Complice in succeeding Acts of Sin,
 He tells him of the Prize, sets out the Gain,
 Shews how secure and easy to obtain ;
 Which press'd so home, where was so little need,
 The *Stranger's* Ruin quickly was decreed.
 Thus, to the poor *Proscrib'd*, the *Villains* go,
 And with join'd Confidence assure him so,
 That, with his Hap to meet such Friends content,
 He puts himself into their Hands, and went.

The guilty *Night*, as if she would express
 Confed'racy with such black Purposes,
 The sparkling *Hemisphere* had overspread
 With darkest Vapours from foul *Lerna* bred ;
 The World was hush'd all, save a sighing Wind,
 That might have warn'd a more presaging *Mind* ;
 When these two Sons of *Satan*, thus agreed,
 With seeming Wariness and Care proceed,
 All the while mixing their amusing Chat
 With frequent Caution of this Step, and that,
 'Till after that six hundred Paces gone,
 Master, here's but a sorry Grip, says one
 Of the damn'd *Rogues* (and he said very right)
 Pray, for more Safety, Sir, be pleas'd t'alight,
 And let him lead your Horse a little Space,
 Till you are past this one uneven Place ;
 You'll need t'alight no more, I'll warrant you ;
 And still this *Instrument of Hell* said true.

Forth-

Forthwith alights the innocent *Trapan'd*,
 One leads his Horse, the other takes his Hand;
 And, with a Shew of Care conducts him thus
 To these steep Thresholds of black *Erebus*:
 And there (O Act of Horror, which out-vies
 The direst of inhuman Cruelties!
 Let me (my *Muse*) repeat it without Sin,
 The barb'rous *Villain* push'd him headlong in.
 The frightened Wretch, having no Time to speak,
 Forc'd his distended Throat in such a Shriek,
 As, by the Shrillness of the doleful Cry,
 Pierc'd thro' and thro' the immense *Inanity*,
 Informing so the half-dead Faller's Ear,
 What he must suffer, what he had to fear;
 When, at the very first befriending Knock,
 His trembling Brains smear'd the *Tarpeian* Rock,
 The shatter'd Carcase downward rattles fast,
 Whilst, thence dismiss'd, the Soul with greater Haste
 From those infernal Mansions does remove,
 And mounts to seek the happy Seats above.
 What bloody *Arab* of the fellest Breed,
 What but the yet more fell *I* — — — — *n* Seed,
 Could once have meditated such a *Deed*?
 But one of these *Heav'n's Veng'ance* did e're long
 Call to Account for this poor Creature's Wrong;
 Who, hang'd for other Crimes, amongst the rest,
 This horrid Murder at his Death confess'd:
 Whilst t'other *Rogue*, to *Justice*' foul Disgrace.
 Yet lives, 'tis said, unquestion'd near the Place.
 How deep this *Gulph* does travel under-ground,
 Tho' there have been Attempts, was never found;
 But I myself, with half the *Peake* surrounded,
Eight hundred fourscore and four Yards have sounded.

And, tho' of these *four score* return'd back wet,
 The *Plummet* drew, and found no Bottom yet:
 Tho' when I went again another Day,
 To make a further and a new Essay.
 I could not get the *Lead* down half the Way.

Enough of *Hell!* from hence you forward ride,
 Still mounting up the *Mountain's* groaning Side,
 Till, having gain'd the utmost Height, your Eye,
Northward a Mile, a * higher does descry,
 And steeper much, tho' from that Prospect green,
 With a black, moorish Valley stretch'd between.
 Unlike in Stature, and in Substance, this,
 To the *South-east*, is a great Precipice,
 Not of firm Rock, like the rest here that shroud
 Their low'ring *Summits* in a dewy Cloud;
 But of a shaly Earth, that from the Crown,
 With a continual Motion mould'ring down,
 Spawns a less *Hill* of looser Mold below,
 Which will in time tall as the Mother grow,
 And must perpetuate the *Wonder* so.
 Which *Wonder* is, that, tho' this Hill ne'er cease
 To waste itself, it suffers no Decrease:
 But 'twould a greater be, if those that pass
 Should miss the *Atoms* of so vast a *Mass*:
 Tho' *Neighbours*, if they nearer would inquire,
 Must needs perceive the pilling *Cliff* retire:
 And the most cursory Beholder may
 Visibly see a manifest Decay,

* Mam-Tor, the Fifth Wonder.

By jutting Stones, that, by the Earth left bare,
Hang on the Trip, suspended in the Air.
This haughty Mountain, by indulgent *Fame*
Preferr'd t' a *Wonder*, MAM-TOR has to Name,
For in that Country *Jargon's* uncouth Sense
Expressing any craggy Eminence,
From *Tow'r* : But then, why *Mam*, I can't surmise,
Unless because *Mother* to that doth rise
Out of her Ruins : Better then to speak,
It might be called *Phœnix* of the *Peake* :
For, when this *Mountain* by long *Wasting's* gone,
Her *Ashes* will, and not till then, be one.
Which, e're I quit, I must beg Leave to tell
One Story only of this *Miracle*.

Of late, a Country-Fellow, it seems, one,
Who had more Courage than Discretion ;
Untempted, or by Wager, or by Price,
And obstinately deaf to all Advice,
Would needs attempt to climb this Precipice.
Thus then resolv'd, th' *Enceladus* sets out,
With a *Peake* Heart *Heaven* defying stout,
A daring Look, and vast *Colossean* Strides,
To storm the frowning *Mountain's* mould'ring Sides.
Wherein the first Steps of th' *Advent'rer's* Proof
Were easy and encouraging enough,
Scarce *Pent-house* steep, and ev'ry Step did brand
Assured Footing in the yielding Sand ;
And higher, tho' much steeper ; yet the Hill,
By leaning backward, gave him Footing still ;
Tho' still more tickle and unsafe, as higher
The hare-brain'd Fool did in's Attempt aspire.
But be'ng arriv'd to the stupendous Place,
Where the *Cliff's* Beetle-brows o'erlook its *Base*,

The jutting Front with threat'ning Ruin there
Bad stand unto the bold *Adventurer*.
Then from that stupifying Height, too late,
Th'astonish'd Wretch saw his approaching *Fate* :
Thence first he downward cast his woeful Eyes,
Sadly to view the dang'rous Precipice,
Which the bold Stormer with such Horror strook,
As all his Limbs with a cold Trembling shook
With so unseasonable an Ague-Fit,
That Hands and Feet are ready hold to quit,
And to the Fool their Master's *Fate* submit.
How to advance a Step he could not tell,
And to descend was as impossible :
But, thus environ'd with black Despair,
He hung suspended in the liquid Air.
He then would fain have pray'd : But *Authors* say,
Few of the *Province* gifted are that Way,
And that to swear, curse, slander, and forswear,
More nat'ral is to your *Peake-Highlander* ;
Tho' there are many virtuous People there.
But, be it how it will, the Fellow hung
On stretch'd-out Sinews so exceeding long,
Till, ready to drop off, Necessity
Bad mount and live, or else fall down and die.
With last Effort he upward then 'gan crawl,
To rise, or from a nobler Height to fall ;
And, as he forward strove, began to try,
This and that hanging Stone's Stability,
To prove their Firmness, and to feel what hold
The *Earth-bound* Ends had in the crumbling *Mold*.
Some of which hanging *Tables*, as he still
Made further Progress up the tickling Hill,

He



A the Devils Arse. B. Houses within the Arch where many poor people live. C. the first Water. D. the second Water. E. the third and last Water, where the Rock and the Water closes and you can pass no farther.

He found so loose, they threaten'd, as he went,
To sweep him off, and be his *Monument*.
But 'tis most certain, that some other End,
In *Fate's* dark *Leaves*, for the rash Fool is penn'd;
Not by a Fall so noble, and so high,
Tho' by a Slip, perhaps, betwixt *Earth* and *Sky*;
For, to th' *Spectator's* Wonder, and his own,
He panting gain'd at last the Mountain's Crown.

Hence an uneven Mile below, in Sight
Of this strange *Cliff*, and almost opposite,
Lies *Castleton*, a Place of noted Fame,
Which from the *Castle* there derives its Name.
Ent'ring the *Village* presently y'are met
With a clear, swift, and murm'ring *Rivulet*,
Towards whose *Source*, if up the Stream you look
On your right Hand close by, your Eye is struck
With a stupendous Rock raising so high
His craggy *Temples* tow'rds the azure Sky,
That, if we this should with the rest compare,
They *Hillocks*, *Mole-hills*, *Warts*, and *Pebbles* are
This, as if *King* of all the *Mountains* round,
Is on the Top with an old *Tower* crown'd,
An *Antic* Thing, fit to make People stare;
But of no Use, either in Peace, or War.
Under this *Castle* yawns a dreadful * *Cave*,
Whose Sight may well astonish the most Brave,
And make him pause, e're further he proceed
T'explore what in those gloomy *Vaults* lie hid.
The *Brook*, which from one mighty *Spring* does flow,
Thro' a deep stony Channel runs below,

* *Peake's Arse, the Sixth Wonder.*

Whilst o'er a Path level, and broad enough
 For human *Feet*, or for the armed *Hoof*,
 Above you, and below, all Precipice,
 You still advance towards the Court of *DIS*.
 Over this Causey, as you forward go,
 On your right Hand, crosses the deep Course below,
 You see the *Fountain's* long imprison'd Streams
 Leap out to wanton in the Sun's warm Beams.
 There thro' a *Marble-Pipe* some two Feet wide,
 And deeper than a *Pike's* Length can decide,
 Sick of long wand'ring in those envious *Caves*,
 She here disgorges her tumult'ous Waves
 With such a Force, that if you coit a Stone
 Any thing flat, altho' a heavy one,
 Tho' the Fall make it sink, it will amain,
 Like squeamish *Patients*, throw it up again,
 As a pale Leaf, kill'd by the Winter's Frown ;
 Nor, till it gain an *Edge*, receive it down.
 So that it seems, by the strange Force it has,
 Rising from such a pond'rous *Mountain's* Base,
 As if, press'd down with the great Weight, it thence
 Deriv'd this supernat'ral Violence.

Above the *Spring* the *Channel* goes up still,
 Dry now ; but which the *Cave* does sometimes fill
 With such a roaring and high-swelling *Tide*,
 The tallest *First-rate Frigate* there may ride.
 Now to the *Cave* we come, wherein is found
 A new strange Thing, a Village under-ground ;
Houses, and *Barns* for Men, and *Beasts* behoof,
 With distinct *Walls* under one solid *Roof*.
Stacks both of *Hay* and *Turf*, which yield a Scent,
 Can only fume from *Satan's* Fundament ;

For

For this black *Cave* lives in the Voice of *Fame*
To the same Sense by a yet coarser *Name*.

The *subterranean People* ready stand,
A Candle each, most two in either Hand,
To guide, who are to penetrate inclin'd,
The *Intestinum Rectum* of the *Fiend*.
Thus, by a blinking and promiscuous Light,
We now begin to travel into *Night*,
Hoping, indeed, to see the *Sun* agen;
Tho' none of us can tell or how, or when.
Now, in your Way, a soft Descent you meet,
Where the Sand takes th' Impression of your Feet,
And which, e're many Yards you measur'd have,
Brings you into the *Level* of the *Cave*.
Some Paces hence the Roof comes down so low,
The humblest Statures are compell'd to bow,
First low, then lower; till at last we go
On four Feet now, who walk'd but now on two;
Then straight it lets you upright rise, and then
Force you to stoop down, and to creep agen;
Till to a silent *Brook* at last you come,
Whose limpid Waves dart Rays about the Room:
But there the Rock its Bosom bows so low,
That few *Advent'ers* further press to go;
Yet we must thro', or else how can we give
Of this strange Place a perfect Narrative?
But how's the Question: For the Water's deep,
The Bottom dipping, slippery, and steep;
Where if you slip, in ill Hour you came hither,
You shoot under a Rock the *Lord* knows whither.
Then 'tis twelve Paces broad, to that so low
The Rock does tow'rd's the Water's Surface bow,

That

That who will pass in double Danger's bound ;
 Rising he breaks his Skull, he's stooping drown'd.
 Thrice I the *Pass* attempted with Desire,
 And thrice I did ingloriously retire ;
 Till Shame did that my Courage fail'd to do,
 And, maugre Difficulties, forc'd me thro'.
 As my Feet chock'd upon the further Shore,
 My Heart began to rise, was sunk before,
 And as soon felt a new Access of Pain,
 Now I was here, how to get back again:
 And with good Cause ; for if, (as sometimes here,
 By Mounts of Sand, within it does appear
 A rapid Current, navigably deep,
 The Sides and Bottom of the *Cave* does sweep)
 There now should the last *Rill* of Water come
 To fill the fore-nam'd very little Room,
 And higher should but poor six Inches swell,
 'Twould render all *Retreat* impossible.
 But that *Thought* comes too late ; and they who take
 A *Voyage* once over the *Stygian* Lake,
 (Where Souls for ever usu'lly remain)
 Have better Luck, if they return again.

Being o'er this dang'rous *Pass*, above us now
 Are high-roof'd *Vaults* : Oh, for a *Golden Bough*
 To charm the *Train* of that infernal *God*
 Who in these *Caverns* makes his dark Abode !
 The *Cave* is here not only high, but wide,
 Stretching itself so far from Side to Side,
 As if (past these *blind Creeks*) we now were come
 Into the Hollow of the Mountain's *Womb*,
 The stately Walls of diff'ring Fabric are,
 One sloping, t'other perpendicular.

I Fabric say, because, on the Right Hand,
If you will climb the *Acherontic* Strand,
A curious *Portal* greets the wond'ring Eye,
Where *Architecture's* chiefest *Symmetry*
Is ev'ry-where observ'd, and serves to show
The poor * *Design* above to this below.
Two *Tuscan Columns* jutting from the Wall,
With each its proper *Base* and *Capital*,
Support a well-turn'd *Arch*, and of one Piece,
With all its *Mouldings*, *Frize*, and *Coronice*.
Oh ! who that sees these Things but must reflect
With Wonder on th' Almighty *Architect*,
Whose Works all human *Art* so far excel ?
For, doubtless, he, that *Heav'n* made, made *Hell*.
This leads into a handsome Room, wherein
A *Bason* stands with Waters *CrySTALLINE*,
To welcome such, as once, at least, shall grace
With unknown Light this solitary Place.
On this Side many more small *Grottoes* are,
Which, were the first away, would all seem rare :
But, that once seen, we may the rest pass by,
As hardly worth our Curiosity.
But we must back, e're we can forward go,
Into the *Channel* we forsook below ;
Thro' which the rugged Pass does only lie
T'a further and compleat Discovery.
Being return'd, we now again proceed
Thoro' a *Vale* that's salebrous indeed ;
Squeezing our Guts, bruising our Flesh and Bones
To thrust betwixt massy and pointed Stones,

* *The Castle over it.*

Some three, some four, and others five Feet high,
Puffing and sweating in our Industry :
Till, after three or fourscore Paces more,
We reach the second *River's* marble Shore,
Four times as broad as that we pass'd before.
The Water's *Margent* here goes down so steep,
That at first Step you chop in Middle-deep ;
But, tho' the Way be cumbersome and rough,
'Tis no where more, and fordable enough.
This, as the other, clear, differs in this,
The Bottom is of Sand, this Stony is ;
And here withal the Water is so strong,
That, as you raise one Foot to move along,
Without good Heed, you will have much ado
To fix the other Foot from rising too ;
And yet there is no Current here, nor Spring,
T'occasion such an unexpected Thing :
For, tho' the *Country-People* are so wise
To call these *Rivers*, they're but *Stagnancies*
Left by the Flood ; which, when retir'd again,
The *Cave* does in her hollow *Lap* retain.
As here thro' *cobling Stones* we stumbling wade,
The narrow *Cave* casts such a dreadful Shade,
That, being thence unable to discover,
With all our Light, how far the *Lake* was over,
We made a Halt, and, as the rest desir'd,
I now half-willing was to have retir'd ;
And, had not *Resolution* then stepp'd in,
The great *Adventure* had not finish'd bin.
But o'er we got, and from our Cloaths there rain'd
A welcome Show'r upon the thirsty Sand,
Of which we here vast Mountains saw, by *Seas*
Of *Torrents* wash'd from distant *Provinces* ;

For the hard Ribs of the *Cave's* native Stone
 So solid are, that I'm sure yields none.
 Over these *Hills* we forward still contend,
 Wishing and longing for our Journey's End;
 Till now again we saw the Rock descend,
 Forming a Roof so even, smooth, and sleek,
 Without, or Crack, or Seam, or Chink, or Nick,
 Some twenty Paces long, and ten Feet high,
 As the *Mechanic Trowel* may defy.
 I'th' midst of which a *Cupola* does rise,
 (As if to crown the other Rarities)
 In th' exact Hollow of a weighty *Bell*,
 Which does in Beauty very much excell
 All I e'er saw before, excepting none,
 Tho' I have been at *Lincoln* and at *Roane*.
 Just beyond this a purling Rill we meet,
 Which, tho' scarce deep enough to wet our Feet,
 Had they been dry, must be a *River* too,
 And has more Title than the other two;
 Because this runs, which neither of them do.
 Tho' ev'ry *Kennel* that we see does pour
 More lib'ral Streams in ev'ry *Thunder-show'r*.
 Just where 'tis met, as if, to shun the Light,
 It under Ground vanishes out of Sight;
 We take the obvious Stream to be our *Guide*,
Sand-hills and *Rocks*, by turns, on either Side,
 Plashing thro' *Water*, and thro' flabby *Sand*,
 Till a vast *Sand-Hill* once more bids us stand:
 For here again, whoe'er shall try, will know,
 The hum'rous *Rock* descends so very low,
 That the swoln Floods, when they in Fury rave,
 Throw up this *Mount*, that almost chokes the *Cave*.

Where,

Where, tho' the *Brook* offer'd to guide us still
 Thro' a blind *Creek* o'th' Right Hand of this *Hill*,
 We thought it not Prudence to follow it,
 Unlikely, we conceiv'd, our *Bulks* t' admit:
 But storm'd the *Hill*, which rising fast and steep
 So near the Rock, we on all four must creep,
 It on the other Side as fast does dip;
 And, to reward us for that mighty Pain,
 Brought us unto our little *Nymph* again:
 Which we some Paces follow'd still, when there
 A sudden Noise striking th' astonish'd Ear,
 We neither could guess *what*, nor tell from *whence*,
 Struck us into Amazement and Suspence.
 We stood all mute and palled with the Sight;
 A Paleness so increas'd by paler Light,
 That ev'ry Wand a *Caduce* did appear,
 As we a *Caravan* of dead Folks were:
 But really so terrible a Sound,
 Sure ne'er was heard above, or under Ground.
 To which the Difficulties we had had
 And Horror of the Place did so much add,
 That it was long before a Word came out,
 To ask a Question, or resolve a Doubt.
 But, by some one, the Silence being broke,
 We all together in Confusion spoke:
 But all *cross-purpose*, not a Word of Sense,
 Either to get or give Intelligence.
 So when a tall, and richly laden Ship,
 Ploughing the Sea with all her Sails a-trip,
 Suddenly strikes upon some unseen Rock,
 Her Seams laid open by the pond'rous Shock,
 The *Passengers* and *Seamen* tear their Throats
 In confus'd Cries and undistinguish'd Notes.

Some thought a Flood was just now breaking in,
Some that *Pyracmon* had at th' Anvil bin,
With *Brontes*, forging *Thunderbolts* for *J O V E*,
Or for some *Hero* Arms i'th' World above;
Some said it thunder'd; others, this and that;
Ev'ry one fear'd, but not a Man knew what:
Till at the last, a little calmer grown,
Again we listen'd, then spoke one by one;
Began to think, and temp'rately debate,
What we were best to do in this Estate.
The major *Vote* was, quickly to retire,
Which also those oppos'd it, did desire;
Tho', in the End, we all agreed to see
What the great *Cause* of this *strange Noise* might be:
Nor were we long in doubt; for, e're we had
But twenty Paces further Progress made,
Before our Eyes we saw it plain appear,
And then were out of *Count'nance* at our *Fear*.
On the Right Hand our open Passage lies,
Where once again the Roof does sloping rise
In a steep, craggy, and a lubric Shore,
As high, at least, as any where before;
Where, from the very Top of all the *Hill*,
A murm'ring Fountain does her Streams distill;
Which, thence descending with a headlong *Wave*,
Roars in remoter Windings of the *Cave*;
Tho' here it does in gentle Whispers brawl
Thro' little Stones, and is scarce heard at all.
The *Water* falling down so silent here,
And roaring louder than the *Thunderer*,
At a remoter Distance, seems as if
The *Crystal Stream*, that trickles from the *Cliff*,

Were

Were a *Catarrh*, that, falling from the Brain,
Upon his leathern Lungs, did thus constrain
The *Fiend* to cough so very loud, and rear
His *Marble Throat*, and fright th' *Adventurer*.
But, if this liquid *Cave* does any where
Deserve the Title of a *Grot*, 'tis here :
For here, as from her *Urn*, the *Nymph* does pour,
The Water breaks on Rocks in such a Show'r,
Sparkling quite round the *Place*, as made us doubt
'Twould hazard spitting all our *Candles* out ;
Which, had it happen'd so, we fairly might
Have bid unto the World a long good Night :
Wherefore it did concern us to make haste,
And thus we have the third fam'd *River* past.

Up the old *Channel* still we forward tend,
Wond'ring, and longing when our *Search* should end ;
For we are all grown weary of the Night,
And wish'd to see the long-forfaken Light,
And, *Reader*, now the happy Time draws near,
To end your Trouble, as it did our Fear :
For, many Paces more we had not gone,
Before we came to a large Vault of Stone
Curiously arch'd, and wall'd on either Side,
Some thirty Paces long, and thirteen wide,
Scarce ten Feet high, which does deprive the Place
Unhappily of due *Proportion's* Grace.
This full of Water stands, but yet so clear,
That thoro' it the Bottom does appear
So smooth and even laid with glitt'ring Sand,
That the most tim'rous will not make a Stand,
But boldly steps into't to see the End,
To which all the so strange *Meanders* tend :

The first Step's Ankle-deep, the next may be
To the Mid-leg, and no where past the Knee,
Saving, that at the very End of all,
Where the *Rock* meets us with an even Wall,
Under the Foot, and in the Midst of it,
There is a pretty Semi-circ'lar Pit,
About some four Feet wide, and six Feet deep,
Which underneath the *Basis* dipping steep,
And the impending *Rock*, at least, three Foot,
Descending with a sharp round *Peake* into't,
Shuts up the *Cave*, and, with our own Desire
Kindly complying, bids us to retire.
Nor did we there make any longer Stay,
Than only stooping with our Sticks t'essay,
If, pottering this and that Way, we could find
How deep it went, or which Way it did wind,
Tho' 'twas in vain: For the low bended *Rock*
Did those ridiculous Endeavours mock.
This the fourth *River* is, altho' of more
Than three, and one unfordable, before
None ever heard; and, if a further Shore
Belong to this, none ever past it o'er;
Nothing with Legs and Arms can come unto't,
They must be *Fins*, and 'tis a *Fish* must do't.
But I am well assur'd none ever was
Till now so far in this unwholesome Place;
From whence with *Falls* and *Knocks*, tho' almost lame,
We faster much retreated, than we came;
And meas'ring it, as we return'd again,
Found it five hundred Paces by the *Chain*.
We now once more behold the chearful *Sun*,
And, *one would think*, 'twere Time we here had done.

But,

But, e're I go, I must one Story tell
 Concerns the Place ; so great a *Miracle*
 As can't omitted be without Offence,
 It being an Effect of *Providence*.

The *Tow'r* that stands on Tip-toe in the Air,
 And o'er the Channel perpendicular,
 Is on a Hill by'tself, tho' not so high,
 By infinite Degrees, as one close by,
 A narrow *Valley* interpos'd between.
 But this is all a *Crag*, the other, green
 On ev'ry Side from this old *Castle* down,
 Is perfect *Cliff*, except towards the Town;
 Where the Ascent is steep ; but in the Rock,
 Forc'd by the pond'rous *Hammer's conqu'ring Streak*,
 A winding Way, from the rough *Mountain's Foot*,
 Was made the only *Avenue* unto't.
 'Tis true, that, just over the *Cave*, the *Hill*
 In an extended *Ridge* continues still :
 But to so small a *Neck's* contracted there,
 The *Tower* blocks the *Pass* up with one *Square* :
 And yet that once there has a *Passage* been
 Into the *Fort* this Way is to be seen,
 By Ribs of *Arches* standing of Free-stone.
 On which a *Bridge* has formerly been thrown,
 Over a *Graff* parts the Hill's double *Crown* :
 But if by *Art*, or *Nature*, made, not known,
 For it with *Docks* and *Thistles* is o'ergrown.
 On one Hand of this *Bridge* a *Cliff* doth fall
 O'er the *Cave's Mouth*, steep as a *perpend Wall* ;
 On t'other Hand one, very near as steep,
 Looks down into the *Vale*, but not so deep ;

For

For I am most assur'd, that we did go
Under the *Vale*, when in the *Cave* below;
And the whole Distance not twelve Paces is
Betwixt the one and t'other *Precipice*.
This Valley (which by the * *Cave's-way* is known)
Is one of the chief Passes to the *Town*,
And, where it more remotely does begin
Gently to *dimple* these two Hills between,
Falls with so easy a Descent, as ne'er
Could trouble the most *Southern Traveller* :
But, that o'er-flipt, his Neck must dearly pay
The Rashness, if he will attempt that Way.

A *Country Fellow* some Years since, who was
Nothing a Stranger to the tickle Pass,
Be'ng by his *Master* sent some Friends to guide
O'er those wild *Mountains* of the Forest wide,
By them was so rewarded, as to make
Him, who had guided them, his Way mistake :
For coming back, when Night the Day had clos'd,
Careless, and drunk enough, may be suppos'd,
He learnedly the *Pass* did overshoot,
Thinking he was not yet arriv'd unto't :
But trotted on along the Mountain's *Ridge*,
Until he came almost unto the *Bridge*
Close by the *Tow'r*, which, tho' it could not be
Thirty Yards off, it seems, he could not see ;
To that Degree, either the *Mists* or *Night*,
Or his *Potation*, did obstruct his Sight.

* *The Valley on the Backside of the Castle, call'd the Cave, and the Cave's-way.*

But here he thought to turn into the *Vale*,
Altho' his *Mare*, who, having had no *Ale*,
Was unto both their Safeties more awake,
At first refus'd the dang'rous Step to take ;
Like unto peevish *Balaam's* faithful *Ass*,
Who more clear-sighted than the *Prophet* was,
Proving his Rider so, for once, at least,
If not the greater *Ass*, the greater *Beast* :
But being spurr'd up to the Place again,
Angry, it seems, her Counfel was not ta'en,
She took a greater Leap, against her Will,
Than *Pegasus* from t'other *Bi-top* Hill,
With all th'Advantage that he had of *Wing*,
When from his *Pinch* started the Poet's *Spring* ;
And from the giddy *Height*, the *Lord* knew *whither*.
Down with a *Veng'ance* they both went together ;
Where they did part, himself could ne'er declare,
If on some *Rub* by th'Way, or in the Air :
But at the Bottom he was left for dead,
With a good *Memorandum* on his Head,
That laid him so asleep, he did not wake
Till with the Cold his Bones began to ake :
And then he stirr'd, rolling his heavy Eye
Towards the *Vault* of the enamell'd Sky,
Which now thick set with sparkling Stars he sees,
That but of late had been no Friends of his ;
And, by the Favour of the twinkling Light,
The *Castle* too appear'd above in Sight ;
By which he faintly recollected where
His *Worship* was, tho' not how he came there :
But this small Sense did opportunely come
To help him make a shift to tumble home.

Thither he comes, and knocking at the Door
(Tho' not so hard as he was knock'd before)
His Master hears at first, and cries, *Who's there?*
Why (poorly, cries the other) *I am here.*
Up starts the Master straight, and lets him in;
I'th' Name of God (quoth he) *where hast thou bin,*
That thou'rt thus late? To which, the wise Reply
Was this, *Nay, Master, what the De'il know I!*
But somewhere I have had a lungeous Faw,
I'm sure o'that, and, Master, that's neet aw.
A Candle then was lighted, when his Sconce
Did represent *Raw-head* and *Bloody-bones.*
A lungeous Fall indeed, the Master said,
The very Looks would make a Man afraid;
Thou hast drunk deep thy Hogs-head on the Tilt;
But where's my Mare? No Matter where, hoo's kilt,
Replies the Man, *i'th' Morninck send, and see,*
The Devil's Pow'r go with these Torrs for me.
His *Dame* was call'd, and he soon got to Bed,
Where she did *wash* and *dress* his great *Calf's-head*
So well, that in the Morning 'twas his Care
To go, and *flea*, not to *fetch* home, his *Mare*:
But she had shar'd his Fortune, and was found
Grazing within the Valley safe and found,
Sans Hurt, or *Blemish*, save a little Strip
Of Hair and Skin rippled upon her Hip.
The Hat, Saddle, and Cloth, denoted well,
As they were scatter'd, found just where they fell;
And yet, as oft as I the Place do view,
I scarce believe, altho' I know this true:
But whosoe'er shall happen to come there,
Will not reprove what I've deliver'd here;

Since with his Eyes he may the Place behold,
And hear this Truth affirm'd that I have told.

Southward from hence, ten Miles, where *Derwent* laves
His broken Shores with never-clearing Waves,
There stands a stately and stupendous * Pile,
Like the proud *Regent* of the *British* Isle,
Shedding her Beams over the barren Vale,
Which else bleak *Winds* and nipping *Frosts* assail
With such perpet'al *War*, there would appear
Nothing but *Winter*, ten Months of the Year.

This *Palace*, with wild Prospects girded round,
Stands in the Middle of a falling Ground,
At a black *Mountain's* Foot, whose craggy Brow
Secures from *Eastern Tempests* all below ;
Under whose Shelter *Trees* and *Flowers* grow,
With early *Blossoms*, maugre native *Snow* ;
Which elsewhere round a *Tyranny* maintains,
And binds cramp'd *Nature* long in *Crystal Chains*.
The *Fabric's* noble Front faces the *Pest*,
Turning her fair broad Shoulders to the *East* ;
On the *South-side*, the stately *Gardens* lie,
Where the scorn'd *Peake* rivals proud *Italy* ;
And on the *North* several inferior *Blots*,
For servile Use scatter'd, do lie in Spots.

The outward *Gate* stands near enough to look
Her *Oval* Front in the objected *Brook* ;

* *Chatsworth, the Seventh Wonder.*

But that she has better Reflection
From a large *Mirror* nearer of her own ;
For a fair *Lake*, from Wash of *Floods* unmixt,
Before it lies in *Area* spread betwixt.
Over this *Pond*, opposite to the Gate,
A *Bridge* of a quaint Structure, Strength, and State,
Invites you to pass over it, where, dry,
You trample may on Shoals of wanton *Fry*,
With which those breeding Waters do abound,
And better *Carps* are no where to be found.
A Tow'r of *Antique Model* the *Bridge* Foot.
From the *Peake-rabble* does securely shut,
Which by Stone-stairs delivers you below
Into the sweetest Walks the World can show.
There *Wood* and *Water*, *Sun* and *Shade*, contend
Which shall the most delight, and most befriend :
There *Grass* and *Gravel* in one Path you meet,
For Ladies tender, and Mens harder Feet.
Here into open *Lakes* the *Sun* may pry,
A Privilege the closer *Groves* deny ;
Or, if confed'rate Winds do make them yield,
He then but chequers what he cannot gild.
The *Ponds*, which here in double Order shine,
Are some of them so large, and all so fine,
That *Neptune* in his *Progress* once did please
To frolic in these *Artificial Seas* ;
Of which a noble *Monument* we find,
His Royal *Chariot* left, it seems, behind ;
Whose *Wheels* and *Body* moor'd up with a Chain,
Like *Drake's* old *Hulk* at *Deptford*, still remain.
No Place on Earth was e'er discover'd yet,
For *Contemplation*, or *Delight*, so fit ;

The *Groves*, whose *curled Brows* shade every *Lake*,
 Do ev'ry-where such waving *Landships* make,
 As *Painters* baffled *Art* is far above.
 Who *Waves* and *Leaves* could never yet make *move*.
 Hither the warbling *People* of the *Air*
 From their remoter *Colonies* repair,
 And in the *Shades*, now setting up their *Rests*,
 Like *Cæsar's Swifs*, burn their old native *Nests* ;
 The *Muses* too perch on the bending *Sprays*,
 And in these *Thickets* chant their *charming Lays* :
 No Wonder then, if the * *Heroic Song*,
 That here took *Birth* and *Voice*, do flourish long.

To view from hence the glitt'ring *Pile* above,
 (Which must at once *Wonder* create and *Love*)
 Inviron'd round with *Nature's* *Shames* and *Ills*,
 Black *Heaths*, wild *Rock*, bleak *Crag*s, and naked *Hills*,
 And the whole *Prospect* so inform and rude,
 Who is it, but must presently conclude,
 That this is *Paradise*, which seated stands
 In midst of *Desarts*, and of barren *Sands* ?
 So a bright *Diamond* would look, if set
 In a vile *Socket* of ignoble *Jet* ;
 And such a *Face* the new-born *Nature* took,
 When out of *Chaos* by the *Fiat* struck.
 Doubtless, if any where, there never yet
 So brave a *Structure* on such *Ground* was set,
 Which, sure, the *Foundress* built, to reconcile
 This to the other *Members* of the *Isle*,

* *M. Hobbs de Mir. Pec.*

And would, therein, first her own *Grandeur* show,
And then what *Art* could, Spite of *Nature*, do.

But let me lead you in, 'tis worth the Pains,
T'examine what this Princely *House* contains;
Which, if without so glorious to be seen,
Honour and *Virtue* make it shine within.
The fore-nam'd *outward Gate* then leads into
A spacious *Court*, whence, open to the View,
The noble *Front* of the whole *Edifice*,
In a surprising Height, is seen to rise.
Ev'n with the *Gate-house*, upon either Hand
A neat square *Turret* in the Corners stand;
On each Side *Plates* of ever-springing Green,
With an ascending *Pavior-Walk* between,
In the green *Flat*, which on the Right-hand lies,
A *Fountain* of strange Structure high doth rise,
Upon whose tender Top there is a vast,
I'd almost said, prodigious *Bason* plac'd;
And, without doubt, the *Model* of this *Piece*
Came forth from *other Place* than *Rome* or *Greece*;
For such a *Sea*, suspended in the Air,
I never saw in any Place but there;
Which should it break, or fall, I doubt we shou'd
Begin to reckon from the second *Flood*.
Tho' this divert the Eye, yet all the While
Your Feet still move toward the attractive *Pile*,
Till fair round *Stairs*, some fifteen *Grieses* high,
Land you upon a *Terrace*, that doth lie
Of goodly Breadth along the Buildings, *square*,
Well pav'd, and fenc'd with *Rail* and *Baluster*:
From hence in some three Steps, the *inner Gate*
Rises in greater Beauty, Art, and State,

Than the proud *Palace* of the *Sun*, and all
Vain *Poets* stuff vainer *Romance* withal :
A Vice that much the *Gallic Muse* infects,
And, of good *Writers*, makes vile *Architects*.
This to the *Lodge* admits, and two Steps more
Set you upon a level *Axler* Floor,
Which paves the inner *Court*, a curious Place
Form'd by the am'rous *Structure's* kind Embrace.
F'th'Center of this shady *Court* doth rise
Another *Fountain* of a quaint Device,
Which large-limb'd *Heroes*, with majestic Port,
In their *Habiliments* of War, support.
Hence, cross the *Court*, thro' a fine *Portico*,
Into the *Body* of the House you go,
Where a proud *Hall* does not at all abate
Any Thing promis'd by the outward State.
And where the *Reader*, we intreat, will please
By the large *Foot*, to measure *Hercules* :
For, sure, a vain and endless Work it were
T'insist upon ev'ry Particular.
And should I be so mad to go about
To give Account of ev'ry Thing throughout,
The *Rooms* of State, *Stair-Cases*, *Galleries*,
Lodgings, *Apartments*, *Closets*, *Offices* ;
Or to describe the Splendors undertake,
Which ev'ry glorious *Room* a *Heaven* make ;
The *Pictures*, *Sculpture*, *Carving*, *Graving*, *Gilding* ;
'Twould be as long in Writing as in Building.
Yet, *Chatsworth*, tho' thy *pristine Lin'aments*
Were beautiful and great to all Intent,
I needs must say, for I have seen both *Faces*,
Thou'rt much more lovely in the *modern Graces*.

Thy

Thy now great * *Mistress* has adorn'd thee in,
 Than when thought *fine enough* to hold a † *Queen*.
 Thy ‡ *Foundress* dress'd thee in such *Robes* as they
 In those old-fashion'd Times reputed gay ;
 Of which new-stript, and the old rustling Pride
 Of *Ruff* and *Farthingale* now laid aside,
 Thy Shapes appear, and thou thyself art seen
 A very *Christian*, and a *modish* Queen ;
 Which (*though old Friends part ill*) is Recompence
 For a few *Goth* and *Vandal* Ornaments ;
 And all these Glories glitter to the Sight
 By the Advantage of a clearer Light.
 The *Glaziers* Work before substantial was,
 I must confess, thrice as much Lead as Glass,
 Which, in the Sun's *Meridian*, cast a Light,
 As it had been within an Hour of Night.
 The Windows now look like so many Suns,
 Illustrating the noble Room at once :
 The *primitive Casements* modell'd were, no doubt,
 By that thro' which the *Pigeon* was thrust out,
 Where now whole *Sashes* are but one great *Eye*,
 T'examine and admire thy Beauties by.
 And, if we hence look out, we shall see there
 The *Gardens* too i'th' *Reformation* share,
 Upon a *Terrace*, as most Houses high,
 Tho' from this Prospect humble to your Eye ;

* *The then Countess of Devonshire.*

† *The Queen of Scots.*

‡ *The Countess of Shrewsbury.*

A stately *Plat*, both regular and vast,
 Suiting the rest, was by the *Foundress* cast,
 In those incurious Times, under the Rose,
 Design'd, as one may saucily suppose,
 For *Lillies*, *Piones*, *Daffodils*, and *Roses*,
 To garnish Chimnies, and make *Sunday-Posies*,
 Where *Gooseberries*, as good as ever grew,
 'Tis like, were set; for *Winter-greens*, the *Yew*,
Holly, and *Box*: For then these Things were new.
 With, oh! the honest *Rosemary* and *Bays*,
 So much esteem'd in those good *Wassel-Days*.

Now, in the Middle of this great *Parterre*,
 A *Fountain* darts her Streams into the Air
 Twenty Feet high; till, by the Winds depress'd,
 Unable longer upwards to contest,
 They fall again in Tears, for Grief and Ire
 They cannot reach the Place they did aspire;
 As if the Sun melted the waxen Wings
 Of these *Icarian*, temerarious Springs,
 For braving thus his generative Ray,
 When their true Motion lies another Way.
 Th' ambitious *Element*, repulsed so,
 Rallies, and saves her routed Waves below,
 In a large *Basin* of *Diameter*,
 Such as old *Rome's* expensive *Lakes* did bear,
 Where a *Pacific Sea* expanded lies,
 A liquid Theatre for *Naumachies*;
 And where, in case of such a *Pageant-War*,
Romans in Statue still Spectators are.

Where

Where the *Ground* swells nearer the Hill above,
 And where once stood a * *Crag* and *Cherry-Grove*,
 (Which of Renown then shar'd a mighty Part)
 Instead of such a barb'rous Piece of *Art*,
 Such poor contriv'd dwarfish and ragged Shades,
 'Tis now adorn'd with *Fountains* and *Cascades*
Terrace on *Terrace* with their *Stair-cases*
 Of brave and great Contrivance; and to these
Statues, *Walks*, *Grass-plats*, and a *Grove* indeed
 Where silent Lovers may lie down and bleed.
 And tho' all Things were, for that *Age*, before
 In Truth so great, that nothing could be more;
 Yet now they with much greater Lustre stand,
 Touch'd up and finish'd by a better Hand.

But that which *crowns* all this, and does impart
 A Lustre far beyond the Pow'r of *Art*,
 Is the great *Owner*, *He*, whose noble Mind
 For such a *Fortune* only was design'd:
 Whose Bounties, as the *Ocean's* Bosom wide,
 Flow in a constant unexhausted *Tide*
 Of *Hospitality* and free *Access*,
 Liberal *Condescension*, *Cheerfulness*,
Honour and *Truth*, as ev'ry of them strove
 At once to captivate Respect and Love:
 And with such *Order* all perform'd, and *Grace*,
 As rivet *Wonder* to the stately Place.

* *An artificial Rock so called.*

But I must give my *Muse* the *Hola* here,
Respect must check her in the wild *Career* ;
For, when we impudently do commend
The Thing well *meant*, ill done, must needs offend :
His Virtues are above my Character,
Too great for *Fame* to speak, or *Verse* to bear.

F I N I S.



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